THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

rated Weekly
Fo 728 by Benj. Franklin

5c. THE COPY
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AUGUST 26, 1922

Beginning **TUMBLEWEEDS**—**By Hal G. Evarts**

"THE FILLING STATION"

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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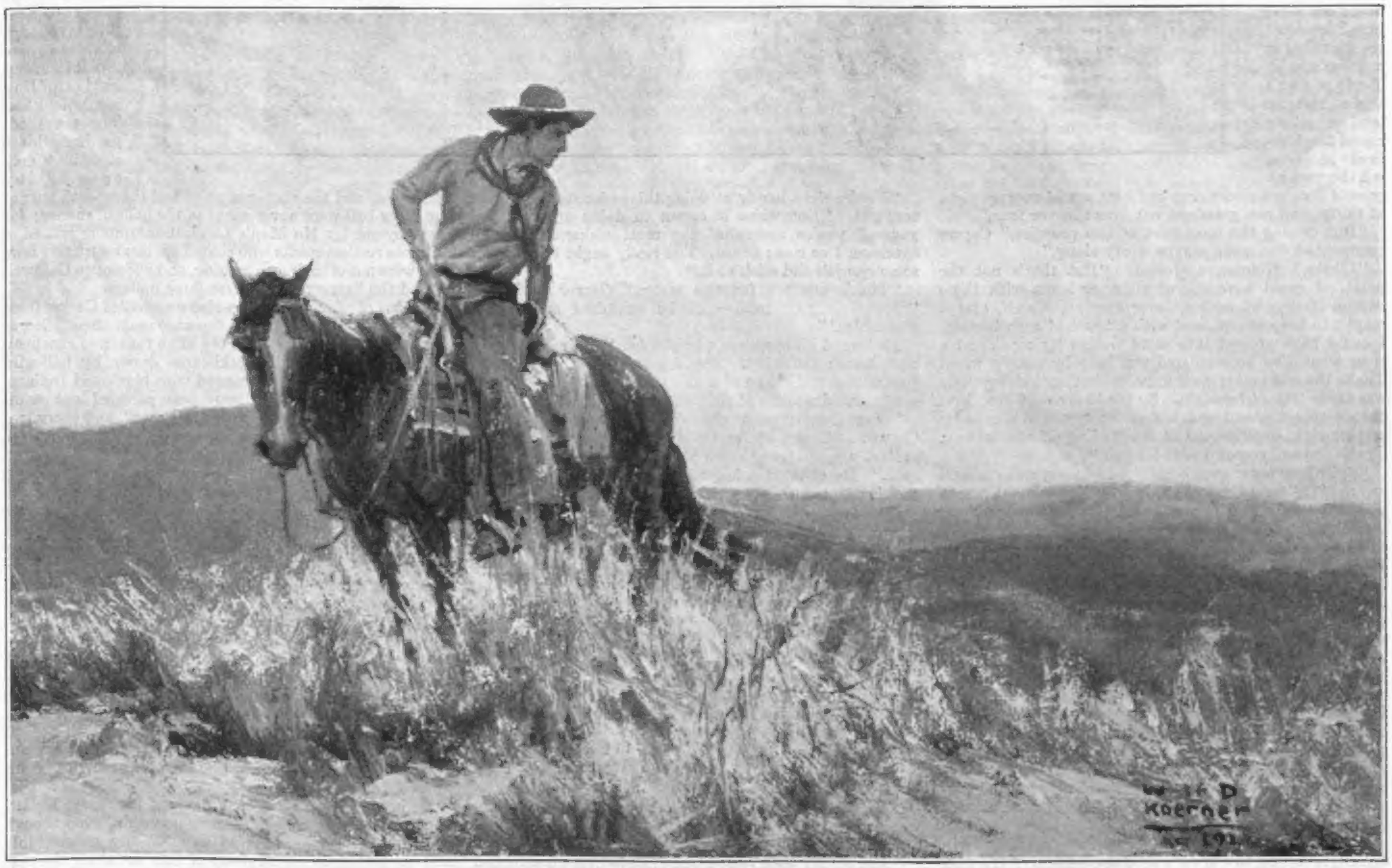
Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, O., at St. Louis, Mo., at Chicago, Ill., at Indianapolis, Ind., at Des Moines, Ia., at Galveston, Tex., and at Portland, Ore.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 195 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 26, 1922 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 9

TUMBLEWEEDS



Carver Rode a Few Miles North to the Crest of a High Ridge, From Which Point of Vantage He Could Sweep a Considerable Area

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

In all that vast expanse of country west of Fort Riley clear to the Sierras of California there are not over four hundred thousand acres of arable land.

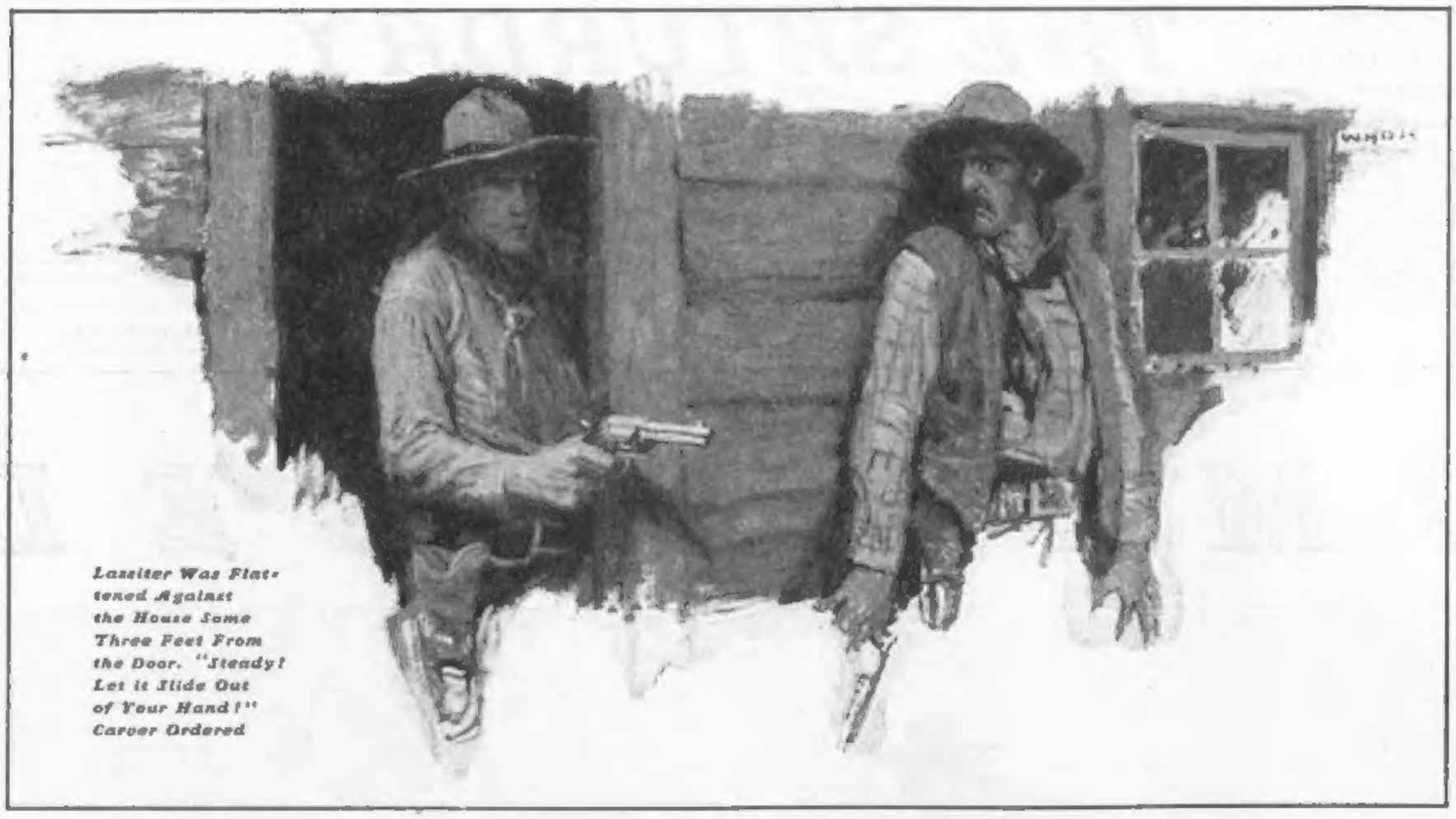
THIS extract from McClellan's report, later appearing as preface to some fourteen volumes of Pacific Railroad explorations, evidently acted as a direct challenge to the pioneering spirit of a country that was young. Following immediately upon its publication, as if in a concerted effort of refutation, the great westward trek across a continent set in, the determined advance of a land-hungry horde intent upon seeking out and settling that four hundred thousand acres of arable land; and in the brief space of thirty years there were thirty million acres under fence, while the swarming multitude of hopeful settlers continued to surge westward across the face of the earth.

Thus do even wise men frequently fail to vision the immensity of the future which stretches forth ahead within the puny span of their own remaining years.

Another few decades and old Joe Hinman, himself accounted a wise man among his fellows, sat his horse on a little rise of ground and lamented his own lack of foresight. Donald Carver, his younger companion, gazed off across the flat where several riders held some two thousand head of steers. Hinman had come with the vanguard of the invaders and had watched succeeding waves of home seekers swarm past on all the ancient trails, the bull trains stretching almost without a break from the Missouri to the Colorado hills, when Cheyenne, Kiowa and Comanche contested the advance at every crossing of the Republican and the Smoky Hill, at the Great Bend of the Arkansas, and historic Pawnee Rock; had watched the bull teams and the prairie schooners giving way to freight cars that rattled past on steel rails which spanned a continent. He had seen Kansas, once constituting the first reaches of the Great American Desert, lifted bodily into statehood and wondrous fertility so long since that younger men had almost forgotten their native state had ever been other than a prosperous agricultural community.

While the main tides of settlement had swept on to the west and north, Hinman had turned aside and traveled south on the Chisholm Trail till he reached a point where the floods of home seekers were halted by some invisible barrier. There he had settled and prospered; but even now, thirty years after driving his first claim stakes through the prairie sod, that same barrier resisted all advance. Just outside his dooryard a vast tract, sixty miles by two hundred in extent, remained undeveloped and untouched. The land was rich and beckoned temptingly to those who sought a scrap of ground which might constitute a home; yet beyond Hinman's holdings the virgin sod extended to the far horizon with never a ribbon of smoke by day or a twinkling window by night to indicate the friendly presence of a settler's cabin—the Cherokee Strip, upon which the white man was forbidden to settle by the terms of an ancient treaty. This great tract had been set aside to serve as insulation between warring whites and reds, its status still the same, even though the necessity for such insulation had been long since removed—an empire lying dormant and awaiting only the magic word which should strike off the shackles and permit its broad miles to blossom into productiveness.

"There she lays, son," Hinman said, waving an arm in a comprehensive sweep toward the unowned lands. "Some day right soon they'll open her. Every land-hungry party in four states has his eye on the last frontier, and whenever she's throwed open to settlement you'll see one hair-raising, mad stampede. So if you're going off somewheres, like I heard it rumored, why, I'd cancel the arrangements and sit tight."



Lassiter Was Flattened Against the House Some Three Feet From the Door. "Steady! Let it Slide Out of Your Hand!" Carver Ordered

The younger man nodded without comment.

"Fortune always beckons from some place a long ways remote," Hinman rambled on, "when likely she's roosting right at home, if only we'd have a look. Now I quit Ohio as a youngster because there wasn't any land left open but hardwood swamp lands, which could be had for about a dollar an acre; but I couldn't see its value at a dollar a mile. Today that Ohio swamp land is selling round two hundred an acre, while what ground I've got under crop out here would average right at thirty, and raw grassland not over three or four."

"But owning the most part of two counties," Carver commented, "you can maybe worry along."

"Likely," Hinman confessed. "But that's not the point. I could have stayed right at home with those swamp lands, and without ever exerting myself, except maybe to keep entertained with a brace of coon hounds, I could have growed into more wealth by considerable than what I've accumulated out here by steady work. That's the real point; so it appears that my leaving there was sheer lack of foresight. So it's likely that your best chance to get ahead and lay up an honest dollar is by staying right here instead of stampeding off somewheres. That's the real reason I sent for you."

"Since I've never even considered leaving, and you well aware of it," said Carver, grinning, "then the real reason you sent for me was to engage me to perform something you didn't want to do yourself—which in turn is related to the possibility of my accumulating an honest dollar. We've rambled all the way from timbered swamp land on down to the surrounding short grass. What sort of country lays beyond? My curiosity is fairly foaming over."

Hinman regarded him quizzically, and Carver bore the scrutiny undisturbed. The older man knew that Carver was dependable; that once committed he would follow any mission to its termination and defend the financial interests of his employer with every resource at his command. It was only in his own affairs that he evidenced supreme carelessness. Older men forgave his irresponsibility in that quarter and accorded him a certain measure of respect for the reason that even in the midst of some bit of recklessness he retained an underlying sense of balance and proportion; and he had worked intermittently for old Joe Hinman for the past twelve years.

"It's not that I don't want to do it myself," Hinman denied, reverting to Carver's mild accusation. "It's only that it wouldn't look right on the surface. Now whatever property is down in the Strip is legally nonexistent, you might say, and consequently untaxable," thereby disproving his oft-lamented lack of foresight. "And it's drawing right close to the first of March."

"So you want me to move a thousand head of steers across the line and hold 'em till after you've been assessed."

"Two thousand, son," Hinman corrected. "Two thousand head. You couldn't hold 'em in the quarantine belt for long without getting jumped, but you know the boss of every outfit off to the south and you could maybe trade deals with one of them. You'll know how. It'll save me taxes on two thousand head and give me a few weeks' free grass. That much for me and a thousand nice dollars for you if you put it across."

"An hour after dark I'll be shoving those cows across the line," Carver promised. "Meantime you might advance a hundred. Unfortunately I'm just out of funds."

"Unfortunately," said Hinman, "you're just always out." He counted off the money. "You've worked for me on and off ever since you was big enough to claw your way up onto a horse, and on some occasions you've exercised such fair average judgment in looking after my affairs that I've wondered why on all occasions you was such a poor hand to look after your own."

"I've been so taken up with your business that I've sort of let my own interests drift along," Carver explained.

"You're right handy at doing things for me," Hinman resumed. "But when it comes to doing anything for yourself you're somewhat the most tinkering, trifling specimen I've come acrost. You really ought to settle on some one job and stick at it."

"That's my one favorite motto," Carver confessed. "'Stick to your bush—and be exhibited among the vegetables.'"

He turned his eye upon a tumbleweed that raced madly past before the wind. The dried skeleton was of the general size and shape of a pumpkin. Two more of these discontented wraiths of the prairies hurtled past.

"Now there goes a vegetable with ambitions," said Carver. "Every winter the tumbleweed tribe stages a protest against being mere plants rooted forever to one spot." He chanted a few of the numberless verses of a prairie song:

"Our size and shape is similar,"
Said the tumbleweed to the pumpkin.
"I'll run you a race from here to here
And all the way back again.

"I'm a wild free blade of the open,
The spirit of all unrest.
I may end up in some worse place,
But I'm going to make the test."

"And I'm the soul of solid content,"
Said the pumpkin to the weed.
"Rather than take any chance at all,
I'll stay here and go to seed."

"But I'd rather be a traveling weed
Than a stationary squash ——"

"I know," Hinman said. "You're a pure-bred tumbleweed and no mistake. But most folks follow one business and let the rest alone."

"And it's my observation that most folks are dissatisfied with what they're working at, but keep on doing it the rest of their natural lives just to try and vindicate their judgment," Carver said. "Now if I don't settle on one pursuit there'll never be any reason for me to be discontented with my choice."

The old man considered this bit of philosophy.

"If you ever decide to risk a mistake I'll maybe help you out to a mild extent," he said, "provided you come through with this present little errand I'm sending you on."

Carver thanked him, pocketed the bills which constituted the advance upon his venture and headed his horse off to the east. As he rode he reviewed all possible motives underlying Hinman's proposal. Tax dodging on a smaller scale was no unusual thing along the line, but he was morally certain that this motive, though the purported object of the trip, was entirely secondary in Hinman's considerations.

"The taxes won't amount to half the expenses of the trip," Carver reflected. "Now just what is he aiming at?"

He had reached no satisfactory solution when, an hour later, the squat buildings of Caldwell loomed before him. He dismissed the problem temporarily. As he rode down the wide main thoroughfare it seemed that the hand of Time had been turned back two decades to the days of Abilene, Hays and Dodge, when each of those spots in turn had come into its brief day of glory as the railroad's end and the enviable reputation of being the toughest camp on earth. In their day all those towns had eclipsed the wildest heights of wickedness attained by mushroom mining camps of lurid fame, then had passed on into the quiet routine of permanent respectability as the trading centers of prosperous agricultural communities. But little Caldwell stood unique, as if she were a throwback to an earlier day, nestling in the edge of a state where prohibition and antigambling regulations had long prevailed; yet her saloons stood invitingly open by day and night, and the clatter of chips and the smooth purr of the ivory ball were never silent in the halls of chance; for just beyond lay No Man's Land, the stamping ground of all those restless spirits who chafed against restrictive laws that were not of their own making, and wide-open Caldwell reaped the harvest of their free-flung dollars.

Groups of tall-hatted, chap-clad men hailed Carver from the sidewalk as he rode down the wide main street. Scores of saddled horses drowsed at the hitch rails, and ranchers' families rattled past in buckboards drawn by half-wild ponies. The street was thronged with blanketed Indians, for the government-beef issue was parceled out semimonthly on the little hill south of Caldwell, and every two weeks the whole Cherokee nation made the pilgrimage to receive the largess of the Great White Father. As if to complete the illusion that he had been transported back to the days of Dodge and Abilene, Carver could make out the low-hanging pall of dust which marked the slow progress of a trail herd moving up from the south along the old Chisholm Trail, a thoroughfare now paralleled by the railroad that pierced the Cherokee Strip, but which was still available to those who would save freight charges and elected instead to follow the old-time method of pastoral transportation in marketing their droves.

Carver left his horse in a lean-to shed in rear of a two-room frame house in the outskirts of town. The plot of ground on which it stood, consisting of three corner lots, had come into his possession the preceding winter through the medium of a poker hand. Instead of disposing of the tract for ten dollars—the amount of chips which he had risked against it—it had pleased him to retain it and construct thereon the little board house, performing the work himself during leisure hours.

He headed for the swinging doors of the Silver Dollar, hopeful of finding congenial companionship, even though this was the wrong time of day for any considerable activity within doors. A group of men sat along the rear wall and conversed in listless tones. Here were those upon whom fortune had failed to smile the preceding night, waiting for some kindred spirit who, more favored than themselves, might express a willingness to relieve their temporary distress.

"It's high noon and I'll wager not a man present has even had his breakfast," Carver greeted. "But the rescue squad is here to provide nourishment for the losers."

He tendered a crisp bill to Alf Wellman.

"Fill the boys with food," he invited. "And in the meantime, while they're deciding what to order ——" And he motioned toward the polished bar.

Wellman jerked a casual thumb in the direction of the three men in the group who were unknown to Carver.

"These are the Lassiter boys," he announced by way of introduction. "Not a bad sort after you get to knowing 'em."

The three Lassiters were an oddly assorted crew: Milt, the eldest, a gaunt, dark man who spoke but seldom; Noll, a sandy self-assertive and unprepossessing individual; while Bart, by several years their junior, was a big blond youngster whose genial grin cemented Carver's instant friendship.

Noll Lassiter hitched from his chair, his eyes resting on the bank note in Wellman's hand, and as he attained his feet a slight lurch testified to the fact that even if he had not found food during the morning hours, he had at least

found drink. Being thus fortified, his desire for food was now uppermost.

"Let's eat," he said.

"Restrain yourself," the younger brother admonished. "The gentleman's giving a party. Besides, it's downright harmful to eat breakfast on an empty stomach, and mine is absolutely vacant."

"Worst thing you could do," Wellman seconded. "It will show up on a man if he keeps at it."

"I expect there have been folks tried it and went right on living till they got kicked by a horse or died some other sort of a natural death," said Carver. "But what's the use of taking chances?"

Noll restrained his urge for food while the host paid for two rounds, then reverted to his original contention.

"And now," said he, "let's eat."

"Not until I've purchased a return round for our old friend Carver," Bart dissented.

"How're you going to manage it without a dime in your pockets?" Noll demanded.

"You ought to be familiar with the state of my pockets," the blond youth returned, "having conducted a thorough search of them and purloined therefrom my last ten spot before I was awake. Why didn't you reserve two bits for breakfast before you tossed it off on the wheel if you're so near starved?"

He remained with Carver, while the others followed Wellman through the swinging side door that led into the adjoining restaurant.

"And now, since Pete here," said Bart, indicating the barkeep, "steadfastly refuses to open a charge account, I'll have to do some financing. Lend me a couple of quarts of your very worst," he wheedled. "Not charge, you understand, but just lend 'em to me for a period of three minutes. Something round a dollar a quart."

The bartender selected a brace of black bottles and shoved them across to Lassiter, who moved with them to a rear door that opened on an alley. Several blanketed figures prowled this rear thoroughfare, and the copper-hued wards of the Government converged upon the man in the doorway. He exchanged the two quarts for two five-dollar bills, thereby becoming eligible for a protracted stay within the walls of the penitentiary.

"Now we can start even," he announced, paying Pete for the initial stock and retaining the surplus. "Quick turns and small profits is my rule of life."

"One day you'll acquire a new rule—long years and no profits," predicted the white-aproned philosopher behind the bar, "unless you learn to transact that sort of business by the dark of the moon."

"Necessity," Lassiter advanced in extenuation of his lack of caution. "Suppose you set us out a sample of something a few shades more palatable than what we just peddled to the old chief."

The two pooled their resources and pursued their casual care-free way, all sense of responsibility discarded for the moment, as one might shed an uncomfortable garment with the idea of donning it again at some future time. The youthful Lassiter, who deplored all things serious while at play, found in Carver a delightful companion who seemed sufficiently light-minded and irresponsible to satisfy the most exacting. The wheel in the Silver Dollar, the faro bank in the Senate and the crap layout in the Gilded Eagle each contributed modestly to their swelling bank roll in response to a few casual bets. As they left this last-named resort Bart halted suddenly. Carver glanced up to determine the cause of this abrupt halt. Freel, a deputy United States marshal, had just passed; and Carver, recalling the incident of the two black bottles, concluded that Lassiter had decided against meeting the Federal officer at just that moment lest the news of the transaction had reached him. Freel walked with a girl, his hand clasping her arm familiarly as he piloted her through the crowd. Bart frowned after the couple.

"I wouldn't let the valiant marshal fret you," Carver counseled. "I don't know much about him, except that he strikes a flat note in me; but I suspect he's a pussy-footer and real harmless. I've heard things about Freel."

"That's what I know," said Lassiter. "So've I; and it's the things I've heard which keeps him on my mind. One day I'll have to slip my twine on him and canter off across a few thousand acres of country with him dangling along behind."

"Tell me when," said Carver. "I'll dab my noose on his off leg and bounce my horse off the opposite direction like we was contending for the biggest piece of a turkey's wishbone. If half I hear is true he's got it coming and folks will hail us as public benefactors."

Twice within the next hour Carver noticed Noll Lassiter conversing with Freel. It was evident that, whatever Bart's grievance against the marshal, the feeling was not shared by the elder brother. The midafternoon crowd had gathered in the Silver Dollar by the time Carver returned to the starting place. Men banked deep round the roulette layout as it was whispered about that Carver and Bart Lassiter were winning heavily from the bank. The professional chant of lookout and croupier rose above the hum of conversation as the ivory ball purred smoothly round the wheel of chance. Noll Lassiter shouldered his way to a position between the two favorites of fortune.

"Luck's with us," he genially proclaimed, thereby identifying himself with the winnings. "We'll break this wheel between the three of us. She's running our way strong."

Carver suddenly realized that the pair had become a trio as Noll supplied himself with chips from the accumulation before the two others. When these had joined their fellows in the check rack he appropriated a fresh supply. Carver was conscious of a growing dislike for this uninvited partner. He tapped Noll's hand with a forefinger as the man reached for a third stack of chips.

"Try keeping it in your pocket," he mildly advised. "It's as active after chips as a sand rat after a beetle, and it makes me restless."

"Half of these chips belong to Bart," Noll insisted.

But this sudden assumption of the close-knit bond of brotherhood failed to rouse any corresponding enthusiasm in the younger Lassiter.

"You're blasting our luck," he asserted, "not to say annoying us. Take yourself off somewheres."

Noll, however, declined to heed this bit of counsel. Bart and Carver pushed their chips across the board and cashed in.

"Cheerful companion, Noll is, when he's packing a skinful," Bart commented as the doors of the Silver Dollar closed behind them. "And he's equally genial when he's sober."

"Offhand, I'd pass unfavorable judgment on your relative," Carver confessed. "I don't see much family resemblance. How come you're brothers?"

"Half brothers," Bart amended. "We had the same father. I came along a dozen years late. Spoiled younger son, you know. Leastways I was always spoiled in spots where Noll had been working on me. When I turned sixteen I set out to spoil Noll. Since his convalescence he's had a notion I might declare another open season on the dove of peace, so we get along nowadays in regular family style. Say, now, since we're rolling in wealth, you wouldn't mind if I held out twenty in case fortune failed us? It's not quite the thing to do, but ——"

"Bury it," Carver agreed, waving his hesitancy aside. "Tuck it away somewhere." He knew his man and was certain that the twenty was destined to fill some urgent necessity. "We'll never even miss that little piece."

Lassiter led the way to a rooming house above a store and turned into a dimly lighted room on one side of the narrow hall. Articles of men's attire lay scattered about the place.

"The three of us headquarter here when we're in town," Bart explained. "I'll plant these two tens in a dresser drawer."

He opened the drawer in question, and Carver, standing just to his right, found himself gazing down upon a scrap of black cloth from which two eyeholes stared blankly back at him. Lassiter placed the two gold pieces beneath the old newspaper with which the drawer was carpeted, closing it without comment, and they returned to the street and sought the wheel in the Gilded Eagle. For a time fortune smiled on them. Then a reverse tide set in. At the end of an hour each one shoved a stiff bet upon the board. There was the usual brief hush as the ball was ending its spin.

"The even loses to the odd and the red defeats the black," the croupier chanted. "The middle column pays the gambler and the others pay the house. Place your bets for another turn." He twisted the wheel and snapped the ivory marble in the reverse direction. "The little ivory ball—she spins! The flitting pill of fortune! Off again on the giddy whirl!"

He glanced expectantly at the two chief players, but they had explored their pockets and failed to invoice sufficient resources with which to purchase a white chip between the two of them.

(Continued on Page 39)

As They Talked It Was Quite Evident That All Her Thoughts Centered Round the Younger Brother

A Twosome at Tuara

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

NO, I AIN'T never played no golf; but that's not saying that I don't know as much about it as the guy that wrote the book and the cuss words. Even the worst dumb David would be wised up after having niblicks for breakfast, mashies for lunch and iron shots for supper for six months hand running, not to mention messes of bunkers and stymie stews between meals, and that's just what I drew down at Tuara. When Hargis wasn't saying his little piece old Willieboy was, and it took a battleship, a wallop on the jaw and a tornado to shut 'em up.

He Would Stand Up on the Raft and Exercise His Sticks

Yeh, I'll tell you all about it if you fellers promise never to peep to me about cow-pasture pool again.

I first run into this baby Hargis three days out of Frisco. I'm taking Kid Ahearn down to Australia for a whirl at Snowy Baker's ham-and-eggers, and we was halfway to Honolulu before I learn how to stick on deck without draping myself around the rail. I was an easy putout on that double play—waiter, to me, to fish. Well, I was wabbling around when I pipes this bird, all dressed up in knickers and everything, fooling around with one of them trick golf machines.

"Who's the squirrel?" I asks a lad standing by. He was an Englishman, so I had to finish up by pointing.

"My word!" says he. "You cawn't be serious! That's Hargis—the great Jem Hargis." I wasn't feeling good enough for no kidding that day, so I exposes my ignorance right off.

"Winner of the English open, you know," the lad explains.

"Open what?"

He looks kinda tired.

"Golf championship. You surely read of him in your newspapers in the States."

Another guy butts in.

She's Cuckoo About Him

"He sank a fifty-foot putt at Sandwich," he spills in a scared whisper.

Not being ready just yet to hear any talk of food, I breezes toward the rail to be all set for emergencies. I was all right, though. I had got my control back, and by lunch time I was willing to give my stomach a return match. Hargis is at my table. He turns out to be a sociable, friendly sort of boy, a regular Englishman, loose and tall and with the regulation sandy lip piece. But he was sure one bug on golf. He talks about his clubs like a woman does about her first kid. He drags out some of his sticks in the smoking room and tells us about the things they done for him, not bragging, you know, but mostly in answer to questions. He was the star boarder on the Sumara, there's no two ways about that. I tried to make a place in the talk for the Kid, but I couldn't stir up any more interest in him than I could in fried tripe the first day out.

"With this mashie," Hargis would say—I didn't know a mashie from a masher then; but I learned; oh, boy, I learned!—"I managed to pull out of the rough on the fifth at Carlisle and onto the green for a birdie three in the match with Hunter."

He would pat the club and kinda croon at it. I expected him to kiss it any minute.

Most of his talk didn't mean nothing to me, but I did find out that Hargis was on his way to Sydney to take a crack at the all-British open. He had knocked 'em all cuckoo in Europe and America and was going to show the Kangaroos what's what.

I Rubs My Stomach and Make Signs to Willieboy

The weather is good and everything is lovely for a while. The Kid is still under cover, but I'm feeling kind of chipper and making up for lost time on the eats. There being nothing to do, I waste an hour or so a day with the rest of the popeyes watching Hargis fool with the golf machine. There's a string on the ball tied to a dofunny at the other end. He takes a wallop at the pill and there's a meter that tells him how far he would have gone if the cord hadn't been there. To me it's the bunk, but this exercise stuff is the big show with the rest of the crowd.

The night after we left Suva I get into a card game—one of them kind where you play three or four hands fast and then spend five or six hours trying to get even—and I didn't hit the hay until about three G.M. I couldn' 'a' been asleep more than half an hour when there's a hell of a noise and I flops on the floor. I hit my head a nasty crack, and when I comes to and begin figuring what's what there's smoke coming into the room and a lot of wild men yelling fire. I grab on some clothes and bust out. The Kid's door is open, but he ain't there. The smoke's getting thicker all the time, and when I piles on deck I can't see a foot in front of me. There's lots of screaming and yelling. Everybody's gone batty. Me too. I get to the rail someway—I'd had a lot of practice reaching for it—and jumps.

The water was cold as blazes, and there was smoke all around; but pretty soon I swims away from it. I turns around to take a look at the ship, but she's going ahead hell-bent. I make out something floating on the water and start for it. Just when I'm about all in someone grabs me by the back of the neck and pulls me on one of them life rafts. It's Hargis. He's all dressed up and just as calm as if he is out canoeing with his best girl. We don't say nothing, but just look at the Sumara. She's moving along—away from us. No, she didn't sink. Half a dozen people was killed, but they managed to fix things up and save the rest. It was a extra boiler that blew. We'd been boobs to jump. The explosion tore the raft off the deck and Hargis almost fell on it when he dropped into the ocean.

Well, here we were in the middle of the Pacific, a strong wind pushing us south. In no time at all the Sumara is out of sight.

I fell for Hargis right there. That baby had all the nerve in the world and no nerves a-tall.

"Well, old chap," says he, "we're rather in a mess. What?"

My throat was still burning from the smoke and I don't feel much like talking.

"I rather fear," goes on Jem, "that I shall miss the eliminations."

I'm looking popeyed at what Hargis is sitting on.

"For Pete's sake," I croak, "couldn't you think of something else to take along but golf sticks?"

"What else?" he asks.

"You might have grabbed some water or some grub. We might be out here for a month."

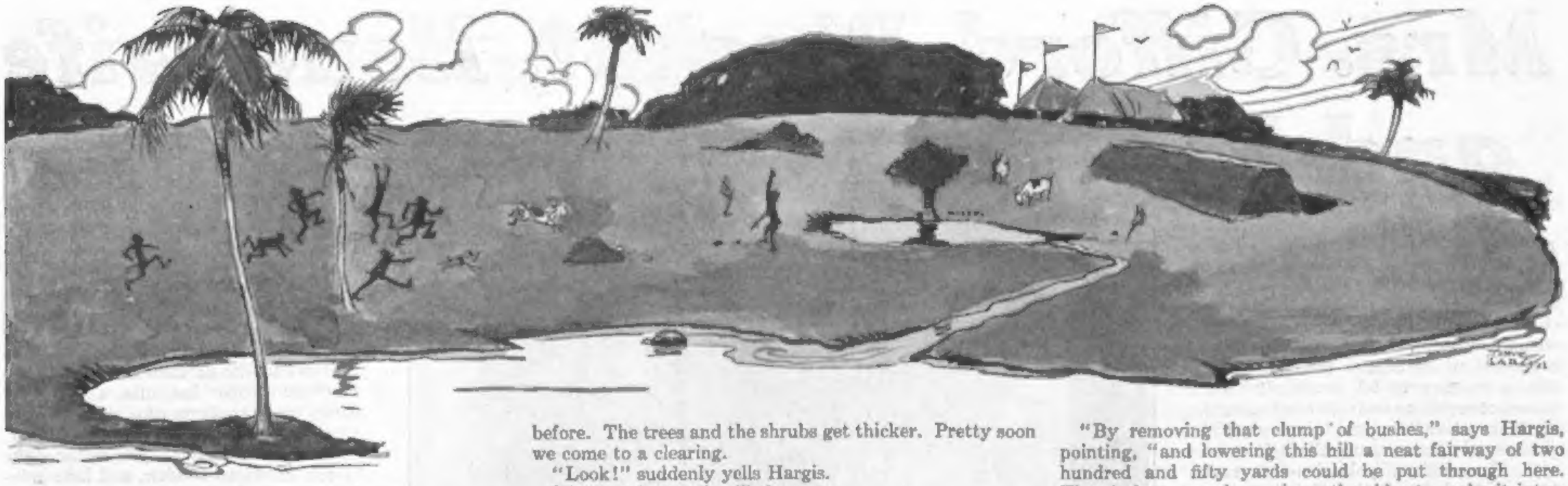
"Hardly," says he. "We must be on the steamer lanes and we'll be picked up soon. I trust, however, that our rescuer will not be a slow boat. The qualifying rounds are on the eighteenth, you know."

I didn't know and I didn't give a cuss. I didn't care who picked me up. An Erie Canal boat woulda suited me as well as the Mauretania. My throat feels as if it's full of sand. There's a small cask tied to one end of the raft. I make a dive for it.

Lotto Is Getting Ready to Heave the Balls in the Ocean

Hargis shakes his head. "Sorry, old man, but there's no water. Explosion tore a hole in it. However, the emergency tin of biscuit is uninjured."

"Yes," I says sarcastic, "and your golf sticks are in good shape, ain't they?"



"The head of this niblick"—he picks it out of the bag—"has been dented a trifle, but the rest of the clubs appear to be undamaged. What, may I ask, did you bring along?"

"Nothing," I groans, "but my roll and my sparkler."

"Just about equal"—Hargis grins—"to my golf balls in nutriment value."

We keep going south all the time. The wind holds up. Pretty soon it's daylight, but there ain't nothing in sight. Hargis keeps just as cool as if he was on the golf links and five ahead at the turn. I'm almost crazy for water and I guess I didn't put up such a strong front. All that day we floats along.

That night when I'm almost nuts and ready to jump into the ocean it starts raining. I ain't got nothing to catch it in but my mouth, so I lay back and let it rain in. We ain't even got hats, and the biscuit tin is full of holes. Hargis saves the day. He dumps out his golf sticks and lets the water fall into the bag. It is made of leather and heavy canvas, and works fine. After it rains like the devil a couple of hours we got it nearly full.

"Rather fortunate," said Hargis, "that I brought this along."

"Yeh, you knew it would be needed to catch rain."

We was on the raft three days. Most of the biscuits had been spoiled by the salt water going through the holes in the can, but we saved a lot. The ocean got calm enough and we got a little sleep. The guy that was awake had the job of holding the golf bag up and the dry biscuits on his knees. I talked most of the time about food and the chances of being picked up, but Hargis didn't worry about no trifles like that. What worried him was that he wouldn't get to Australia in time for the eliminations. Every now and then he would stand up on the raft and exercise his sticks.

"Just to keep from getting stiff," says this baby. "One mustn't allow even a situation such as this to cramp his style, you know."

Can you imagine this bird swinging his driver out there in the Pacific a million miles from nowhere in particular?

A Big Red Bird Grabs the Ball in Its Beak

On the morning of the fourth day we pipes land. It was so low you could hardly see it, but in an hour we're sitting pretty on a sandy beach. There ain't nothing but some coconut trees about a hundred yards away.

We starts walking, first pulling the raft up on the land. Hargis carries the golf sticks and me the bag. It's still got a little water in it. We had run out of biscuits the night before. The trees and the shrubs get thicker. Pretty soon we come to a clearing.

"Look!" suddenly yells Hargis.

I jump a foot and spill the water.

"What is it?"

"Over there!" says Jem, pointing.

I don't see nothing but a narrow space between the trees that ends against a kinda flattened hill.

"Wouldn't that make a marvelous pitch shot from here," says Hargis, "with the green on top of that mound?"

"Huh!" says I.

Hargis grabs a stick, tees up a ball and sends it sailing over the hill.

"A bit overdriven, what?"

I start to make some kind of a mean crack, when there is a lot of yelling and about fifteen smokes climb on top of the hill from the other side, waving clubs and spears and hollering murder.

"My error," says Hargis. "I should have shouted fore."

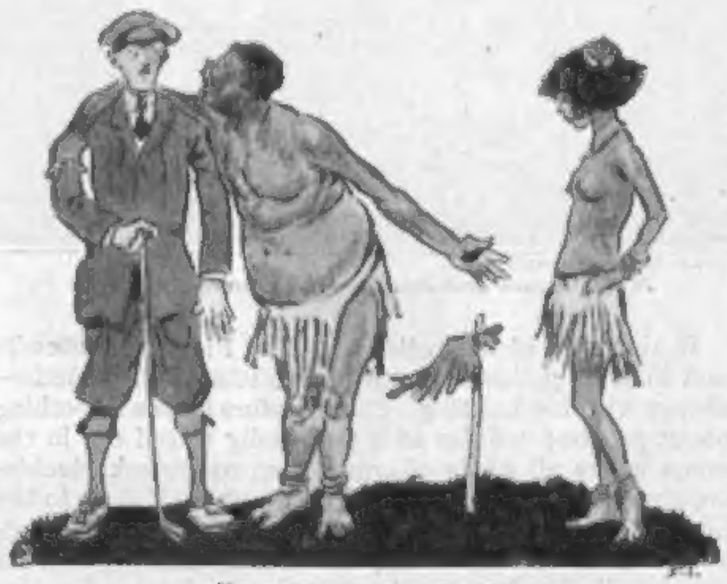
"Four, hell!" I yelps. "There's nearer twenty of them babies."

II

THE bunch stands still for a while, giving us the north and south, then they start on a run toward us. I grab Hargis by the arm.

"Let's beat it!"

Outside of there being no place to run to except the ocean, Jem ain't figuring on a hot-foot. He takes his driver, sticks the head of it against his shoulder and aims it



"You Marry She, Yes?"

like a rifle. The chocolate drops stop in their tracks. For a minute, maybe, we just look at each other. Then one of the lads who acts like the boss of the section lets his pig sticker fall to the ground and comes toward us. The bird can speak English.

"Me talk white-trader talk," says he. "No hurt," and he shoves out his mitts palms up to prove it.

Well, by the time he gets done with his palavering we finds out that he figured we were guys from another island that he was having a ruckus with, otherwise he wouldn't have scared us to death. It seems like there used to be a trading post on Tuara—that's the name of the dump. A copra company had a station there—copra sounding like a snake, but being nothing but busted up coconuts—but they give it up a year ago. Stuck around just long enough to teach Wullamboo English. That was the bird's name, but we called him Willieboy, except when Hargis put on his tea-time manners and hands him your majesty.

"Ship come soon?" I asks.

"Maybe never," says Willieboy. "White man go, no come no more."

"That's tough," I tells Hargis. "That kinda lets you out of them eliminations."

But he ain't paying no attention to me. He's just looking around sorta absent-minded.

"What are you looking for?" I asks. "The new hotel?"

"By removing that clump of bushes," says Hargis, pointing, "and lowering this hill a neat fairway of two hundred and fifty yards could be put through here. There's just enough rough on the sides to make it interesting. A sand trap could be —— I must teach you to play golf." He turns to me. "Fortunately I have clubs enough and about a dozen balls."

"Yes, you will!" I says. "Let's get some chow."

I rubs my stomach and make signs to Willieboy. He's wise. He makes a motion and the gang and us follow him maybe a mile, where there's a bunch of grass shacks. Off on a side is a wooden house which was where the trader

Helluwa Flies Into a Rage and Screams and Spits

used to hang out. There must have been at least three hundred natives standing around, including women and children. I ain't lost my eye and I pipes some flappers that are knock-outs. Brown, but pretty. They ain't smokes, but kinda coffee colored, and built straight up and down, all except Willieboy, and he looks like he's carrying a watermelon across his middle. The whole crowd don't wear enough clothes to fit out a Broadway chorus; just a rag around the waist.

Well, they give us a mess of goat meat and some fish and fruit. Then we goes to flop in the trader's house and snores around the clock. I did anyhow. The next morning when I get up Hargis is out in front practicing driving. About a dozen kids are chasing the balls and old Willieboy is looking on. For a week or so we lay around. They ain't nothing to do but eat and sleep. When you got hungry about all you'd have to do was to shake a tree. There were all kinds of fish, and a flock of goats on the island. It was one soft spot.

I was in right enough, but Hargis is the queen of the May. The gang follows him all around the island, watching him take a swipe at the golf balls. Even Willieboy begins to get interested in the nut game, but Jem makes his biggest hit with Willieboy's daughter, a snappy kid called Helluwa.

Bleach that baby and Ziegfeld would swim the ocean to get her. Some figure! She falls hard for Hargis, bringing him stuff to eat and snuggling up to him every time she gets a chance. He don't pay no attention to her. He's just plain cuckoo on one thing.

"I got it all laid out," he says to me one night.

"Scheme for a get-away?"

(Continued on Page 78)

I Aim One at His Jaw

Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, Housewife and Politician—By Elizabeth Frazer

CORNELIA BRYCE PINCHOT, Housewife and Politician. So she signed herself in one of those tiresome, complicated, official—and officious—Federal-income documents with which nowadays, at set periods, the land is flooded, which require the citizenry of this democracy to tell truthfully their names, occupations and a detailed account of their activities upon this terrestrial globe—and then remove all their spare cash. Housewife and politician—these are Mrs. Gifford Pinchot's official occupations. And it was to get her reactions along those two lines—to discover, for example, if they were parallel and never met, or if they diverged at abrupt right angles from each other, or lay at opposite ends of the same line like the north and south poles and were not even in shouting distance of each other, or whether they met, identified and fused—that was my mission; in short, to locate her on the political map, to take her latitude and longitude, so to speak, both as a housewife—using that word in its broadest sense—and as a politician. It is what Henry James would call a partial portrait, a sketch from two angles of vision alone.

When I ran down to their home in the wooded hills of Pennsylvania I found the big, cool, pleasant house—a stone farmhouse, originally the property of a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer, but revised and edited and brought up-to-date by Mrs. Pinchot—given over to a kind of happy, free for all, imperturbable hospitality, with fresh guests arriving every hour, or ringing up to say they were on the way or were dropping in for luncheon or dinner or breakfast; and Mr. Pinchot would stroll back from the telephone, and Mrs. Pinchot would look up from her knitting and query, "Did you say four more were coming to dinner?" And Mr. Pinchot would laugh.

"I said four then, but now they've swelled to eight."

It was a sort of political boarding house.

In addition, the place was alive with children—though I learned later that the Pinchots have only one son, a husky young battler of six—and dogs and politicians and senators and newspaper men and well-wishers and conferences and telephone calls and little boys yelling for the regular Saturday afternoon movies, held down in the big hall, and more and more friends dropping in. And yet, despite this stir and life, the house did not boil and rage with activity. It probably will later on in the season when the fall campaigning begins. Just now it gently simmers, like a pot of soup containing plenty of meat and stock, set for the moment on the back of the range. At present Mrs. Pinchot's husband, Gifford Pinchot, forestry and conservation man, is enjoying a lull between two battles—the one just over at the primaries, the other still to come at the polls.

PHOTO, BY NATIONAL PHOTO COMPANY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Pinchot and Her Son With One of His Pets

The Overthrow of the Machine

HE IS the candidate of the Republican Party for governor of Pennsylvania, a state which has long enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being the native lair of one of the most powerful machines in the entire Union. It is a Republican machine, and its bosses have done a good job on it so far as keeping its parts well greased and oiled, its bosses and friends well rewarded, its enemies punished. It was in fact a machine with teeth to it, a complete set; and its appetite was such that the expenses of the state went up and up, and the fighting morale of the voters went down and down.

This was the proposition Mr. Pinchot went up against, Mrs. Pinchot, the women and the better class of citizens banding themselves together to defeat the machine. And after one of the hottest primary fights ever known in the history of the state the clean-politics forces won out. And as Pennsylvania is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican state, the probabilities are that Pinchot will be the next governor.

In the thick of this mêlée was Mrs. Pinchot, housewife and likewise politician, with her knitting in her hands—always with her knitting. She therefore knows something about politics; politics as it is actually waged out in the arena where all kinds of crude, raw, roughneck, double-crossing deals take place; politics which verifies up to the hilt the lines of him who said: "I see two natures struggling within me—one base, one blindly striving toward the light." She is not, thus, a parlor or closet politician, with a lot of *ex-cathedra*, fine-spun theories which she evolves sitting in lofty solitude in her sanctum, one lily white hand to her brow, while she dictates to her stenographer earnest, hot-air, platitudinous bromides about woman's holy obligations to her fellow man. Nothing like that. There is in fact nothing formal, remote or even remotely stained glass or cathedral about her, unless it be the gorgeous cathedral glory of her red hair. For she is a redhead. The kind of superb, abundant, no-doubt-about-it, eyebrows-and-all redhead which they say was possessed by that famous trouble maker in history, Helen, whose beauty was alleged to have wrecked a thousand ships—which was going it strong for those times—and to have started that little disturbance known as the Trojan War.

I mention this red hair, not incidentally, *en passant*, or to put a splotch of vivid color in my portrait, but of set purpose, because it is pertinent to this political sketch. It belongs. It explains. It makes the politician part a good, live, betting proposition, for it means that she will fight; and there's no use being in politics if you won't. It means also vitality, temperament—possibly temper. At any rate, I was distinctly glad when I heard that my political heroine had red hair.

In addition to her fighting flame-bright locks and her position in the family firm as Gifford Pinchot's wife, Cornelia Bryce Pinchot has a distinct political background of her own. In the first place, her great-grandfather was Peter Cooper, one of the sturdiest, four-square, public-minded founders of old New York, who, painfully educating himself, earning the money to do so, took the time off while he was still a poor obscure young man fighting his way up to the top and with precious little spare cash, to found Cooper Institute, a school for eager, needy students who are minded to climb. I wonder if he, too, had red hair. Her father was Lloyd Bryce, editor of the North American Review, and later minister to the Netherlands. She was the friend of President Roosevelt, who was wont to invite her into his library after dinner to participate in the political discussions of his colleagues; for she had, even then, so that shrewd judge of political talent declared, one of the keenest political minds that he had ever known. Thus, by heritage, birth, marriage, inclination and free choice, Cornelia Bryce Pinchot is a politician—using that word in its dictionary sense of a person devoted to politics, which is the conduct of government.

Always on the Go

SHE lives, moves and has her being in the political atmosphere; it is the breath of her nostrils. She spends her apparently inexhaustible vitality in a continuous effort to tie up politics more closely to life; to make the two come together, meet, touch, fuse, get fresh points of contact, and so to release big, revitalizing forces in both. I think she thinks constantly about this aspect of politics. By that I do not mean merely that she thinks she thinks, or that her mind is one of those charming, purely feminine, tendrilly affairs which clings tight to the sturdy masculine oak—and, incidentally, often stifles the life of the same. She actually does think, and indulges in that comparatively rare sport of working things out mentally and arriving at an independent conclusion. She possesses a little original think tank all her own, which she uses freely, continuously and even lavishly—and hang the expense.

So much by way of foreword; or rather, since this is a partial portrait, so much by way of tracing in the background of heredity and environment against which the main figure is to stand. But I should not like you to think of her as standing still, not even for a moment, not even to have her portrait sketched. For she is essentially a creature of movement, of continuous activity of mind and body, tremendously vital, dynamic, always on the go, always alert, strenuous, alive. During the few daylight hours that I was there, if she was not talking or walking or telephoning or tennising or horseback riding or making plans, she was knitting or romping with Giff II, or pulling up weeds between the flags or playing with the dogs. And all the time it was not mere spontaneous good health or abundant physical vitality; somewhere inside of her cool, sane, practical head she was thinking, thinking, thinking—as her alert come-backs proved. A brilliant, arresting personality, with a vitality as superb and effortless as that of a panther that can keep on the bound all day. At first I thought that might be the keynote of her nature. Later I decided that was a superficial guess, too easy, too obvious to be true. Sheer unaided physical vitality doesn't get a person anywhere; it may even destroy.

And now—meet Mrs. Pinchot, housewife and politician, herself. Conceive for yourself a lithe, flexible, blue-eyed, red—oh, very, very red—haired woman of around forty—she tells her age—wearing a bronzy gown exactly matching her hair, which she made herself one afternoon on a wager with a friend who bet she couldn't sew. She is seated on a sofa by the tea table, in a large, fine, trophy-hung library, in the midst of a violent thunderstorm; in the midst also of a mess of political friends and strictly nonpolitical children and dogs. There were so many children and they kept butting into the picture so often that I somehow got the firm impression that Mrs. Pinchot was the mother of them all instead of only one. That impression I still retain.

She gave me a single swift look as she took my hand, as if to say, "Who and what are you?" I returned the look with compound interest. I suppose it was her hair. It seemed to absorb all the color in the room and be a part of the radiant electrical disturbance outside.

I sat. A big police dog came up and snuggled its cold muzzle into my hand.

Mrs. Pinchot remarked, "Maybe you don't like dogs. Punch, get out." And to me, "Do you take cream or lemon with your tea?"

The children, finding I was not exciting, withdrew. The dog wandered off. The guests obligingly decamped. Mrs. Pinchot began:

"You know, I only got your questions a few hours ago, and I've scarcely had a moment to myself since then."

"It doesn't matter," I said. "Those questions were only springboards."

"Shall we adjourn to my room?" she suggested. "We'll be quieter there." And so we shoved off.

It is not to be supposed that what follows on politics was a smooth, continuous discourse which fell from the lips of Mrs. Pinchot in a steady, mellifluous flow. Such was by no means the case. That first session, as a matter of strict fact, was a fizzle. We had no more than got settled down on the sofa and Mrs. Pinchot reached out for needle and thread—for she had decided that her self-made gown needed drawing in on the shoulders a bit—than her small son came thundering at the door with "Mother! Mother! Movies! We want you to read out loud the captions!" And he burst like a catapult into the room.

"All right, Giffie. I'm busy just now. You get everything ready and then I'll come down."

"It's all ready right now. The screen is up and the kids are there. We're just waiting for you. Come on!"

"I don't like to disappoint them," she murmured to me as we descended the stairs to the movie-darkened hall below.

That was all right and I was glad to mark that Giff II was the apple of his mother's eye; but it looked to me as if the portrait was going to be confined to just one angle after all. Housewife was well in the lead; politician was not even visible on the field. Followed two reels of educational movies, Mrs. Pinchot, with her son in her lap, reading aloud in a firm contralto voice the captions and Giff interjecting "What was that, mother?" or "What were they doing there, mother?" or "Mother, what makes you hang onto my shirt that way? Say, mother, what makes you hang onto my shirt?" while down on the floor the rest of them tumbled around over each other and gamboled like puppies. At the close of the movies arrived more guests, and a group back from fishing—Mr. Pinchot among them. Introductions. Mrs. Pinchot had to speak to her husband. Dinner became imminent.

Faith in Democracy

"WE'LL have more time after dinner," she whispered consolingly to me.

I doubted it. I went up to my tower room back of the nursery to dress. Housewife was still far in the lead; politician nowhere in sight.

"This is awful!" I said to myself. "There's no political article in this. This thing, as I see it, is nothing in the world but the common, or garden, variety of happy home life of an average American family, with a picturesque, dynamic personality and an open-air stage setting, and a few dogs and thunderstorms thrown in. All very nice, but ——"

After dinner, however, politician really took the field and began to draw rapidly to the fore. We had a long talk, satisfactory to all concerned. But right in the midst of that again housewife showed a sudden burst of speed and took the field away. We were deep in the question of party organizations; Mrs. Pinchot was knitting and talking—and talking very well; the guests were in the other room; the children abed hours ago; I had heard no slightest sound from upstairs. But suddenly Mrs. Pinchot sat up straight, dropped her knitting, gazed stairwards and called clearly: "Giffie! Giffie! Mother's right here!"

And before I knew what it was all about she had retrieved her slippers and dashed up the stairs, calling out reassuring words. In another moment she was back.

"It wasn't Gifford after all," she explained. "I thought I heard him cry out. I can't bear to have him frightened in the dark."

She sank back, resumed her knitting; politician again forged ahead. She plunged into the subject, clear-headed, absolutely realistic, unsentimental, realizing conditions, chock-full of personal experiences, buttressing her general statements with a wealth of shrewd illustration and practical detail. We opened with a discussion of politics and women in general.

"I am not," she began, "one of those melancholy pessimists who complain that democracy is a failure. I don't even admit that it is in any danger of failing; but, on the other hand, no honest man or woman who faces facts with an open mind can say that it has lived up fully to our expectations. Everywhere we see thoughtful people who are beginning to question our form of government; to ask what is the fault, where the trouble lies, and above all to search out what can be done to make it better. Now I believe that one of the main causes of this partial failure is largely our own failure—the failure of the common, everyday, individual citizen to carry his share of the burden of democracy."

Lost Contacts

"AS CIVILIZATION develops and our lives become more complex we lose our contact with society as a whole. We become more and more absorbed in our own little cross section of life; we grasp only a corner of the pattern and fail to see it as a whole. We send our representatives to the state capital and to Washington, and then forget all about them until election day comes around again or until the papers happen to pick up some isolated action on their part which does not agree with our own notions, when we all join in abusing them for their stupidity or indifference; but what we never do is to try to understand their problems; to see what they are up against and what forces push them this way and that. We don't stand by them when they are doing right. We are too busy and indifferent to hold up their hands when they are going up against temptation. We are cynical, many of us, when they do fail. And we return bad servants over and over again, largely

(Continued on Page 85

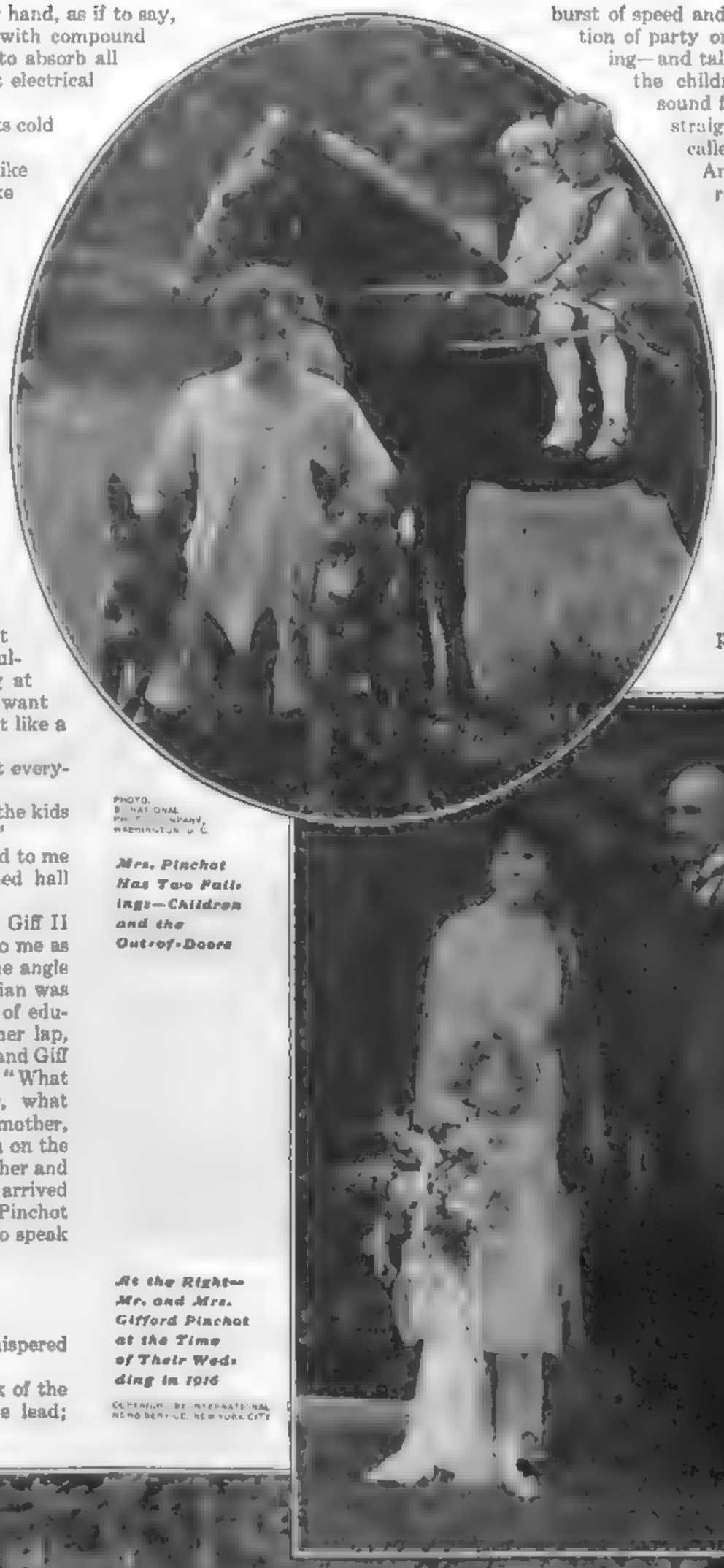


PHOTO. INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Pinchot Has Two Failings—Children and the Out-of-Doors

At the Right—Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Pinchot at the Time of Their Wedding in 1914

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Gifford Pinchot—at an Important Moment

A GIRL WITH MONEY

"Do You Really Think It Would be a Nightmare—Ha, Ha, Ha!—for Anybody to Try to Kiss Me?"

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

IT WAS Hutchins, the butler, who opened the ball. In his spare moments Hutchins was writing a book, Confessions of a Butler Who Has Served in Many of the Best Families Both Here and Abroad, and he had been rather late that morning, trying to get the ink off his fingers. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said to Dell, somewhat out of puff, "but the postman has a registered letter. Shall I sign the receipt in your behalf, sir? Or would you rather do it yourself?"

Although a shadow passed over his face Dell went on with his breakfast and said that Hutchins could sign it.

"Thank you, sir," said the butler, as one who has just received a boon. He bowed himself out, and even at that distance he could smell another chapter of his book coming. "Probably from the bank about the mortgage," he thought. "He needs something a bit stiff to wake him up and start him doing what his father told him."

Hutchins' guess about the letter was a good one, and a minute later Dell was reading the following communication—reading it carefully, slowly, so that you wouldn't have been greatly surprised if he had put his tongue out of the corner of his mouth and had followed each word with his finger:

Dear Mr. Parsons: I regret to advise you that we do not feel justified in renewing your note which matures on the 15th prox., and unless this note is paid and steps taken to reduce the amount of the mortgage, the bank will feel itself obligated to take due measures for the protection of its depositors and stockholders.

Respectfully, AMZI R. ALLEN, V. P.

"'Respectfully'—yes. I know how darned respectful you feel about it!" thought Dell, his appetite for breakfast temporarily deserting him. To which he presently added with a touch of irritation, "There are no two ways about it any longer. Father was right."

At that he arose—young, tall, and with a profile such as you sometimes see upon old Roman coins—and walking down upon the beach, the better to consider a matter which was obviously destined to affect his whole life, Dell looked back at the house—that house which had really caused him all his troubles.

The place had been built by Dell's father; and if you had ever known the father of Dell Parsons you would have said at once that the house was just like him—that is to say, it was picturesque, attractive, impractical, and just about as full of romance as an egg is of meat.

"It's about all I'm leaving you, Dell," his father had once told him, "and whatever you do, hang on to it. It's the last piece of good beach within striking distance of New York, and when the railway comes through you can name your own price for the property—a thousand dollars an acre, maybe two."

"Yes, sir," said Dell politely, and looking out of the window he had added, "the sea bass are biting awfully well down among the rocks. Tomorrow, or next day perhaps, if you're feeling better ——"

"Don't fool yourself, son," his father had said, trying to smile among the pillows. "I've come to the place where we all arrive, sooner or later. Let's see now. Oh, yes. I knew there was something else. You'll have to marry soon. And you'll have to marry money, or the first thing you know you'll be in debt and lose everything. And—oh, yes—here's this—I meant to have told you before. Whatever you do, stay away from all the girls except the one girl that you expect to marry. You'll either do that or you'll do the other thing. I have done the other thing, and I think you know what it's done to me."

He was silent for a few minutes, as though looking back through his memory, and although he tried to smile there was more chagrin than mirth in it—the smile of a man who has bought a diamond from a stranger and is now having it valued by one who knows its worth.

"There's a thought in Emerson that sums up the whole game," he finally continued. "The world's a store, and you can have anything that you can reach on the shelves. But there isn't a thing in the shop that hasn't got a price set on it; and whatever you take you've got to pay the price. So be careful, Dell; be careful what you choose."

At that, for the first time in a long while, he really achieved one of his old smiles, though it was soon tinged with wistfulness. "Myself," said he, "I've been a bum chooser. But that's no reason why you should be."

It was advice that had made a lasting impression on Dell, especially that part which said "Stay away from all the girls except the one girl that you expect to marry. . . I have done the other thing, and I think you know what it's done to me."

Yes, Dell did know—or at least he knew enough. And Hutchins knew. And so did nearly everyone else at Rocky Beach. In a way it was rather overpowering knowledge, and it not only formed the basis for more than one chapter in Hutchins' book but it had caused Dell to keep away from the girls entirely—that is to say, as far as he could—somewhat on the same principle that once moved the Rhenish sailors to keep away from the Lorelei, and which inspired Ulysses to have himself lashed to the mast when his boat passed the Sirens' islands.

"I don't think much of this business of marrying into money, either," he had told himself more than once. "There must be some way that I can get along without doing that."

So he had tried it, although he had neither trade nor profession, thanks partly to that impractical father of his, and partly to Mars, who had taken four years out of his life just at the time when he ought to have been learning something useful.

First of course came the inevitable try at bond selling; and then a friend of his father's put him in the New York office of a bridge company, where he had felt about as much at home as a flying fish in a company of trained seals.

After six months of this he went back to Rocky Beach, where old Hutchins, who had been acting as caretaker and writing the opening chapters of his confessions, gave him a welcome that warmed his heart; and Mary Ellen, who had tamed old Hutch long ago by the simple trick of marrying him, put her arms around Dell's neck and nearly squeezed the life out of him, and went back to the kitchen wiping her eyes on her apron and saying "Ah, now! The b'y's back again! Ah, now!" and shook the stove so hard that the grates fell out, and what with one thing and another there was the devil and all to pay at Rocky Beach that fine June morning, and no hot pennies on hand to meet the bill.

"Perhaps the railway will come before the bank kicks up," Dell had told himself. "Let's hope so, anyhow." But nothing like that happened. Trust the fates when they have their own ideas in mind! Instead, the bank's letter had burst upon the scene—as banks' letters have a way of doing—and Dell had gone outside for a walk to think it over.

"Father was right," he told himself. "It's a rotten way to put it, but I've got to marry money—and that's all there is about it."

He threw a pebble into the ocean then.

"It's a good thing I know Julie," he continued more thoughtfully. "And yet, somehow, it hardly seems fair to Julie either. I wonder if I—I wonder if I ought to let her know—somehow—that at least partly it's because of her money."

Even while he was phrasing the thought he knew he couldn't do it.

"Sounds rotten, I know," he told himself, "to think of telling her anything like that. And yet somehow it sounds just as rotten to try to fool her and make believe that the money doesn't count at all."

Slowly then he returned to the house, and perching himself upon the piazza railing he frowned out over the sea and began to consider this question of marrying money a little more deeply than he had ever done before.

"I suppose she'd be the boss, all right; but would she rub it in too much?" he uneasily asked himself. "And suppose I married her, and even then she let the place be sold? Would there have to be an agreement about it? Or would I simply ask her for the money when the time came? Or when should I do it? And how?"

At that he couldn't help smiling, even in his trouble, and seeing the butler fussing around in the next room he called out, "Oh, Hutch!"

"Yes, sir?" said Hutchins, who had just been reading the letter from the bank.

"Did you ever know anyone who married a girl for her money?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler after a moment's reflection. "I have known several gentlemen to do it—and very fine gentlemen, too, I assure you."

"How did things turn out?"

"Not very well, sir." And then he added in tones of rich significance: "Except in those few cases where the gentlemen took a very firm hand from the start sir."

"And those that didn't take a firm hand what happened to them?"

"Well, sir, in one case that I remember the lady used to laugh at her 'usband in front of the servants, and give a sort of a flip to her bustle as she passed him by, sir. That would be before your time, of course, when the ladies wore bustles; and the grander the lady the bigger the bustle."

Dell looked thoughtful at that.

"I might get a bustle flipper too," he told himself. "Still—I don't think she'd flip it twice," he grimly added; "nor laugh at me more than once in front of the servants."

With a sudden gesture of impatience he returned to the table and looked at the other letters which had come in the morning's mail. There was the usual lot—a small bill, a receipt for another small bill, an appeal for funds, a book advertisement, a stockbroker's weekly letter; but at the bottom of the pile he came to a new one, a large square envelope, postmarked "South Marleigh, Conn." and addressed in a masculine hand.

Dear Sir: On Thursday evening of this week, at about 7:40 P.M., your car, No. 26,663, did considerable damage to my property here at No. 10 Putnam Avenue, knocking down the fence, breaking a cast-iron fountain and damaging the porch, but what is worse than that—a cowardly trick to do—you backed out and tried to get away without being identified. Your prompt attention to this matter may save you from very serious legal and criminal proceedings, to say nothing of losing your license, etc., etc.

Yours, S. WARNER.

It wasn't often that Dell flared up, but that letter was like a match to a handful of gunpowder. He was having trouble enough without letting a thing like that be shoved on him too. The man must be crazy—crazy as a loon. Dell had never been in South Marleigh in his life—had never even heard of the place before. "A cowardly thing to do," "to say nothing of losing your license"—the phrases flipped him like the end of a whip; and striding into the library he sat down at the desk and wrote the following bristling answer:

Dear Sir: Your impertinent yet pathetic letter received. I can only suppose that you mistook the number. Neither my car nor myself has ever been in South Marleigh.

To charge anyone with a cowardly action is a safe thing to do from a distance. If it were necessary to have a license in order to write letters I would make an application at once that yours should be taken away from you.

Respectfully ——

Dell felt better then, not knowing what a challenge he had just indited to the fates.

"Might as well get this other thing over too," he frowned, looking at the letter from the bank; and raising his voice he called out, "Oh, Hutchins!"

"Yes, sir?"

"I wish you'd pack my bag." And in answer to the other's look of hopeful inquiry he continued, "I'm going to New York, and it may be two or three weeks before I'm back."

"Aha!" thought Hutchins. "It's come at last. Better looking than your father ever knew how to be—but greener than the grass." And almost smacking his lips he added, "My word, my word, but won't this make a chapter for the book."

"This One Isn't Going to Get Away, Sibyl!" She Seemed to Be Shouting Through a Roar of Sound

"You Leave It to Me, Jusan. Non Compos Mentis Is No Defense in a Case Like This"

II

HUTCH wanted to go with him. "What for?" asked Dell

"Well, sir," said Hutchins, not wishing to let on that he knew too much, "there are little tricks—where I might be useful to you, sir."

"What do you mean—little tricks?"

"It's hard to tell exactly, sir—but if your father was here he'd know what I mean. Getting your clothes exactly right for the evening, and the proper studs to wear, answering the phone when you were out—'This is Mr. Parsons' valet'—it never 'urts a gentleman, sir, to have it known that he keeps a valet; taking messages for you and knocking up a chat with the servants at any young lady's house where I might go with a letter. Trust the servants to know all there is to be known about a young lady, sir, especially if she keeps a maid."

Dell shut him up then, and sent him down to the kitchen with a flea in his ear.

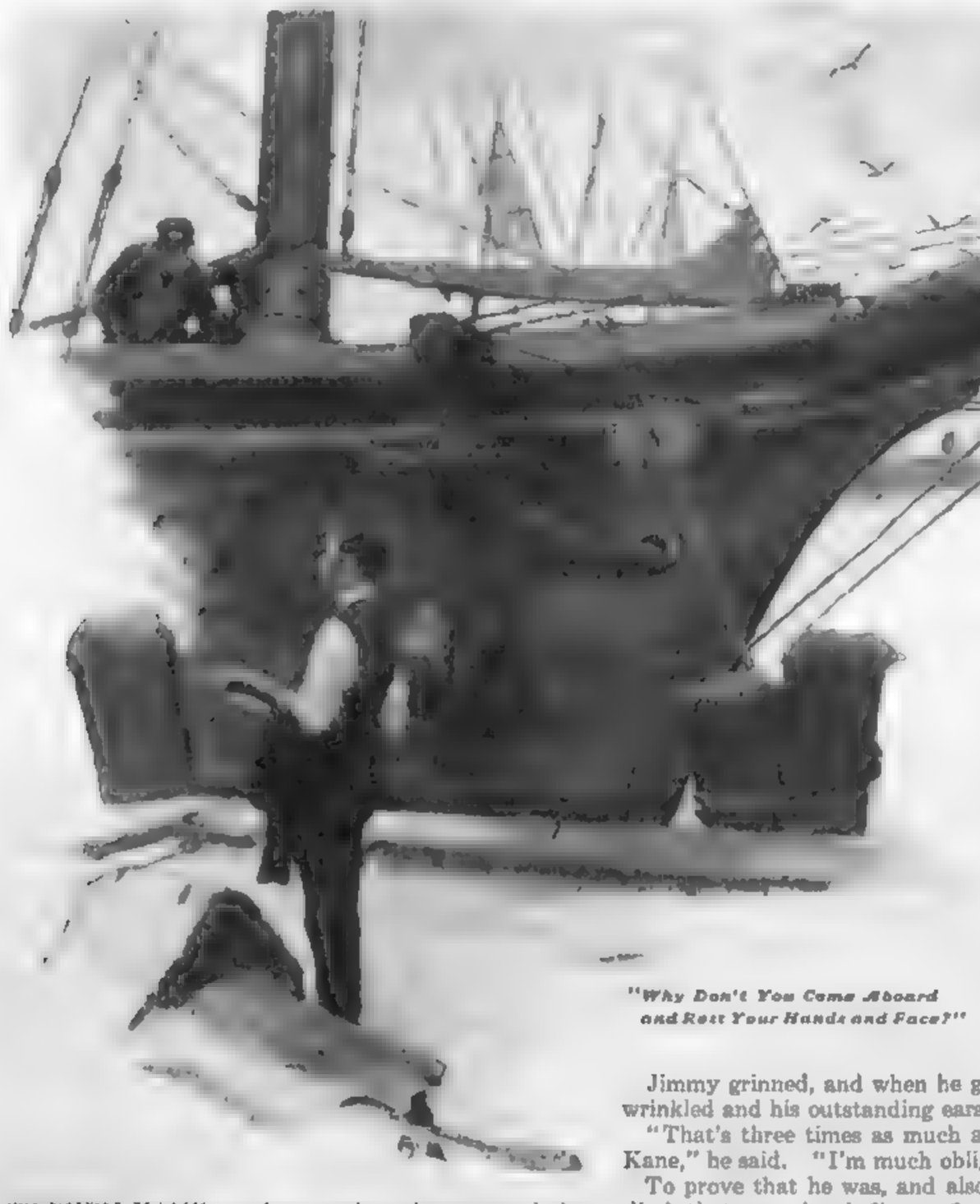
"He's going away all by himself to try to find a girl with money, and he's got to get her before the fifteenth of next month," Hutchins complained to Mary Ellen; "and never had a girl before in his life, as far as I can make out—and hardly knows a soul in all New York! A fat chance! With nobody there to look after him he's just as apt to walk up and down Park Avenue and come back home with a lady's maid that's looped him in; or he might even pick up some little flapper or other that's sitting around the hotel lobby pretending she has a date with some rich millionaire who never turns up!"

In this, however, Hutchins was wrong. When Dell left for New York that noon he knew that he was going to see Julie Schumann, whom he had met the winter before when he was working for the bridge company. Old Rudolph Schumann was the president of the company, and acting under Julie's orders he had often invited Dell to his mansion on Riverside Drive. There once at a dance she had taken him into a quiet room and cried on his shoulder because nobody loved her, one of the most distressing five minutes in his life; and the next day she had written to him—and the next day she had written to him again, special delivery, asking him to burn her first letter, but please not to think unkindly of her on account of anything she had written, because it was in her heart and she felt he ought to know it whether he wanted to or not.

After that for a while when they chanced to meet they were both somewhat embarrassed, but they soon got over it. Yet Dell could tell by those signs which a man seldom mistakes that it would need only a very little to start Julie crying on his shoulder again, or sending him special-delivery letters containing sixteen closely written pages on scented vellum bond.

(Continued on Page 90)

WANTED IMMEDIATELY



"Why Don't You Come Aboard and Rest Your Hands and Face?"

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

By WILBUR HALL

STEPHEN KANE was born with a silver spoon in his mouth; Jimmy Whims, ten years later, with a stubby thumb. Stephen Kane was reared in the somewhat heady atmosphere of Jackson, Franklin and Washington Streets, west of Divisadero, in San Francisco; Jimmy Whims in the same city but south of the slot, where a bruised pair of knuckles and a black eye were badges of distinction, and patched pants no disgrace. It may be added in this connection that Jimmy was an exception to the proverbial rule, for he was certainly not without honor in his own neighborhood, on either count!

Stephen Kane had gone to Stanford and Yale, but he had refused to go to Europe. Answering the urge that was in him, and despite the fact that he need never have turned over a hand, he came home and plunged into business, by his own efforts trading his silver spoon for a gold one. Then an uncle became deceased at the end of eighty industrious years, and his will substituted for Steve's gold spoon a very gaudy affair set in diamonds, rubies, pearls and very negotiable bonds, and stocks paying 8 per cent in season and out; but Stephen upset all calculations by putting his heritage away in a safe place and becoming junior partner of the importing and exporting house of Mardewell & Co., where he had theretofore been employed. Presently old Mark Mardewell became a mere figurehead in the business, the firm name was changed to Mardewell & Kane, and Stephen began to demonstrate to California Street that being wealthy in his own right did not interfere with his working ten or twelve hours a day, and that if they desired to compete with him on anything like even terms they had to get up early in the morning.

It was at about this time that Jimmy Whims also lost an uncle, who left Jimmy and his widowed mother the choice between scraping up money for his funeral or having him buried—with all of Howard Street looking on—by the county. Jimmy took on an errand-boy job in addition to his newsboy's corner at Sansome and California, and eventually paid for a creditable ceremony of interment. The funeral set him back seriously, but it did not at all alter his determination to get on in the world. Instead, he worked the harder. He was going to be somebody on the Street! For choice, somebody like young Mr. Kane.

They became acquainted through Stephen Kane's buying his evening paper—usually on a dead run—from Jimmy; the active partner of the well-known house of Mardewell & Kane dropped perhaps a dozen words a month into the rather large and somewhat protuberant ears of the newsie; a business friendship was established. By the end of the year Jimmy Whims had made up his mind. He was going to work for Mardewell & Kane; and eventually he did.

"There won't be much in it just now," Stephen Kane—himself—said.

Jimmy grinned, and when he grinned his freckled nose wrinkled and his outstanding ears moved.

"That's three times as much as I'm getting now, Mr. Kane," he said. "I'm much obliged too."

To prove that he was, and also to qualify him for the climb that rose ahead, Jimmy flew at his new job eagerly. Unfortunately, as he viewed it, there was too little to do. For a time he felt slighted; then he perceived that the whole staff was in the same boat—and the whole Street. There wasn't much to do but hope, in the importing and exporting business. The college professors and the book writers, it seemed, blamed conditions on balances of trade, inflated currencies, economic maladjustments, the treaty, Russia, the price of the German mark and sun spots. The Street, grumbling and sore, opined that it was because of those asses, the politicians; also of the war, of the peace, of abnormalcy and of the lack of an American merchant marine.

But Jimmy got what he considered cogent reasoning from old Cap'n "Bluenose" Sparks, head of the shipping department of Mardewell & Kane. The other authorities, Cap'n Sparks averred, were talking through their several hats.

"When I was in the Lindy Lane," the old man would growl, puffing at his short-stemmed pipe like a steam tug firing up to leave her dock, "we didn't have fancy names for plain bread-and-butter business. You got a charter or you didn't get one; you had a cargo or you ran in ballast; you manned your ship with slab-sided squareheads and took 'em to sea and taught 'em their manners without asking to see their union cards; and if you was lucky you came in scuppers-to and discharged and put a little away in the bank. But if you had head winds and no charters and lost a new stick in a typhoon you didn't go to Congress about it! There's too many laws and too much talk and not enough guts in the shipping business today, and the rest of it is all moonshine! Take copra, now ——"

But Jimmy had already learned enough to refuse to take copra. And there was this very good reason:

Copra, Jimmy had discovered, was an exceedingly greasy and smelly commodity brought in from lands beyond the sea and used for making soap, explosives, fertilizer and the stuff you fry doughnuts in. Mardewell & Kane had had all they wanted of copra within a few weeks of the time Jimmy went on the pay roll. Stephen Kane, like several better men and a perfect school of worse ones, had been betrayed by copra. Small fortunes had been made in it during the war; afterward Stephen had bought it when it was high and sold it when it dropped. Then he had bought it when it was low and sold it when it was lower. Then, with the perverse faith in the law of averages that keeps most speculative businesses continually chasing will-o'-the-wisps, he had bought copra when it was as low as it could possibly get and could go no lower because it was resting on the bottom, and then—the bottom had dropped out!

Thereupon Stephen Kane announced solemnly, to all and sundry, that any client who mentioned copra should be thrown into the street, any buyer who asked for it should be cut off the list and any employe who even so much as thought copra should be summarily fired and fined a month's back pay.

Mardewell & Kane was through with copra, emphatically, finally and for all time!

Unquestionably, with or without copra, the Street was dull. Mardewell & Kane moved a little rice, a few thousand bolts of silk, some tea, certain consignments of pineapples, a bit of coffee, a modicum of sugar, and so forth and so on. Mardewell & Kane occasionally chartered a ship, albeit a small one, and on a rather precarious basis and with a trifling margin of profit to the house. By dint of keeping after it Mardewell & Kane, in short, contrived to avoid all but the most occasional use of red ink, and never once quite had to draw on the private and independent fortune of Stephen Kane. The latter did not have to work, but it may be taken from us that no one would have guessed that from his actions.

For example, there was that matter of the English house of Lewisohn & Johns.

"Pete," Stephen Kane said one windy April morning to the general manager of the house, "Luke Scaiff and Brown-Morris seem to have tied up Lewisohn & Johns tighter than Houdini in a wardrobe trunk, since the war, and I'm getting peevish about it."

General Manager Mortenson objected to being called Pete; he did not approve of flippant phrases in business conference and any implication of criticism always touched him on the raw. He was a sour and pessimistic man, suffering from indigestion and the dictation of a strong-minded wife; but he did know his business. Now he sniffed.

"Their account now wouldn't be worth much, Mr. Kane. They aren't buying any more than ——"

"In these days when the wind isn't tempered even to a movie actor in a lamb's-wool coat, a Lewisohn & Johns order for a sack of rice or a bolt of silk would show up on our books like a beacon on a stern and rock-bound coast. Let's have some constructive ideas."

"Scaiff and Luther Morris are both unscrupulous in their methods, and very undignified. Their houses can do things we would not stoop to in order to get business."

"Rats!" Stephen said instantly. "This house could stoop to putting arsenic in a man's tea if it could get a commission out of the estate! Dignity is all right when you can get more charters than there are bottoms, but right at present dignity is being offered at thirty-two in the open market, and no takers. I don't care a hang about dignity; what I want is some of the business of Lewisohn & Johns, of London, England, Great Britain. See?"

"We have written them several times."

"We have! My last letter to them would melt the time lock off a vault or coax jewels out of Buckingham Palace. And all I have had to date is a typically English letter of thanks, written in longhand and reading like a paragraph out of Thackeray. Go on; let's have some more ideas."

"Their principal purchases from us before the war," Mortenson mused thoughtfully, "were in copra for ——"

Stephen Kane clutched his hair wildly, leaped from his chair four feet into the air and came down with one foot in a mahogany waste-paper basket, shrieking like a maniac.

"If you utter that word again," he screamed, "I'll stab you with an invoice spindle and sell your body to a medical college! 'Copra' is a word I never allow to pass my lips."

Jimmy Whims appeared in the door.

"Did you call, Mr. Kane?" he asked, with his pleasant grin.

Stephen whirled on him.

"I did," he said. "I want you to go out and dig up an order from Lewisohn & Johns, the London exporters and importers."

"Yes, sir," Jimmy said a little doubtfully. "Any particular kind of an order?"

"Any kind of an order there is but copra."

Jimmy backed away.

"That boy has no sense of humor, Mr Kane," Peter Mortenson observed. "He will probably take you seriously."

"It will be the first time anyone has done so in some months then," Kane retorted. "In the meantime, what about that Warburton pineapple business?"

As a matter of fact Jimmy Whims had a keener sense of humor than Peter Mortenson gave him credit for. He knew that Stephen Kane, whom he idolized and imitated and hoped to grow up like, did not expect him to go out on the Street and, grabbing passers-by by the lapels, demand of them business from the English house of Lewisohn & Johns. He detected the bantering note in his employer's speech, but he also detected in it an undercurrent of seriousness. The name that had passed sank into Jimmy's mind. He made up that tough and inelastic and stubborn intellectual organ—if such it be—that he would deliver on the order if it were humanly possible, because he had determined long before that he was going to do Stephen Kane good and incidentally do himself good and get on in the world until, perhaps, he could be something like that man he admired; not envied, note; admired and respected for admirable and respectable characteristics

In brief, Jimmy was ambitious to be someone in the world, and without going to Y. M. C. A. lectures or reading success books, he knew how he was going to succeed, if at all. He knew that that end and aim, if accomplished, would be accomplished by digging into his work with his eyes and ears open, his head down and his toes gripping, and with no thought of the clock in the office that struck ship's bells and was invariably accurate as to time—even to the time of five o'clock in the afternoon.

Scoff, gentlemen of our higher literary criticism! Sneer and jeer, learned publicists and regenerationists! Gibe and rend, malcontents and theorists! The happy ending may, as you assert, be a myth and a delusion. This may not be a land of equality of birth, or even of opportunity.

But let us bet with you to the extent of our resources and at your own odds that there is no youth truly American who does not seek the happy ending for himself; and that, whatever the ratio of equality, no one ever yet reached a goal without first setting it and thereafter going for it hard; and that, finally, it is not invariably true that, to get up and on, one must needs kick the man below or pull down the man above!

Jimmy Whims worked hard, hoping thereby to rise high.

How silly!

II

SOME months passed; the importing and exporting business remained at low ebb; shipping and commerce on the Western coast of America hobbled along towards normalcy at about the rate of a cripple with a broken crutch crossing a cobblestone street; and under such conditions Jimmy Whims learned the rudiments of the game and showed marked improvement in his dress, address, manners, methods and value to the house. His admiration of Stephen Kane and his ambition to be like him had their inevitable result: He imitated his idol and patterned after him, so that, although they patronized different haberdashers and paid different prices for similar garments, Jimmy began to look more like a junior clerk and less like a south-of-Market-Street product daily.

From Kane down, the firm soon found that Jimmy could be trusted and that he got what he went for, if it was to be pried loose, so that in time he became a person of some importance when there was money to be banked, orders delivered or small commissions filled. He was also a trustworthy collector of the numerous small accounts that develop in the business, and when fly-by-night brokers or jobbers owed Mardewell & Kane money and Jimmy was sent to gather it from them, they either paid it or went out of business, because Jimmy would establish camp on the front steps and stay there till he was satisfied. Peter Mortenson said the boy would never set the Bay on fire, but grudgingly gave him credit for perseverance and industry. Stephen Kane thought of him occasionally, and always with an abstracted feeling that in time Jimmy might prove of value. But there was slim chance for anyone to distinguish himself in the importing and exporting business with conditions as they were then on California Street. At times even dogged Jimmy wondered if he was ever going to get anywhere.

May came, and with it a state holiday on a certain Monday. There was a golf tournament at Monterey which Stephen Kane assured himself he could win if he went there and found a good caddy; Peter Mortenson had a widowed mother living in Stockton who was getting old and feeble and who wanted to see her boy—snickers of glee from the office force at thought of old Peter as anybody's boy—and Richardson Dodds, chief clerk, desired to go to Los Angeles to see a maiden lady who showed symptoms of a willingness to change the name of Matthews for the name of Dodds, if properly urged. Nothing could happen in a business in which nothing whatever had happened for many moons; the result was that, on the Friday night

"Look Out!" Jimmy Screamed, Grabbing the Naughty Mr. Lind by the Arm

before that extra-day holiday, most of the establishment of Mardewell & Kane packed its several bags and valises and boarded out-of-town trains to be gone until Tuesday morning.

Jimmy Whims packed no bag and took no train. He was up early Saturday with his loins girded against J. B. Josser, of the Holland Importing Company. It was noon when he came into the office, whistling merrily, as is the right of one who has achieved the improbable, and found Mary Winslow, stenographer, information girl and person of much responsibility, hatted, furred, gloved and impatient to leave.

"Mr. Lind went home sick this morning, Jimmy," she said hastily. "I gotta date at the hairdresser's. You lock up when Miss Nagle's through, will ya? G'by!"

Jimmy nodded and went to his desk. He made out his report in the matter of the account of the Holland Company, pinned to it the check of J. B. Josser for $5234.72, dropped the papers into his desk, locked the drawer and strolled in to greet Lucy Nagle.

Lucy was a rather plain, very neat, quite precise, entirely mouselike young person who had an uncanny ability at making an adding machine talk two languages, and who looked on a pleasant world through large, innocent gray eyes; but who said as little as was possible, at once through shyness and through a becoming modesty.

"Well, Miss Lucy," Jimmy said, "you and I seem to be Mardewell & Kane today."

Lucy smiled.

"I guess Mr. Kane would be safe in trusting us, the way business has been lately. And Monday is a holiday, too, you know."

"Sure! But anything might happen between now and one o'clock. For instance ——"

A blue-uniformed messenger boy strolled in through the front door, abstractedly wiped his nose on his sleeve, drew a cablegram from his pocket, presented his book to be signed and strolled out. Cablegrams were old stuff to him.

But not to Jimmy Whims; nor to Lucy Nagle.

Jimmy tried to carry it off with an air, and Lucy giggled. They stared at the message together:

Mardek, Sanfrancisco:
Coimbrao icyagumizb obgezuznov efykoovkug ogvuxugnut efykoujsip ——

Jimmy looked up with a puzzled frown.

"The dickens it is!" he exclaimed. "If I had known that ——"

"It's code, of course," Lucy observed. "But I don't know anything about codes. Do you?"

"Oh, sure!" Jimmy said, which was a lie. "Where is the code book?"

"Mr. Lind keeps them in his desk."

"We'll call him up, then."

Together they found his number on a slip pinned to Miss Winslow's switchboard. But the answering voice on the telephone informed Jimmy that Mr. Lind had moved a month or so before and had left no new number.

"That's nice," Jimmy said, hanging up. "What hairdresser does Miss Winslow go to?"

"I don't know."

"I'll call them all, then."

There was a staggering list in the classified section of the directory, but on the eighteenth venture—and it required some time—he was told that Miss Winslow had been in to have her hair done, only, and that she had left five minutes ago. He called her home. No answer. Jimmy looked at Lucy Nagle.

"Do you know where there is a screwdriver?"

"There's one with the tools in the packing room. But why?"

"I'm going to burglarize Mr. Lind's desk," Jimmy said.

The code book was in the back of the last drawer they searched, of course, but when they opened it Jimmy found his justification on a typewritten sheet pasted on the inside cover.

"Isn't that cablegram signed Lewjon, Miss Lucy?"

"Yes. I don't remember any such firm on our books."

"No? Well, it's a firm that is going to be on our books soon, you can bank on that. Look here!"

She read the key line on which his finger rested.

"Oh, Lewisohn & Johns. London."

"Exactly! And it wasn't six months ago that Mr. Kane was saying that he wanted business from them and wanted it badly. Let's see that message. 'Mardek'—that's us. 'Coimbrao'—um-m-m ——"

Together they thumbed the heavy volume, now picking up the trail easily, now floundering hopelessly in the maze of synthetic jargon.

"I don't think you know any more about codes than I do," Lucy Nagle surmised shrewdly.

"I don't," Jimmy confessed. "But I'm learning fast. 'Coimbrao' is 'Buy for our account.' 'Icyagumizb'—'ship per steamer'—'obgezuznov'—'earliest possible'—'date,' I suppose—'Copenhagen, or if you cannot secure—'Copenhagen space—'uhhehemjuc'—sounds like Icelandic—'U, u-a, u-b, ucosa'—here it is: 'Uhhehemjuc'—'ship to London direct'—'urgpocopra'—good night! One thousand tons copra!"

Their faces fell.

"Yes, it makes sense," Lucy said. "But copra! You know what Mr. Kane says about copra!"

"I do. But Mr. Kane is playing golf and the rest of the house is hiding out on us, and if Lewisohn & Johns ordered the island of Yap I'd get them a price and ship it. I'm going to fill this commission."

"You're going to fill it?"

"I am! I don't know how or where, but I know why! Let's get on. 'Loudful'—um-m-m—'Loudful' is 'wanted immediately.' And I'll say it is! What's the rest of the riddle?"

It was after two o'clock when they had the message complete. It read:

Mardewell and Kane,
San Francisco.

Buy for our account and ship per steamer earliest possible to Copenhagen, or if you cannot secure Copenhagen space ship direct to London one thousand tons copra, wanted immediately. Your commission 7½ per cent, providing guarantee delivery will be made here July fifteenth.

Lewisohn & Johns,
London.

"Seven and a half per cent," Jimmy mused. "I know enough to know that means they certainly want it 'loudful' and are willing to pay for the noise! It also means that ubbergubber copra has to leave here inside the next week. How about lunch, Lucy?"

"Are you going to stop for it?"

"I am not!"

"All right, then I'm not either. What do we do next?"

Jimmy paused, trying to look like Stephen Kane.

"We will next—er—next—well, let's look in the Guide. I'm not sure it can help us, but I've noticed that when a man here on the Street doesn't know which end he's standing on he reaches for the Guide. Lucy, you're a peach! I'm going to ship a thousand tons of copra, wanted immediately, and be sitting on top of the world by the time Mr. Kane gets back, or else I'll be out Tuesday looking for a job with my bare hands!"

III

HALF an hour later Jimmy Whims jumped from a street car and trotted across the water front to the shed of Pier 25. Alongside, peering over the twelve-foot fence like some sharp-nosed giant, was the bow of the Williamson line steamer Algonquin. From her hidden decks beyond the fence rose the clatter of winches and the shrill whistles of hatch tenders as a gang of stevedores whirled cargo into her cavernous hold. The Algonquin, according to the Guide, was to sail Tuesday night for Havre and Liverpool. Jimmy, unable to reach her agent either at his office or at his Alameda home, had come down to interview her master, hoping against hope that she would have room for his copra, supposing he had any copra for which room would be needed.

He was delayed at the door of the pier shed by a surly watchman. Once past this Cerberus and alongside the Algonquin, he found no one but a shipping clerk for Marshall Gray & Co., her agents. This youth was taciturn.

"She sails for Havre Tuesday night—that's all I know."

"Full cargo?"

"Nope. But anybody'd have to move awful fast to find her more now. What you got?"

"Nothing definite," Jimmy said guardedly. "Is her captain aboard?"

"What good's he going to do you? But he ain't."

"Isn't there anybody else I can talk to?"

"Sure! You can talk to me, or that stevedore foreman, or the cook. Who do you expect to talk to this time Saturday afternoon? D'you think this is a all-day-and-night bank?"

"No. But I want to talk to someone who can take on a thousand tons of freight at a good rate and a bonus!" Jimmy snapped in exasperation. "And you can earn ten dollars by steering me to the right man."

"Maybe you could find Mr. Gray, Monday."

"Or the first of next year!"

"Well, that's all I can tell you."

"Thanks! It isn't ten dollars' worth!"

In a water-front soft-drink parlor that had once been something else, and now smelled strongly as though it still were, Jimmy found a telephone. He got the home of Marshall Gray in Alameda again. This time a servant answered stupidly that Mr. Gray was playing golf somewhere. He didn't know whether the master would be in for dinner or not. Jimmy called the office, and Lucy, remaining behind on duty, undertook to find the shipping agent if he could be found.

Jimmy caught another street car, running south along the Embarcadero, with two addresses to look up. He had learned from the Guide that there was a small amount of copra to be had locally, and now he was following that trail. His idea was that all he would have to do as to the coconut meat would be to walk up to any importer of or dealer in the stuff and say "Sell me a thousand tons of copra," and that the importer or dealer would straightway fall on his neck, blessing him and urging him to take a shipload. But alas for human hopes!

"Copra? Sure! I've got two hundred twenty tons of the stinking stuff warehoused," one Joel Gorham replied when Jimmy located and questioned him. "You're with Mardewell & Kane, eh? Sharp lad, that Steve Kane is. Leave it to him to hear the news first. When'd he get it?"

"What news?" Jimmy required.

"Get out with you, son! You can't pull my leg!"

"Is something happening in copra? Mr. Kane didn't tell me if there was."

"No, I suppose not. Well, everybody'll know it by Tuesday, so I might as well tip you. There's a big strike on in Australia. The lumpers in Sydney—that's the stevedores—have struck and England won't get any copra from there for a blue moon. So the European market will come here."

"But I didn't know there were any coconuts in Australia."

"Nobody else did either. But most of the world's supply goes through Australia from the South Sea ports. What comes over here from Manila is consigned direct to consumers in this country. And so when English houses begin cabling San Francisco to pick up any that's here ——"

"Oh, I see. Well, my orders are to buy copra. Is yours for sale?"

"It was," old Joel Gorham grinned. "It has been ever since I got burned with the stuff nine months ago. But I sold it at noon."

"Who to?"

(Continued on Page 63)

Lucy, Coloring and Confused, Stepped Forward a Little

SIDELIGHTS ON J. P. MORGAN

The Greatest of American Collectors

By George S. Hellman

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

TO NEWSPAPER readers of today the name J. Pierpont Morgan connotes the very able banker who is at present negotiating affairs of international importance in connection with the financial reconstruction of Europe; but to the world of art it still stands for, and will ever continue to stand for, the elder Morgan, the greatest collector of his time as well as the most forceful figure in the business annals of America. The late J. Pierpont Morgan appealed in so many ways to the imagination of people throughout the world that the interest in his life has continued unabated, and he is still thought of as in many aspects the American Lorenzo the Magnificent, the great Medici of modern times.

Though many articles have been written on Mr. Morgan they have been largely formally biographical and statistical, concerning his achievements as a banker and his acquisitions as a collector. But those glimpses which reveal the more intimate human qualities have been rather lacking. It may be that to some slight extent the present article will supply this deficiency, and so serve in throwing more light on one of our great citizens. This task has not been quickly assumed, for shortly after Mr. Morgan's death I was asked by the editor of a widely read magazine to write a paper of this nature. The request was refused because I was then in the rare book business, and it seemed of dubious taste to utilize my experiences with a collector whose library I had aided in forming, in what might be regarded as an essay in business exploitation. Now that many years have gone by since my retirement from the art and book business, and especially because various persons have urged me to record recollections that in their opinion should not be lost to bibliography, the pen is taken up.

The Wakeman Treasures

IN GATHERING together the literary treasures that enrich the beautiful library in Thirty-sixth Street, between Park and Madison Avenues, in New York, Mr. Morgan paid special attention to, and was perhaps most deeply interested in, the original manuscripts of great authors. Whether the Morgan library or the Huntington library is the foremost private collection of books in the world is a moot question; but concerning original manuscripts there can be no dispute. The Morgan manuscripts are, and will inevitably continue to be, if they remain undispersed, the finest assemblage of their nature in private hands. The original manuscripts of Paradise Lost, of Pope's Essay on Man, of Thackeray's Virginians, of Dickens' Christmas Carol, of Ivanhoe, Guy Mannering and many others of the Waverley series; of many stories by Bret Harte and countless poems and letters of Burns and Byron; of Keats' Endymion; of the most famous works of Wilkie Collins and Bulwer Lytton—The Moonstone and The Last Days of Pompeii—are some indications of how English literature is there represented. Famous French writings are included in great number, such as Dumas' Three Musketeers, Voltaire's Pucelle d'Orléans, and the Chansons of Béranger, with novels by De Staël, Zola and many others. And when we come to the Americans we find very nearly all that is extant of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry D. Thoreau; while Poe, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes are represented to an extent that never again can be approached by any other collector.

The addition to the Morgan library of the preponderant portion of the American manuscripts was negotiated under circumstances that bear recounting. Mr. S. H. Wakeman, a cultured and wealthy New Yorker, had for many years been quietly collecting manuscripts and association books of the great American authors, and his acquisitions were rumored to be superlative in the field of literary Americana. One evening on walking up Fifth Avenue with Mr. Wakeman, after leaving the auction sale of the library of a Mr. Chamberlain, a collector who had recently died, I said to Mr. Wakeman, "It may be rather a tactless question, but what is going to happen to your collection after your death?"

"I've often thought of that," he answered.

"Why not let me place it now in the Morgan library, where it will presumably be intact forever?"

But Mr. Wakeman could not so quickly come to the decision to part with his treasures, and I left him with the suggestion that he should think the matter over. When next we met, some weeks later, the subject was again broached, and this time Mr. Wakeman said that though he would not commit himself, and would in any case wish to keep his first editions and association books, I might make a study of his manuscripts and suggest what price Mr. Morgan would, in my opinion, be willing to pay for them. So the next day I went carefully over two or three hundred manuscripts, including such star pieces as Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance, Poe's Tamerlane, and various of the great essays of Emerson. At the conclusion of the analysis I named a sum in the six figures as my estimate of the value of the collection.

"If you can get that," said Mr. Wakeman, "all right. But remember that the collection is to be offered to no one but Mr. Morgan, as his is the only library into which I should be willing to have my things go. I wouldn't accept fifty thousand dollars more for them from anyone else."

This last remark was made because I had suggested that another collector, Mr. W. K. Bixby, of St. Louis, might be willing to pay more than the sum I had suggested in connection with Mr. Morgan.

The manuscripts were accordingly sent to my office, there to be carefully catalogued. With these descriptions in detail, and with many of the more important items forwarded to his library, Mr. Morgan was able quickly to size up the remarkable character of the manuscripts offered. His interest was immediate, but though he did not question the price asked, it represented a sum larger than he had ever expended on a single purchase of manuscripts and he asked me to return a few days later for his decision. At the second meeting Mr. Morgan was still undecided, and said that I should come back the next day. This was sometime in the month of May. On arriving at the library for the third time, I was aware of a rather unwonted atmosphere of activity. Several gentlemen, presumably business associates of Mr. Morgan, were in conference with him.

The Collection Withdrawn

AFTER a little while Mr. Morgan came, with his energetic stride, into the librarian's room where I was waiting, and said: "I cannot give you an answer today. I'm leaving for Europe tomorrow. I'll be back in July. Keep the collection for me, and I'll decide then."

"Very well," I answered, and returned to my office.

A day or two later Mr. Wakeman dropped in to inquire concerning the progress of the transaction. When I informed him of its status he said, "I am sure you have done your best, but please send the manuscripts back to my house. The collection is withdrawn."

"But I have promised to reserve the manuscripts for Mr. Morgan until his return in July," I replied.

"I am sorry," answered Mr. Wakeman. "Mr. Morgan has had his chance. The collection is withdrawn."

The situation thus became rather a difficult one. The owner of the manuscripts was a reserved and wealthy gentleman who at my solicitation had made the concession of offering America's greatest collector the opportunity of acquiring his cherished treasures. His request for their return could, of course, not be disregarded; but on sending them back I took the liberty of retaining just one manuscript, a poem by Longfellow. This I placed in a large envelope, writing on the outside "Property of S. H. Wakeman"; and about the same time I informed Mr. Wakeman that I intended to resume the transaction with Mr. Morgan in July.

(Continued on Page 56)

BY PARABLES

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

I Was Getting Nasty About the Point When Egbert Howland Came to My Aid

MY UNCLE, Ralph Henry, captain of cavalry, arrived in Zerbetta on the morning of my fourteenth birthday. He had never been there before. I drove our respectable horse, Ahab, down Clark Street to the station a full hour ahead of time, to get all the importance out of the situation while I waited. This was a Saturday and many of my set were foot-loose about town. My intimate, Ethan Ross, came to sit in the buggy with me. Several friends less dear clustered on the station hitching rail in the April drizzle. They heard my version of Uncle Ralph's exploit in the ride to relieve Custer, and much else as to his merits. I promised that he would be on view at my birthday party that afternoon. I couldn't promise that he would wear his uniform, but my friends were much impressed. Most of our fathers had fought in the Civil War. No other boy in town possessed an active Indian fighter. My vanity swelled. Ethan Ross tried to repress it by suggesting that Indians weren't much after all.

I was getting nasty about the point when Egbert Howland came to my aid. He was sitting shyly at one side of the lined cluster on the hitching rail and I hadn't noticed him until he spoke.

"Dad says the Indians have a natural talent for fighting," he said in his crackling slow voice.

"What's he know about it?" Ethan grunted.

"He fought 'em when he was a boy," Egbert stammered.

"Whereabouts, Eggs?" Ethan asked, more civilly.

"Out in Kansas," said Egbert, and flushed, with all these stares concentrated on him.

We were briefly silent. I tried to imagine John Howland fighting anything. Egbert wriggled. He was the single member of my audience who wore rubbers. Also he was involved to the chin in an ulster. I looked about for an escort—Mrs. Howland never sent the sole son to town alone—and saw his tall mother sitting in the station waiting room with two of his sisters.

"Grace and Sue are going up to Toledo to see my aunt," he explained, "and mamma let me drive in."

As if she heard him, Mrs. Howland glanced up from her magazine and soon strolled to the waiting-room door. She gave me her amiable nod, smiled at Ethan Ross, that idol of mothers, then beckoned Egbert.

"Come inside, son," she said tenderly; "I don't want you catching cold when Joe's having a party this afternoon."

Egbert trotted off and his mother patted him in passing. I saw him settle in a lump of ulster beside his sisters on the varnished bench.

Ethan giggled as the door shut and asserted: "I wouldn't be Eggs Howland for nothin' on earth, not if you gave me a million dollars. She treats him like he was five years old—and a girl. I wouldn't let any dog-gone woman order me round like that, not if you ——"

Mr. Howland, whistling gently, rounded an end of the yellow station. Ethan shut his mouth suddenly. The slender, slouching man passed us without a look and entered the waiting room.

"I bet he heard you," I said, to tease Ethan. "He'll tell your folks and you'll get what ——"

"He won't tell on you, Eth," Pete Vanois interrupted. "You needn't be scairt."

"How d'you know?" I demanded, not rudely. Pete's father was the town baker. I took no chance of cutting myself off from a supply of stale éclairs.

Pete shrugged and told his tale. "He was in the store other day lookin' kind of—you know—awful sad, and *maman* was talkin' to papa while she was puttin' his stuff in a bag. She says to papa, '*V'là un* ——'"

"Don't start talkin' that gabble," I ordered.

Pete wrinkled his nose, shrugged and translated: "She says, 'There's a feller that ought to take a stick to his wife.' And Mr. Howland says, 'My wife has many virtues,' and kind of laughed. *Maman* didn't know he could talk French, see? So you could of knocked her over with a feather. But he didn't say nothin' to Mrs. Howland, 'cause she's been in the store two three times and she's as sweet as candy."

"He can talk French?" said Ethan. "Get out! He wasn't nothin' but a hired man when she married him. I heard papa say so."

"You mean to say my mother's a liar?" Pete barked.

The fire bell sounded while Ethan was devising an argument. I was suddenly deserted by my friends. Ahab wouldn't stand alone, though otherwise he was an exemplary horse for an Ohio minister. Now the fire bell roused him to a mild inefficient caper or two. I reined him in and the up train rolled by the platform. Deprived of attendance on the fire, I watched the handsome Howland girls kiss their mother and father, bend condescending faces to Egbert and climb the steps of the coach. I could never distinguish these girls. They were all older than the shy, coddled son of the house. There were four of them, and in 1885 they must have ranged between eighteen years and fourteen.

The unhappy Egbert was twelve. He stood languidly waving good-by as the train jerked away and I observed his gloved hands with the purest pity. I liked him for the excellent reason that he seemed to admire me. I really quivered with male indignation when his mother stooped and tucked his collar higher so that it hid his curly dark hair entirely up to the edge of his cap. Then the south-bound express came rumbling down and I forgot the Howlands in the rapture of seeing my burly uncle descend on Zerbetta.

Uncle Ralph got his valise into the buggy, slapped me on the back, looked inscrutably at Ahab and bade me drive home. Ahab swung his pensive head back and considered the cavalryman coldly, then walked away up Clark Street.

"Did this fiery steed ever trot in his life?" my uncle inquired.

"Don't you make fun of Ahab," I laughed; "he can do tricks. He used to be in a circus."

"He's damned well reformed," said my uncle, then coughed. "You didn't hear me say 'damned,' Joe, did you?"

"No, I didn't," I agreed. "I said 'damn' the other day and papa made me learn three chapters of Lamentations. I ——"

"Who's that woman in the surrey?" he broke in

"Mrs. Howland," I told him. "She comes to our church."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Uncle Ralph, and peered after the Howland carriage. Its fine horses pulled it swiftly from view up the red brick channel of Clark Street. It had vanished when we entered the square. My uncle smoothed his cavalry mustaches and gazed about the oblong of trees just getting pallid green leaf and the pools of the tawny pavement. He muttered "My Lord, what a hole!" then said cheerfully: "Well, youngster, this is your birthday, isn't it? Wait till you see what I've got for you."

He had for me a box of Boston chocolates, an empty revolver and a ten-dollar gold piece. These treasures so distracted me that I sat wordless through luncheon and woke from my blissful stupor only when Uncle Ralph mentioned Mrs. Howland.

"Yes," said my mother in her brisk New England voice; "she's wonderfully handsome, isn't she? And she gets all her clothes from New York. But Joe doesn't approve of her."

"I think she's awful," I declared. "She don't let Eggs do nothin'. She always sends a hired man to fetch him home from school in a buggy and she ——" Here I remembered Ethan's story and turned on my father. "Say, is it true Mr. Howland was a hired man, papa?"

"I think so," he said, and invited my uncle to have some more chicken. But this did not check my curiosity.

"Pete Vanois says he can talk French. How's a hired man get so he can talk French? And Eggs says Mr. Howland fought Indians in Kansas when he was a boy. What was he doin' in Kansas?"

"Good heavens," said my father, "you're full of questions, aren't you? I didn't know Howland could speak French. I've heard he lived farther west. You'd better ask Eggs. Have some more chicken, Ralph?"

The house attached to the Presbyterian church wasn't big enough for my fourteenth-birthday party. By half past four the parlor and library were jammed. Children came trooping from the town or were driven up Poplar Street in carriages and wagons from the countryside. My pretty, dark mother stifled the small female quarrels that rose always over Ethan Ross, who was much hunted by the girls. He rather liked exciting them to battle for his favor. He had just got Lorena Broome and Kitty Roper to the point of blows when Egbert Howland tugged at my elbow and offered me a parcel wrapped in tissue paper, mumbling about happy returns. I was weary of presents. I nodded to my admirer, tore the paper carelessly and gulped. Egbert had brought me a silver-mounted dog collar, which was startling enough, but to it hung a leash of braided soft hide interwoven with strands of bright wampum, red and green—a thing to gladden the heart of fourteen.

"Hello," said Uncle Ralph, "that's Cheyenne beadwork. Let's see. Where did you buy that, sonny?"

"Dad gave it to me," Egbert murmured, awed by the big officer.

I wanted to try the collar on my fox terrier, Frisky, locked in the carriage house for the sake of peace. I snatched back Egbert's gift from my uncle, dragged the giver along and set off for the little barn at once. Egbert trotted beside me, his black velvet jacket flapping, and helped me change Frisky's collar in the corner of the carriage house, where Ahab looked down over the edge of his stall at the vanity of mankind. Ethan Ross saw us leave and at once abandoned the girls. He arrived at top speed in the barn and upset Egbert in his rush.

"Look where you're goin'!" I said.

Ethan had six younger brothers, was always kind to them, and picked Egbert up from the oat-strewn planks, slapped some of the dust from his senseless jacket and patted his shoulder. The shy child stood blushing and mute under these attentions. He seldom talked. The color slid quaintly up his square flat face. He beamed at Ethan, then gave his grave stare to Frisky, who seemed pleased with his new ornaments and balanced on his hind legs. I bethought myself of Uncle Ralph, who hadn't seen my dog perform. Frisky was a much safer exhibit than Ahab.

"You go fetch Uncle Ralph, Eth, and we'll have a circus," I stated, unwilling to reënter the bitter boredom of my party; and Ethan ran off loyally without argument. Egbert looked after this lordly, lithe hero and gave out an odd sound, like a swallowed sob.

"Eth's nice, isn't he?" he said in his prim whisper.

"Course," I assented, and commanded Frisky to catch an imaginary mouse, which he did superbly with horrible barkings. Then I made him jump and catch the clothes line stretched obliquely from corner to corner of the dim room. My guest was enchanted, though Frisky was slashing the beaded leash to ribbons as he curvetted about.

"I expect you and Eth and the rest of 'em play circus a lot," he sighed, looking up at the rope.

"Of course," I said, and boasted: "I can walk the rope as good as Eth any old day. Eth ain't awful good. That's how he sprained his ankle last month."

"I can walk it a little," Egbert said timidly, still looking at the clothesline. It drooped, slack, six feet from the planks. He was still staring with his wide hazel eyes when Ethan caromed back with my uncle in tow. The officer was glad to escape, I think. He lit a cigar and began to teach Frisky to stand on his head. We knelt by Ahab's stall and the terrier made some progress. He was resting after a tumble when my uncle got up to ease his legs and gave a sudden gasp.

"Look out, son," he cried, "or you'll break your neck!"

Egbert was standing on the slack clothesline, his empty hands stretched out on either side to balance his vibrating slim body. The rope was motionless under him. He had shed his shoes and socks. His white feet held my eyes for a minute. He was never allowed to go barefoot in summer. His feet were short and solid, with thick insteps. He moved them carefully and came swaying toward us, up the rope.

"Good Lord," said my uncle, "he ought to be in a circus, Joe!"

Ethan and I were dumb and alarmed. Here was a prodigy. We could both manage a few steps on the clothesline, duly tightened, with a rake handle for balance. Here was a twelve-year-old who strolled along the line when it sagged, empty-handed. Egbert walked over our craning heads to the wall. Uncle Ralph reached up and helped him down to the floor.

"Caesar's ghost," he said, "the child's made out of wire! Who taught you to do that, sonny?"

"Dad," Egbert faltered, then turned and ran off to put on his shoes.

My mother came to tell us that ice cream and cake were waiting, smiled at Egbert and led Ethan and my uncle away. I waited for the prodigy to lace his polished shoes and stood over him zealously. He tagged after me about the school yard. I had always patronized him. He was rather a joke in boydom, a being confined to the great farm east of town, forbidden to swim publicly and attired in marvels of Eastern device. My vague liking for the creature redoubled.

"How'd your father know how to do that? Why, I never saw that in a circus, Eggs."

The artist glanced up, red again, and opened his solemn mouth. "Dad used to be in a circus," he whispered. "Only, don't tell anybody, please, Joe. He told me not to."

I said "Golly Jerusalem!" and sat down on the floor. "Where's he teach you?" I asked when my breath came back.

"In the woods, out home. But you won't tell? Mamma'd be mad at him if ..."

"I won't tell," I promised. "Where was he in a circus?"

"All over," he said. "Europe once, and out West, everywhere. Once he was in a circus in Kansas and the Indians got after 'em while they

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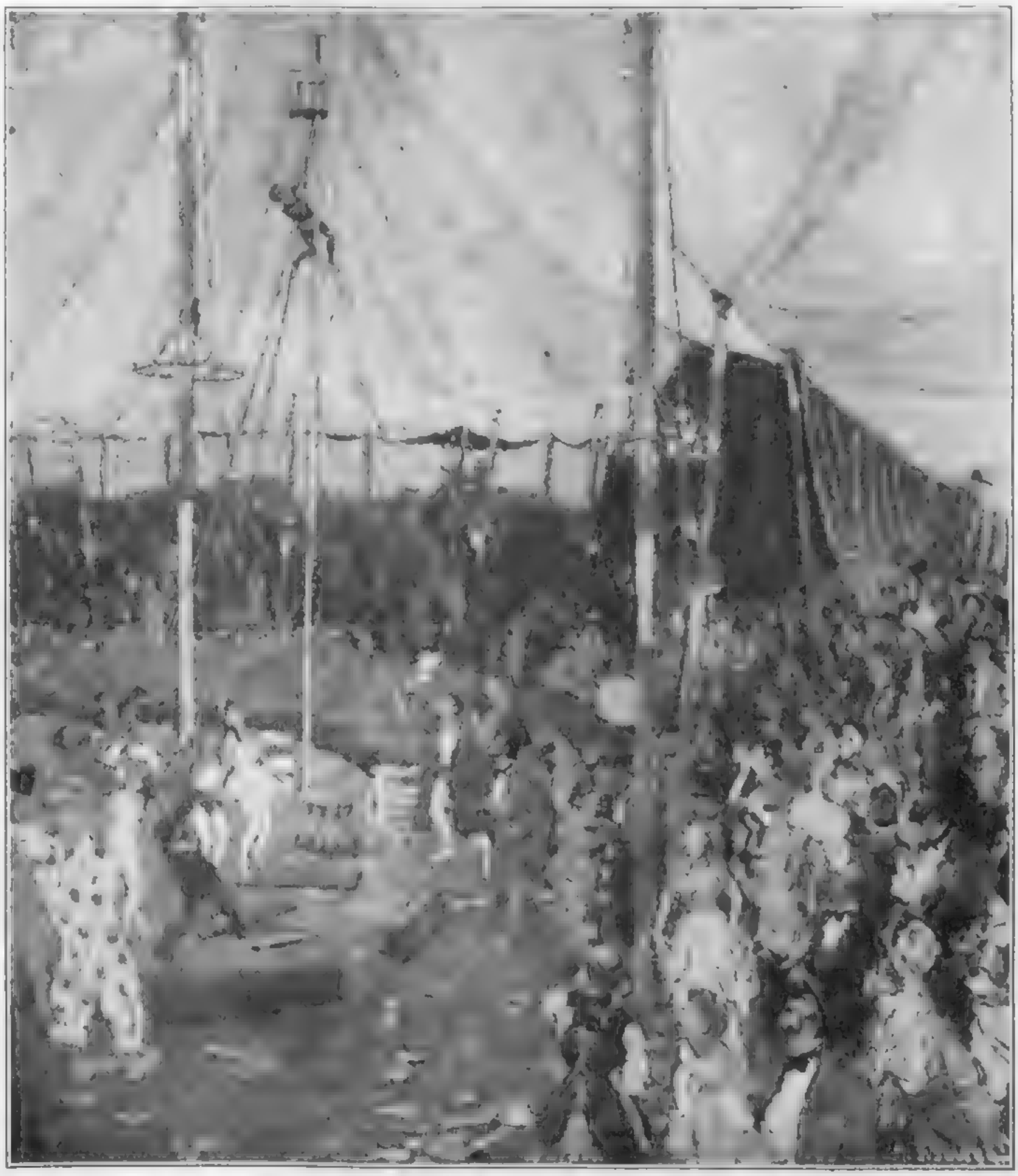


The Scarlet Boy Had Pulled Himself Hand Over Hand Up the Wire

MY LIFE

By EMMA CALVÉ

TRANSLATED BY ROSAMOND GILDER

XIII

THE company of the Metropolitan Opera House, under Maurice Grau's management, used to go all the way to California every year. We traveled in a private train, on the outside of which was written in letters a yard high, "THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE OF NEW YORK." We were a traveling circus! Some of us objected to this blatant labeling of our cars, but Mr. Grau was adamant.

"It's an excellent advertisement," was his answer to our mild protests. There was nothing for us to do but to accept the situation as gracefully as possible.

We were a source of infinite amusement and entertainment to the inhabitants of the regions through which we passed. The people of the little villages on our route would wait at the stations for hours, just to see our train go by. They would crowd around the cars when the train stopped, and gape at us through the windows as though we were a collection of strange animals.

"There's Melba!" someone would shout.

"Look at De Reszke!"

"That tall one is Plançon!"

"Come here, quick!" someone else would call. "It's Calvé at this end!"

It was a ludicrous performance!

One day when we were crossing Texas we stopped at a small town, since grown into the important city of Houston. A crowd of cowboys had collected from all parts of the state, and were at the station when we arrived. There must have been over three hundred of them, fine, strapping fellows, who greeted us with whoops and cries, in true Western style.

"You must sing for these boys," Mr. Grau said to us. "Many of them are young Englishmen, younger sons of good families, who have not been home for years. It would give them so much pleasure to hear you."

We went out on the back platform of the train, and Melba sang Home, Sweet Home for them. Her lovely nightingale tones, clear and exquisite in the still air, reached every heart. The roughest among them was softened, touched to the quick by the tender, sentimental strains of the old ballad. Before it was over many were in tears, crying like children, with their heads on each other's shoulders. We were all greatly moved.

"Now, Calvé," Mr. Grau said, turning to me, "it's your turn. You must make them laugh!"

So I sang a dashing Spanish air, with its dance gestures and gay grimaces. They were a responsive audience. The train pulled out of the station through a shouting, yelling mob, hats in air, whips cracking, a tornado of sound and movement. Some of those on the outskirts of the crowd leaped on their horses and raced along beside the train as fast as their poor beasts could go. The last we saw of them was a thick cloud of dust beside the railroad track in our wake.

We went through Utah, the country of the Mormons. On the outlying farms and in the lonely regions there were still families which followed the teachings of Brigham Young and practiced plural marriages. I visited a home where there were three wives and many children. Two of the wives received us, surrounded by five or six lovely babies. I picked up the prettiest of them and turned to the younger of the two women.

"What a beautiful baby!" I exclaimed. "Is it your child?"

She answered me with the quiet dignity of a woman of the Old Testament.

"We are the mothers," she said, including her companion with a noble gesture.

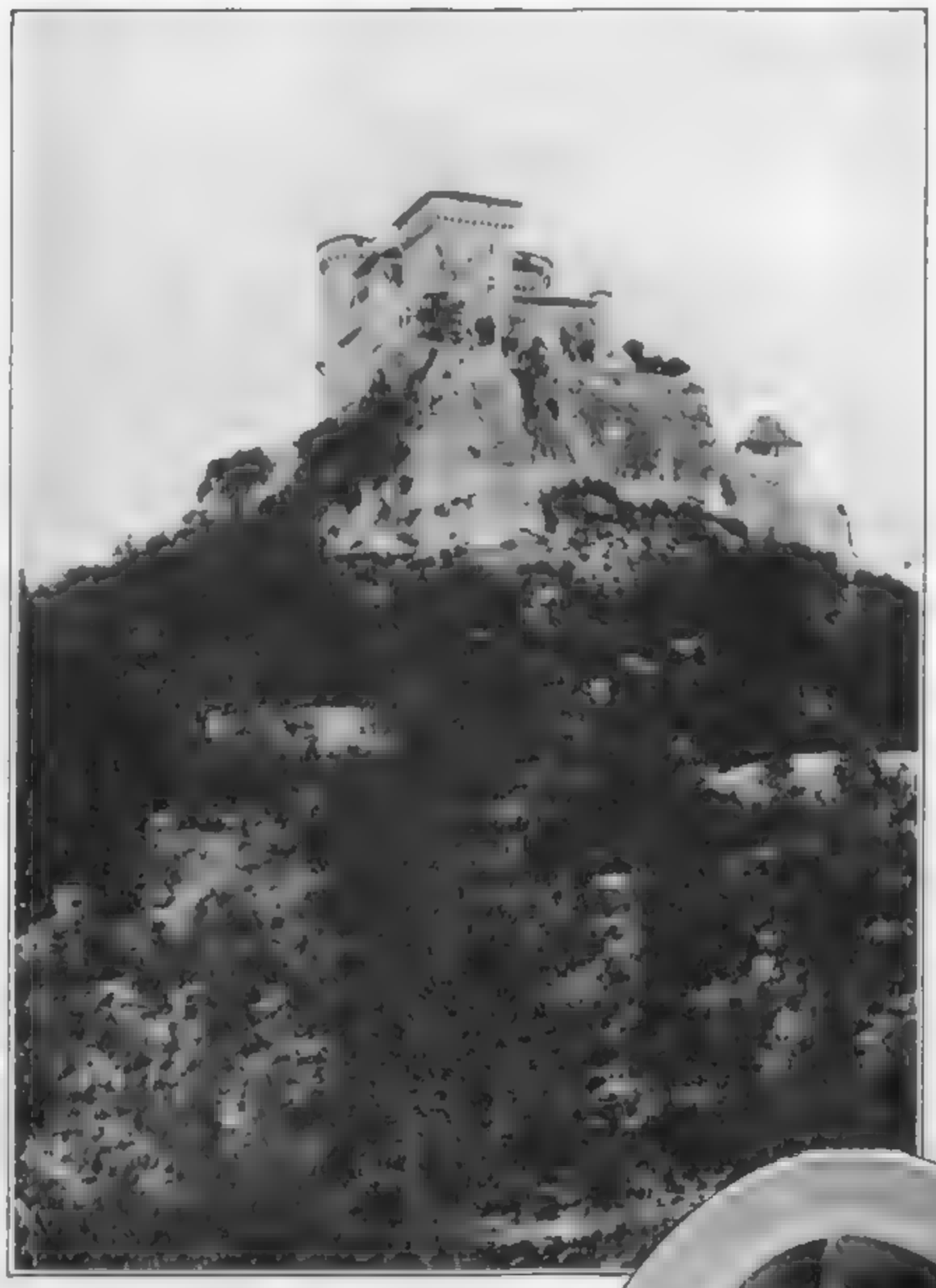
We gave opera in several cities in California. I remember in one of the smaller towns I had an amusing experience. I was expecting a letter by registered mail, and called at the post office to find out if it had arrived.

"Yes," the clerk answered, "there is a letter for Mademoiselle Calvé, but I cannot give it to you unless you have some papers to identify you."

"Oh, please!" I begged in the best English I could muster. "Don't make me come back again! It's my letter, I assure you. I am Calvé."

"You Calvé!" he exclaimed incredulously. "Come off! I heard her three days ago in Carmen. You don't look the least bit like her!"

He turned away, adding in an undertone to the man beside him, "Calvé's much prettier than this one!"



Cabrières, Madame Calvé's Home, Towers Impressively Against the Skyline—At the Right, Calvé as "Santuzza" in Cavalleria Rusticana

"I am delighted that I appear to be more beautiful than I am," I answered, having overheard the whispered remark. "I will sing Habanera for you, and I hope my voice at least will seem as good near by as it does at a distance."

Whereupon I threw back my head and launched into "*L'amour est enfant de Bohême*," to the astonishment of the whole post office. My friend the clerk was speechless. He pushed the letter toward me without another word. Evidently my identity was established.

We came back from the coast by way of St. Louis, Chicago and Pittsburgh, singing, acting, traveling by day and night—busy and exhausting trips. By the time we approached the Atlantic Coast again we were thoroughly tired out. I remember one night in Pittsburgh we were all feeling particularly weary. Salignac, with whom I was to sing that night, came to me before the performance.

"I hope, Calvé," he said, "that we can take things a little easy tonight. I am at the end of my rope, and you, too, are tired out. You know what it's like, once we get on the stage. Our devilish temperaments get away with us, and we throw ourselves into our parts as though our lives depended on it. I warn you, now, that for this one evening it will be a different story."

I agreed with him and promised to hold myself in as much as possible. There was a double bill for that evening: Sembrich in two acts of Barber of Seville, followed by Cavalleria Rusticana, with myself and Salignac. While the Barber was in progress I stood in the wings, watching the audience. I wanted to know what kind of people we should find in this town, with which I was then not very familiar. Raising my eyes to the balcony, I saw in the last seats, right up under the roof, rows and rows of men in overalls and rough clothes, their faces black with soot, their eyes shining in the dark. They were the coal miners, of course.

"Poor devils!" I thought as I watched them. "They have saved their pennies to pay for their seats up there. They have hurried here from their work just as they were. It's probably the first time they have ever heard grand opera."

I called Salignac and pointed them out to him.

"Do you think it would be fair to sing half-heartedly for those poor fellows?" I asked. "I admit that I cannot do it. It's true I am very tired, but I'll rest tomorrow. Who knows? They may even be men from my own country! They say that there are many miners from Déscazville here in America."

Salignac, always warm-hearted and generous, felt exactly as I did. We sang that night with all our strength, our nerves, our temperament, and we were fully rewarded for our efforts by the bombardment of applause from the upper galleries. After the performance I received a magnificent bouquet, to which was attached a document bearing over a hundred signatures:

"To our famous compatriot, Emma Calvé, from her countrymen of Aveyron, who are happy to have been able to applaud her at last, and pray to be allowed to present their respects."

They came, every one of them, and we embraced in true Latin style, a kiss on either cheek. When it was over my face was as black as theirs. I looked like a chimney sweep.

I have made many tours in America alone, as well as in the Metropolitan company. Truly I know that great country well, and have seen it grow and flourish astoundingly. I have traversed it from ocean to ocean, from border to border, in every season and under all sorts of conditions.

During my concert tours of 1906 and 1908 one of the dreams of my childhood was realized. I had always longed to live in a Gypsy van, to be able to come and go at will, like a true Bohemian, with my house on my back. I had this experience in a glorified degree when I traveled in a private car all over the United States. My pleasure was somewhat marred by the fact that I had to keep my engagements in various cities and towns at a fixed day and hour; but otherwise my luxurious home was a source of unending delight. What fun it was to come back after an evening performance to this little house on wheels, with its comfortable bedrooms, its kitchen, dining room and bath! Everything that heart could desire, even to the amusing and capable services of three negroes supplied by the Pullman Company!

Sometimes in crowded or dirty cities we would arrange to have our car left on a siding in the suburbs. When we were ready to move on to the next destination we would be picked up by the regular train and attached to the end of a long line of cars. There was a charming balcony full of flowers at the back of my little house, where I could sit all day in the fresh air, watching the changing panorama that flowed past me through the peaceful hours.

Often I would return to my car late in the evening, after my concerts. As I prepared for the night the train would begin to move, and I would drop off to sleep, rocked by its gentle motion, carried in the dark toward new scenes and unexplored horizons.

Once when I was in Canada I was caught in a blizzard. It snowed all night, and when I woke in the morning I found it was impossible to leave the car. The snow was in

high drifts all around, and neither horses nor automobiles could get through. I had to reach the concert hall somehow, and so I was carried there by two burly men. I laugh today when I think of the picture we made. I was in a red velvet dress, with my hair done in Spanish fashion, a fur cloak thrown around me, my jewels sparkling in the brilliant sunlight. Everyone stopped to stare. I must have looked like a Gypsy queen, borne through the snowy streets on the strong arms of my henchmen.

We were not so luxurious as this in the days of the Grau opera tours. We had to make ourselves comfortable in small quarters, and the arrangements were not always of the best. On some of the long runs we had to carry our own food supplies, for the buffets at the stations were so poor that we could not eat there. We had merry times at our improvised suppers, and managed to while away the hours on the train gayly enough. But we were not sorry to be back in New York in the end, and it was there, of course, that we spent the greater part of our season.

I have spoken of my visits to Windsor, and the glimpses I had of England's Queen. It is not amiss, perhaps, to mention that uncrowned sovereign, who was the darling of the American people during her distinguished husband's term of office—Mrs. Grover Cleveland, wife of the President of the United States.

It was my curious fate one day, not to meet the great lady—I had already had that pleasure—but to act as her substitute. She had promised to attend a public reception in her honor at a bazar held for the benefit of some charitable organization. At the last moment she was taken ill and was unable to attend. The ladies in charge decided to ask some opera star to take her place, and selected me.

I can see myself standing on a raised platform in the middle of a huge room, rather embarrassed, holding a large bouquet on my left arm, and giving handshakes to all that crowd of people. At the end of an hour my right hand was worn out. I changed the bouquet over and continued with my left, to the intense amusement of the bystanders. After I had shaken hands with about five thousand people I said to myself that nothing in the world would ever induce me to go in for this little game again.

My comrades of the musical world joined the throng and filed solemnly past me, bowing ceremoniously and making polite remarks appropriate to the occasion. I tried to maintain a proper dignity, to live up to my rôle; but I was overcome with laughter, and I am afraid we all disgraced ourselves.

I have kept the gloves that I wore that day. They started out white, but by the end of the entertainment they looked as though they had been dipped in ink.

So, you see, I have played a little of everything in America, from Carmen the Gypsy girl to the first lady of the land.

XIV

THE year 1897 saw me in Spain, a brief episode, more like a page from a dime novel than an event in ordinary life. I had been warned before I went there that the audiences were difficult to manage. The evening of my first appearance the famous matador Mazantini came to me in my dressing room before the performance.

"Don't be upset if you hear a lot of noise," he said by way of encouragement. "Go ahead bravely and, above all, do not leave the stage before you have finished your scene. The two artists who appeared here recently were so agitated by their rough reception that they walked off the stage without singing a note. It was a fatal mistake!"

It was most fortunate that I had been thus forearmed. I have certainly never encountered a more frantic public. The moment I appeared on the stage I was greeted with howls, shrieks, snatches of song, remarks hurled across the theater from one balcony to the other, a bedlam of noise. I was wearing a blond wig, and this for some reason focused their attention.

"She is red headed!" one would call. "No, she isn't! She is a brunette!" answered another. "I've seen her close by! She is a blonde!" "How beautiful!" "Not at all! She's ugly!" "Is she a Spaniard?" "No! French!" "H.!" "Yah!"

I never heard such a clamor! It was impossible to begin. I was stunned, and believed it was a cabal, until my partner whispered reassuringly:

"It's always like this when an artist makes her début. They'll stop after a while."

But I could not stand there stupidly doing nothing. I am impatient by nature, and I was not going to wait tamely on their good pleasure. I stepped bravely to the front of the stage.

"My friends," I said in Spanish, and with the most charming smile I could muster, "do you wish me to begin, or do you wish me to go away? If I am to begin, be quiet! If you continue I shall make you my deepest curtsy and leave!"

It had the desired effect, and silence descended on the auditorium. We were able to begin our duo, and the evening ended in a whirlwind of enthusiasm and approval. I had a great success, and all went well until the bill was changed.

My second début was in Cavalleria Rusticana. The same storm of cries and interrogations greeted me as on the first night. Evidently there was a cabal—by whom organized or for what purpose I have never wished to know. I was very much discouraged. I went the next day to see the Duc de T., to whom I had a letter of introduction, and I asked him whether I should attempt to sing Carmen for such an extraordinary public.

Emma Calve, Photographed in New York, 1905

"I would not advise you to do so," he answered me frankly. "We do not like that opera in Spain, although we fully appreciate Bizet's genius. I have seen you in the rôle at the Opéra Comique in Paris. You are marvelous in it, and I have too much admiration for your talent, and respect for you, to wish to see you in an uncomfortable situation."

"But my contract stipulates that I shall sing Carmen here," I said. "If I do not do so I shall call down the wrath of the managers on my unfortunate head. I shall have to pay a large indemnity for my breach of contract."

"Nevertheless, I advise you to go," he said with some insistence. "No one will follow you into France."

Acting on his advice, I decided to leave. When I told one of my comrades my plan he listened skeptically.

"My dear Calvé," he said, "don't you know that the tenor Marconi was shut up in his room under guard for two weeks, simply because he refused to sing a certain rôle? The laws in this country are strict. The theaters are subsidized by the government, and they make you obey orders as though you were in the army."

I could not help bursting into laughter at the idea of Carmen being arrested in real earnest, though the situation was becoming rather trying. I packed my trunks, in spite of my friend's gloomy prognostications, and made ready to leave the hotel. Suddenly the proprietor appeared at my door.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you cannot leave the building. If you attempt to do so your trunks will be seized. I am telling you for your own good, to save you annoyance. There are two policemen at the door to prevent your escape."

Imagine my fury and alarm! I went back to my room and wrote a hasty note to the Marquis de R., who was then the French Minister, and at whose house I had sung a few days before. I told him my predicament and begged him to advise me what to do. In a very short time one of the attachés of the embassy arrived.

"Madame," he said in his most courtly manner, "take my arm, I beg you. I will escort you to the station. Fear nothing. You are under the protection of France. Leave your maid to take care of your luggage," he added with a smile. "They certainly cannot force her to sing Carmen. She can join you later."

Thus did I leave Spain! It is the only country, by the way, where the great Patti was hooted. All this happened some thirty years ago. I believe that today the public is less ardent.

I went back to Paris after my Spanish adventure. There I renewed my engagement at the Opéra Comique, but it was not for long. Mr. Grau cabled for me to return to America immediately. The Carmen who had replaced me in New York did not prove the success that had been expected. He paid my forfeit at the Opéra Comique, and my entry at the Metropolitan was triumphant.

Calvé as Ophelia and (Above) as Carmen in a Paris Appearance

ON ONE of my innumerable concert tours in America I went to Mexico. It was so long ago that I have almost forgotten the year. At that time Mexico remained in about the same stage of civilization as Spain had been in two centuries before. When I visited the haciendas near Vera Cruz or on the outskirts of the City of Mexico it seemed to me that I had stepped backward through the ages to a place and time where the old patriarchal customs were in use; a land which still held the flavor of the Middle Ages.

One day I was taking a walk on the outskirts of a small town not far from the capital. I had

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LAUGHTER, LTD.

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

V

THE last thing anybody likes to admit is that they are broke. And so when after my big disappointment about my imaginary Silvercrown contract and Greg Strickland's equally imaginary casting-directorship I trickled back to the hotel and told Adele, I made no mention of how little money I had left.

"Well, it's a bad run of luck, Bonnie dear!" says Adele when I had spilled my sorrows. "But cheer up, you may fall into something better. That's the beauty of pictures; you never can tell but that you will land something really big next minute. Take my advice, honey, and don't accept anything too small unless you go broke. A bit is all right, but once an extra always an extra, with very rare exceptions."

"A bit?" I says.

"Even a small bit," Adele explained. "A part where you are a maid and hand a coat, or even are a dinner guest at a table of twelve, say. That gives the producer a chance to get a good look at you."

"I see!" says I. "But what's so wrong with playing atmosphere?"

"I don't know why," says Adele, "but everything is wrong with it. Socially and every other way. A big lot of clowns gets stuck there, for one thing."

Well, I could see her point and acted accordingly. With the result that when I paid my bill at the end of a week, during which I had got acquainted with the outside office of every casting director in the county, and had written my signature in the books of every agency, I had the price of about ten days' board left and no further. Beyond was an aching void, as one might say. And yet it was awful hard for me to realize poverty was actually so close. There was something about living in that atmosphere of hothouse success which sapped a person's good sense away. Everybody I met talked so big that honest, I felt, for no genuine reason on earth, that if I took a big attitude and demanded topside things, why, I would succeed in wringing them out of life.

Also the fact of there always being something doing evenings kept up the illusion of success; immediate, past or imminent. I was generally going to the Green Mill or the Cinderella with Slim. And even sitting around somebody's suite at the hotel, putting number after number on the phonograph, or taking turns singing Absent to a mechanical piano with expression, would wipe out the memory of plodding from studio to studio all through the day.

Well, this Saturday afternoon that I am telling about, I come in at the especially low hour of five o'clock, the hour which the cocktail has made famous, but which I refused to recognize in that connection no matter how dog-tired I was. And as I sat on the edge of my bed and counted my kale I come sharp up against the fact that said bed would soon be taken from under me if I didn't horn in on a job before next pay day.

"Look here, B. McFadden, you poor dumb-bell," I says to myself, "this can't go on. You better move some place cheaper before the management offers to assist you in the matter. You can still get your mail here, so no address value will be lost anyways. And even forty-five bucks will go four times further where things is a quarter as dear!"

Well, I said this, but I'll admit that for once I didn't like to hear myself talk.

However, it was the truth that things in pictures was awful slow just then, and actually thousands of just as pretty, far more experienced girls than me was out of work at that very minute.

My Head Was Down and at First He Started to Pass By. Then He Slowed Up and Come Back

Having at last come to my senses I also came to my feet, meaning to go languidly down and drawl out to the old sport at the desk that I was tired of hotel life and had decided to find a cozy little place of my own. But before I had got any further than my feet there come a knock on my door, and who of all people would it be but Anita Lauber!

I hadn't seen her since we arrived in Los Angeles, nor heard a word from her. But from the looks of her she hadn't suffered much in the meantime. She was dolled to the limit in new clothes, very snappy, even though her wrap was a flivver, and she was close to smothered not alone with talcum powder but excitement as well.

"Say, Bonnie!" she says, rushing right into the middle of her news without even saying how are you or well, here I am, or etc. "Say, Bonnie, don't tell me you got a dinner date for tonight!"

"I wish I had!" I says. "Does that remark of yours indicate that we are probably going to eat?"

"Thank goodness you ain't dated," says Anita, "because I wouldn't have you miss this chance!"

"Here!" I says. "Come in and use up a chair. Where have you been, and what chance is this that you are boiling over?"

"You are not working, are you?" says Anita, throwing herself into the overstuffed and taking out a little silver case. "No? I thought not, dear! You see I heard about your friend Strickland being out of Silvercrown, and I knew the chances was that you hadn't found anything yet."

"Who told you all this?" I asked her.

"My friend, Tom Wells," says she. "The boy I met on the train—remember?"

"Yeh!" I says. "Anita, why didn't you come here to the hotel like you said you were going to?"

"I did intend to," she says, "but he asked me to lunch. He's a continuity writer, a free lance for Jago. And the minute he told me that, I didn't hesitate to grab the chance of knowing him better. Then afterwards he says why don't I go to his mother's to board? So I'm there. I've been meaning to get over to see you before this, honest I have. Then today the big chance come up and I thought I'd let you in on it."

"Well—shoot it," I says, "before you have me a nervous wreck."

"Tom knows practically everybody in pictures," says Anita enthusiastically. "And he's been promising all along that he would get me in. Well, he was at Tom Jago's office this morning about a script, and Jago says he's giving a party at his house out at the beach tonight, and why not come to dinner and bring a couple of girls? And I like you, dearie, so I thought of you first off."

Well, that was quite some slice of news.

"Say, listen!" I says. "Do you mean to tell me that the great T. H. Jago himself is asking two wrens he has never seen out to his house to dinner?"

"Why, they often do!" says Anita. "That's the way they get hold of a lot of new faces, and many a fat contract has come out of no more than that."

"But say, listen, Anita," I says. "Jago is a big man, and neither I nor you are fools. When a man of his class gives a party where he invites unknown chickens, either he seriously does it to look 'em over, which he could do better in his office, or else it is going to be a stormy evening at the beach tonight, in which case I believe I will stay as much at home as a person can in a hotel."

"Well, Bonnie McFadden, of course if you want to insinuate that I would go on any rough party I can't help your evil mind," says Anita, getting to her feet. "You don't understand how things are done in pictures. And if you are going to throw down the chance of actually meeting Tom Jago in his own house, all I can say about it is that you got a perfect right to be a poor but honest fool! So long!"

"Here, hold on, Anita!" I says. "Don't go so fast. Of course it would be wonderful to meet Jago, and it's the chance of a lifetime, for don't I know how hard it is to get a bowing acquaintance with even his office boy! And maybe I do him an injustice. After all, he is a topside person, and very likely a good one."

"Now you're using sense!" says Anita, still fingering her little silver box nervously. "Put on your snappiest evening dress and be all set by seven. Tommy and me will drop around for you. So long, and here's hoping we both get a job out of it!"

"Sweet daddy, wouldn't that be luck!" I says, kissing her good-by.

"Thank you, Anita, dear!"

When Anita was gone I thought well, what a mean crack it is to believe the worst of a person just because they are a powerful producer and you happen to be a good-looking girl. To which I also added the fact that if anyone back home had said to me a good friend of mine over to West Haven is giving a bust and I can bring anybody

I want to, why I would not of thought it strange or even hesitated for one minute. Besides all of which I had just forty-five dollars cash money and absolutely no prospects, and why be so unjust to Mr. Jago when I didn't even know him yet? And a lot more self-kidding like that for half an hour or more, until I had actually got myself to a point where I pretty nearly believed T. H. Jago was a kind, fatherly old boy who asked poor friendless young motion-picture aspirints out to the house so he and his wife could pick out the ones which looked like they had the most talent.

I say I almost had myself bluffed to that point of view, but not quite. Deep down in an unquenchable corner of my heart a persistent voice kept telling me that I was taking a chance and that I knew it. But I kept that voice within bounds by arguing that this was a modern day and age and nobody could afford to be too big a prune. But I didn't go down and tell Adele about my invitation as I ordinarily would of, and dressed alone.

By the time I was dolled, my excitement and enthusiasm had grown up to a pretty high pitch. And when Anita and her friend was announced, and I come down through the lobby to meet them, I wanted to shout that I was dining at the great Mr. Jago's and wondered if maybe the fact didn't just naturally show on me, anyways. I would not of been the least surprised to see somebody point at me and say in a loud whisper, "There goes one of Tom Jago's next stars; she's dining with him tonight. She has a big future, that girl has!"

Well, Anita's sweetie had a red tie to match his hair, and also several drinks before meeting us. Going out in his car—which they all seemed to have one even if it was only a B. C. model of some sort—well, anyways, going out he told us all about what was wrong with pictures and what vices who had, and the real inside facts about the crooked way this person got their contract, and anything else you choose. Believe me, that boy could peddle the why!

But I was hardly listening to him, because it always made me kind of dreamy driving out to the beach at nightfall with the lights in the houses climbing the hills like lost fireflies, and that eternal perfume of oil and burning cedar sort of intoxicating me. And if it hadn't been for Stricky going back on me the way he done, I would of been quite happy.

It's a funny thing, but whenever I was out with two sweeties, such as Tommy and Anita, I always got to dreaming of how I loved Stricky and encouraging a lot of lonesomeness in myself the way the third party is apt to in such a case. Sweet daddy! It is no easy thing for a girl to sit in the tonneau of a big bus all alone on a moonlight night and watch the silhouettes of two good friends of either sex on the front seat, even if one of them is driving. Only a person of great strength of character like myself can resist taking on something temporary when they are constantly exposed to that sort of stuff.

Well, anyways Anita and this goof were particularly bad specimens and my only comfort lay in the thought that well anyways my hair would not be all mussed up when we got to the party.

It was kind of a shock to me, though, when we stopped in front of a place that would not of been really conspicuous back home at Stonewall Beach. At first I thought there must be some mistake and that we had not got there yet.

"Is this Jago's house?" I says, trying not to be too disappointed, because I had naturally expected it to be a palace.

"Sure it's his house!" says Tommy, helping me out. "But not the one he lives in. He just has this one for bathing and other parties."

Well, Jago's stock went up with me again, because it was a big house to keep just as an extra, so to speak, and once inside I got even more impressed. There was two Jap butlers in sort of bumblebee costumes in the lower hallway, and a blast from errant saxophones was shaking it up in the big shadowy room beyond. Not to mention the elegant big bedroom upstairs into which Anita and I was shown, there to lay our humble wraps down among a flock of evening capes which looked like a bargain sale at a brocade factory.

"Some bungalow!" Anita whispered to me. "Kid, this is class; we are in on the real thing!"

"I'll say we are!" I says, taking in the furniture, thick carpets and crowding females around the long dressing mirrors. "I guess we must of been mistaken about being asked to dinner. Where on earth could they feed this crowd unless at a buffet?"

"Oh, it's dinner, all right!" says Anita, finding parking space for a little more rouge on her lips. "Nothing small-time about Mr. Jago."

"You said it!" says one of the girls at the mirror, in a silver-spangled dress which commenced way below the chin and forgot to go on below the knees. "You said it! Tom certainly can peddle a party!"

Over to one side was a couple of girls which I recognized them as Kit Knute Divers, Betty Anders and another whose name I didn't know, but I had often seen both of them in comedies and bathing suits, and now easily recognized them because of their being practically dressed the same tonight. Also they was talking together and this is what they says.

"Are you taking up golf, too, deah?" says Betty, and the other come back with "Oh, my deah, I've been at it for an age!" Then Betty says, "I do hope you won't think it odd, my coming here tonight with Harry. His wife is ill, poor deah, and he simply insisted! I'm uneasy about our being seen together, though. You know how fearfully easily people talk!"

Well, I guess that super-Boston accent, coming from the well-known divers, was even more of a jolt than the inside of Jago's house had been. Then Anita was all set and we drifted along downstairs.

During that first half hour of the evening I was impressed by the air of refinement and the English pronunciation on every hand. I felt like a mut, and common as dirt. There was forty people at the party, and nobody introduced anybody around. I didn't even know which was Mr. Jago. Almost all of the girls was in evening dress but none of the men, but yet it was a brilliant scene, and everybody spoke whether they knew each other or not.

After the bumblebee Jap butlers had buzzed around with a flock of cocktails, but buzzed around me in vain, somebody threw open a double door like in a drama, and there was a huge round table, and if you have never seen a table set for forty people you can guess my sensations, otherwise not. Especially when I add that not alone was this table glistening with glass and silver and the center of it heaped with scarlet eucalyptus blossoms and white oleanders, but at each and every place set a whole quart of champagne. I felt an awful funny mixture of thrill, scare and pleasure as a little short fellow which had been telling me how good he was seized me by the arm and we went in to that dining room, as part of a long procession which was dancing to their meal, the jazz band leading the way.

And that band never stopped the whole time we ate, because in Hollywood it is a fixed

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"Come Here, Little Girl," He Says. "You With the Blond Curls! I Want to Speak to You!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 26, 1922

Fair Wages

NO INDOOR sport has grown faster in popularity in the last few years than that of theorizing over wages. Much has been said of living wages, of saving wages, of fair, fit, decent, just wages. These in turn have been constructed upon the basis of supposed standards of living, of family schedules and budgets. These in their turn have been built up upon index numbers, so called, and other estimates of the cost of living.

Wage disputes without number and strikes of far-reaching importance have hinged to a large degree upon the interpretation of these items. Economists for the labor unions and those for the employers have fought one another bitterly through hundreds of volumes of testimony. Perhaps it is better for experts to engage in deadly mental combat concerning the theories of statistical weighting and the number of socks a workman should wear, before a bored and weary government commission, than for two millions of railroad workers to go on strike. In time, perhaps, new principles of wage adjustment may emerge from the long warfare of figures, but no juggling with budgets and schedules and no amount of talk concerning ideal wages can obscure the essential facts.

What governs the payment of wages has been discussed to the last degree of technicality for hundreds of years by nearly all writers on serious subjects. Each economist has a theory more or less his own. The close-fisted employer, the ardent unionite and the out-and-out socialist—their ideas differ, of course, but that is only the beginning of the divergence. One principle, however, which does not govern wages is the moral desert of the recipient. People are not paid according to the beauty of their character or because they work hard. They are not paid with the idea of pensioning them off or making them comfortable and happy.

It is said with great emphasis that though wages at present are based largely on the law of supply and demand the workers as a class will never be satisfied with any method of determining their compensation which fails to regard their services as something more than a commodity. But whatever names or phrases be attached to the process of paying wages, the wages themselves depend fundamentally upon production, and what the workers as a whole receive in the way of wages is a measure of their share of the total production.

A machinist in an automobile factory in Detroit receives more than a coolie in China. But then, the production of this country exceeds that of China. Socialists have a theory that workers should get the entire production. They have a vague idea that there is a great reservoir of profits, dividends and swollen fortunes out of which wages might be enormously increased.

But this easy and pleasant solution, so commonly held by others than socialists, is not borne out by the facts. The most exhaustive, nonpartisan and unimpeachable statistical inquiry shows that labor already gets close to three-quarters of the total income. Even this result is figured only on the basis of going concerns and does not include those which fail, leaving nothing for capital or property. Besides, of capital's share a considerable part goes to people who are not only far from rich but in many cases are laborers themselves. Much of the remainder is used to improve and enlarge the industrial plant, and of course every such improvement and enlargement by increasing the industrial output increases the income of labor by nearly three-quarters of the amount.

Obviously labor can make no large or permanent gain by quarreling over the comparatively small share which goes to management and capital. It has the physical power to take, say, nine-tenths instead of seven-tenths, but if Russia is any example this would so reduce the total production that labor would suffer a net loss instead of making any gain. Wise indeed is the observation that labor is better off with a moderately large share of a large and growing income than it is with a very large share of a small and decreasing one.

Roughly speaking, wages depend on the value of the services to those who receive them. An employer of a great movie star can make more out of Charlie Chaplin than he can from a hod carrier. No one has any other broad, general principle to suggest that appears at all workable. But this principle is far from perfect. The discrepancy in pay between movie star and hod carrier may be unendurable. Many hod carriers may join together to force a higher wage.

Just how far the individual or group should go in fighting for his or their own share no one can say. That is an unsolved problem, a mystery. But it is very easy to go beyond the point where the national income suffers and is reduced by misguided struggles for the largest piece of pie. It is said that wages of English workers have risen more or less steadily for seven hundred and fifty years, "and that the rise of man is the rise of the worker." This has been due in part to the efforts of unions, to the declining belief in and practice of slavery, to more humanitarian ideals, and the like.

But those who concentrate their view on these elements of progress alone make a curious and fatal mistake. The chief gain has been caused by improvements in industry and method, by inventions, by the discovery of new forces and resources; in other words, by the increase in production, in output, in income.

Increased wages, salaries and profits, as well as the extraordinary spread in the general distribution of comforts and a higher standard of living among western peoples, it must be repeated, are in a broad sense the result of the progress of industry. How the masses can gain in the future except in the same way no one has ever been able to explain. A general all-around jacking up of wages will not do the trick, because that merely shoves up the cost of living to the very persons who receive the wages. Any general increase in wages except as it goes along with improved industry must, from the very nature of the case, defeat itself.

The problem is not solved by saying that the worker is entitled to a living wage and one out of which he can make provision for the future. The question is one of practicality, of ways and means. Nor does it help much to guess at or estimate the living or saving wage. Such figures are almost always unreal and artificial. The costs of food, clothes, rent and fuel vary to a marked degree in different parts of the country. There is no such thing as a universal standard of living or a budget that can be commonly accepted. There are too many modifying circumstances of age, sex, race, nationality, habits, climate and locality.

It is commonly assumed in wage disputes that the workman supports a family of five, with three children under fourteen. But, of course, in actual life there is no standard workman's family in size, in number of income contributing members, in number of dependents, their ages, health, mode of living, requirements for clothing, recreation, and the like. Individuals and families are actual, not average. So-called economists or experts in Washington or New York decide from the reading of many books that wages of, let us say, railroad brakemen should be a certain amount, irrespective of whether they are married or single, young or old, alert or slow, intelligent or stupid, and without taking cognizance of the character of the wife and children, if any, whether they are thrifty or extravagant, helpful or a drag.

The workman may have only himself to support; he may have a wife, or one child, or many. Or one or more of the children may be of an age where they contribute to the family support. Or conditions may be such that the wife also works. There are families in which every member is an earner; there are others in which the father must support six or seven young children.

There are millions of standards of living. There are millions of different wage levels where people either do or do not live well. It is a personal affair with each individual. Learned professors may decide upon a certain figure as a proper wage, but the workman may deliberately choose to support only himself through life, or he may choose to support a dozen people. In reality each worker chooses his own standard.

To a considerable extent wages are smaller than they would be except for the industrial incapacity of the individual. He or she is poorly trained and is rarely guided toward the most suitable vocation. There is a world of ignorance and unfitness. Immigration creates a low-lying, helpless group easy to exploit. The lure of the city draws in hordes of people out of their natural and suitable habitat. Wages depend upon education, training, health, skill of management—upon a score of conditions which must be improved and are being improved.

But they depend even more upon the progress of the arts, invention, science, industrial methods. In the future the wages now being paid may seem pitifully small. Certainly the workman should get his full share of the benefits to come. But he cannot improve his position unless the industrial order itself, of which he is a part, is encouraged to become more effective and fruitful.

Politics by Assassination

THE murder of Walter Rathenau was not an isolated episode in the political life of Germany. It was a step in a program. The masses in Germany are democratic, though unskilled in political procedures. The landed gentry is monarchistic. The titled families are monarchistic. In Germany is a mass of men who were officers in the Imperial Army; possibly a hundred thousand. These officers were trained for warfare. Many of them have no other talents or experiences. They have little means of support; the democratic state of society offers them no hope for a future in their chosen profession. Their frame of mind is often one of desperation. Morally many of them are little above the professional soldiers of the Central American countries. The experiences of the war have dulled their sensibilities.

A murder of a political opponent is like an act of guerrilla warfare, and for them the war is still on. Eisner, Erzberger and Rathenau were killed in succession, for the same reason. These men, in official positions, tried to approach in an objective manner the subject of Germany's guilt in the war. They endeavored to find a meeting ground with the Allies for the adjudication of disputes and settlement of reparations. They tried to make the program of peace workable. They attempted to aid in the political conciliation and economic restoration of Europe. They were the opposite of the die-hard Junkers, Germans of the future rather than Germans of the past. They had courage, ideals and intelligence. Their assassination is a sad sign, and it does not encourage forward-looking men in Germany to take up the cause of liberalism.

Meaning of Decline in European Food Production

By ALFRED P. DENNIS

Special European Representative of the United States Department of Commerce

The French Peasant Woman Has Always Mothered the Fields

THE prosperity of Europe is bound up with agriculture. Discussion of Europe's economic recovery constantly revolves about such problems as national debts, depreciated currencies, unbalanced budgets, German reparations. In a way this is a case of putting the cart before the horse. It would be better to begin from the ground up and inquire why the soil of Europe no longer produces its old-time wealth. The clew to European prosperity is to be found in primary rather than in secondary production.

Sir John Sinclair is said to have danced one evening in a broadcloth suit which the day before had been growing as wool on the back of a sheep. Opinions may differ as to the primary producer in this case, the energetic Sir John, who engineered the enterprise, the tailor, the weaver, the spinner, the herdsman or, finally, the sheep. But one thing is certain—Europe must increase the amount of raw stuffs or primary material wrung from the soil before secondary producers such as weavers and tailors renew their prosperity.

If it is asked when Europe will definitely turn the corner and enter upon an era of renewed prosperity the answer concerns the problem of primary production. So long as Europe can keep out of another general war the index of economic improvement will be found in agriculture. The production of European foodstuffs shows a remarkable decline. The average for the past three seasons is less than the average for the years Europe was actually at war, and as compared with the prewar period is pitifully less. Russia before the war exported annually about 156,000,000 bushels of wheat. That vast country is now on an importing basis, and wheat raised on Kansas farms is being distributed through organized charity to starving families in what should be the best wheat-growing areas in Eastern Russia. The great Russian sugar-beet industry is in ruins.

But the situation is bad enough with Russia left entirely out of the account. Taking the average of the five years 1909–13 as a prewar statistical base and the average of the five years 1914–18 as a war base, the average annual outturn for the three postwar years 1919–21 shows an appreciable loss in all cereals as compared with the war period, and a very striking decline as compared with the prewar or normal production. The drop in cereal production as from prewar amounts in wheat to 270,430,000 bushels, in rye to 242,910,000 bushels, in barley to 112,070,000 bushels, in oats to 425,462,000 bushels, in corn to 110,230,000 bushels. These severe declines correspond roughly to reduced acreages in the case of such countries as Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, France and the Netherlands, and to diminished yields per acre in Central and Eastern Europe, due to shortages in fertilizer, agricultural implements and animal power. As a consequence, annual cereal imports in the postwar period have averaged some 7,000,000 metric tons more than in the prewar era. This means concretely that more than a thousand big shiploads of grain must now yearly be brought to Europe from overseas in addition to the heavy annual importations before the war.

Livestock Dwindling

IT SHOULD be noted in passing that this constitutes a severe drain upon the war-depleted finances of the European countries. The raw cotton and copper which the Europeans import from us are wrought upon by men's hands and are reëxported to various parts of the world as a form of labor. The pool of national wealth may be thus swollen rather than drained by the import of raw or semifinished material. When our raw cotton, for instance, is converted into fine counts by the cheap labor and cheap hydroelectric power in spinning mills in Northern Italy and these cotton yarns are sold in South America or the Balkan States, the transaction really represents an export of the thing of which Italy has the greatest surplus, namely, human labor. The importation of food is a very different matter economically for Continental Europe. The value of foodstuff exhausts itself in consumption and does not add to the pool of national wealth except as it enables more people to subsist. But what Europe needs is not more people but more wealth.

An Elderly French Farmer With a Yankee Seeder

What has been said about the great falling off in European cereal production applies correspondingly to meats, sugar and potatoes. Except for goats, which are valued more for their by-products—milk and hides—than for their flesh, there has been a falling off in all domestic animals. The livestock figures of 1921—excluding Russia, of which little is known—show the following declines as compared with 1911: Horses from 44,000,000 to 38,000,000 head; cattle from 127,500,000 to 122,000,000; sheep from 167,000,000 to 153,000,000; hogs from 74,000,000 to 63,000,000. The human population, however, in the same decade, despite heavy war losses, has decreased only ¼ per cent.

The European area, excluding Russia, devoted to beet cultivation has decreased from 3,410,000 acres to 2,718,000 acres as over the prewar average, accompanied at the same time by marked decline in per acre yields, the outturn of sugar having fallen from 5,630,000 to 3,310,000 long tons. In brief, the European beet crop in the postwar period is only about 60 per cent of the prewar average. The decline would be even more striking if the breakdown of the Russian sugar industry were figured into the equation.

The greater part of the potato crop of the world is grown in Europe. Though the acreage is only slightly less than the prewar area the decline in yield an acre is quite marked, dropping from 175 bushels an acre in the five-year average 1909–13 to 134 bushels in the average of the three years 1919–21.

Why is all this? There are practically as many workers in Europe as there were ten years ago. The soil is just about the same. Four years of warfare has hardly made a flicker of difference in the soil or climate of Europe. Some of the best farmland of Europe—such as the Rhine Valley and the basin of the Po—has been fought over scores

(Continued on Page 26)

BY BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

Postwar Harvesting in France Was Much More Interesting to This British Tommy Than "Parade"

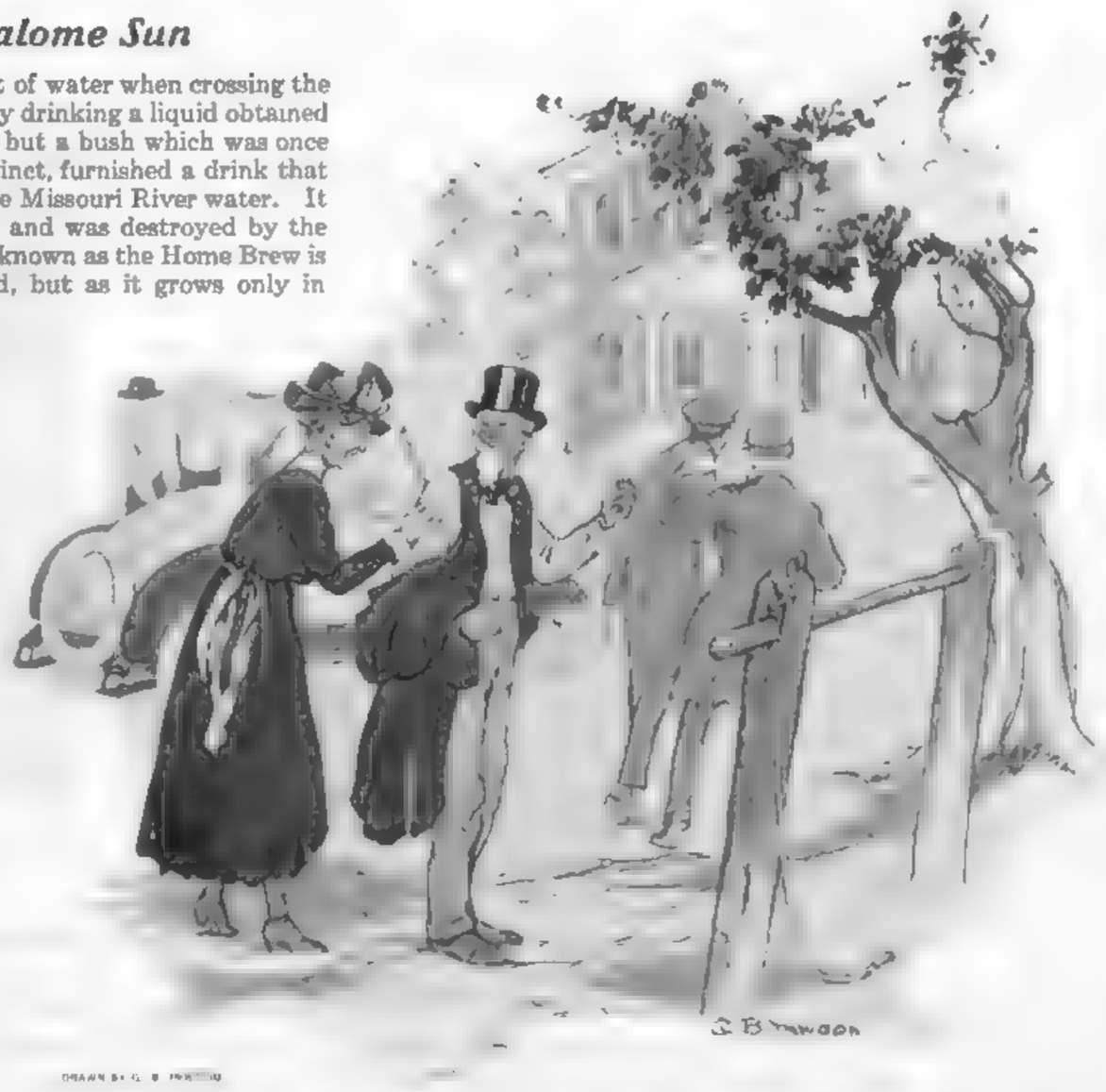
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

From The Salome Sun

TRAVELERS who run out of water when crossing the desert often sustain life by drinking a liquid obtained from the bisnaga cactus; but a bush which was once found all around here, now extinct, furnished a drink that made the cactus juice taste like Missouri River water. It was called the Anheuser Bush and was destroyed by the Volstead Bug. A new species known as the Home Brew is now quite generally cultivated, but as it grows only in dark and secluded places like Wenden and Phœnix and never reaches any great age, we have been unable to secure a sample for our collection, excepting a few dead ones. The Volstead Bug is also responsible for the disappearance or extinction of a wonderful bird which once lived around here—the Old Crow—which could make a noise like a parrot or canary. Even a little Old Crow could make a lot of noise. A new animal, the White Mule, has made his appearance up around Wenden lately and 'is said to have a voice something like the Old Crow—but not so old—but Some Singer, they say, up around Wenden.

Put a little more cactus in the radiator, Bill, and let's go.

If they would take the bray and some of the buck out of the White Mule and leave a little of the kick in, it might be all right.



His Wife—"Abner, I Need Some Money to Buy Clothes With." Justice of the Peace—"All Right, Euphemia. I Was Goin' to Give That Speeder Ten Days, But I'll Fine Him Instead"

We often wonder why they send men to Africa and other foreign countries looking for rare animals for circuses and the museums. It must be because the trains go through some of the little suburbs around Salome at night. Hurry up with that hair tonic, Bill, before I get bald out for that one.

The Salome Station says: "Drive right up in your old tin lizzie—lift up the seat and we'll get busy; our Laughing Gas is sure some fuel—it smiles at miles and kicks like a Mule. Your tank's half full—what will it be? Shall we fill her up or only a three? How about water and a little oil? Better take some, see the engine boil. What about springs, don't you need a tire? Farther on ahead they'll charge you higher. If there's anything else you need today, buy it now before you drive away; if you don't want to buy just say Hello and give us a smile before you go. We are always glad to see you here and give you a laugh for a souvenir."

—Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.

The Justly Proud Mothers

"DO WISH you could see him in his bath. It's too cunning to see him try to get the soap out of his mouth. I tell you—just drop in any morning about twenty minutes to eight, and then you can see ——"

"—— not like other children. Even when she was in her carriage there was always something different about her. Everybody notices it. Why, only the other day her teacher said to me, 'Mrs. Gerridge, Florence isn't like other children. It isn't only that she's brighter, or that she gets her lessons quicker than they do, or that she's better behaved, or better looking, but there's something different about ——'"

"—— don't know where he gets it, I'm sure I don't. All my people were always fond of spinach, and John's family are great spinach eaters. But Junior won't so much as touch ——"

"—— so sensitive, sister is. The least thing will make her burst right out crying. Not many people understand a nature like hers. I know how it is, because I have always been highly strung, ever since I was a child. Why, I can remember just as well ——"

"—— 'Mother, dear,' he said—funny, he's always called me 'Mother, dear,' and no one ever taught him to say it either—'Mother, dear, does God ride a kiddie-car?' Well, Henry and I tried our best to keep our faces straight, but ——"

"—— we'd much rather have her that way. Of course most of the children in her class are four or five years younger than she is, but both Wesley and I have always said we'd rather have her strong and healthy, and not try to make her strain her mind ——"

"—— so I just made him sit down quietly beside me, and I said, 'Brother, don't you know how the little bees carry the pollen from flower to flower? Well ——'"

"—— walked and talked before she was ten months old. I don't suppose it's that she's any brighter than other children—things just seem to come easier to her, that's all. She gets it right from my people. My mother often used to say that when I was a year old I used to ——"

"—— even now he notices every steam engine, and cries when he can't have it. You know, my elder brother studied engineering before he went into the insurance business, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if some day ——"

"—— strangest thing how that little one can imitate people. I don't say it just because Marjorie's my child—everyone says it. You ought to see her take off her Aunt Ida's cook; it's just killing. Of course none of my folks have ever been on the stage, and Harry's haven't either, but I can't help thinking that when she grows up ——"

—Dorothy Parker.

Genealogical

I WALKED upon the ocean shore, and came upon a jellyfish—
A freshly landed, sadly stranded, iridescent, smelly fish.
I paused to contemplate; I sought
To view with philosophic thought
This pink, amorphous fragment that was once a living creature.
The modern evolutionary scientists, I said, agree
That to a certain point we twain possess the selfsame pedigree;
A common ancestor of mine
And yours once floated in the brine—
'Tis strange we cousins are so far apart in form and feature!

You have no outer carapace, you have no inner skeleton,
Nor heart nor lung nor teeth nor tongue, nor anything but gelatin;
You cannot eat, you cannot drink,
You cannot even sit and think;
And nothing ever makes you laugh, and nothing ever grieves you.
I'm glad the founder of my own division of the family
Was not content to be so dull, or to exist so clammily;
I'm happy that he would not live
So thorough a conservative
As to expire on any beach where any ebb tide leaves you!

My grandsire—your granduncle—was a born experimentalist;
Your grandsire—my granduncle—was a lazy transcendentalist.
The first preserved his status quo,
The other's motto was "Let's go!"
He grew a sort of feel, and left before the others missed him.
And just because he wouldn't stand for permanent paralysis,
We have today the Volstead Act, and Fords, and psychanalysis;
And while I live—for it is true
I'll soon be just as dead as you—
The doctors make a living from my high-class nervous system.

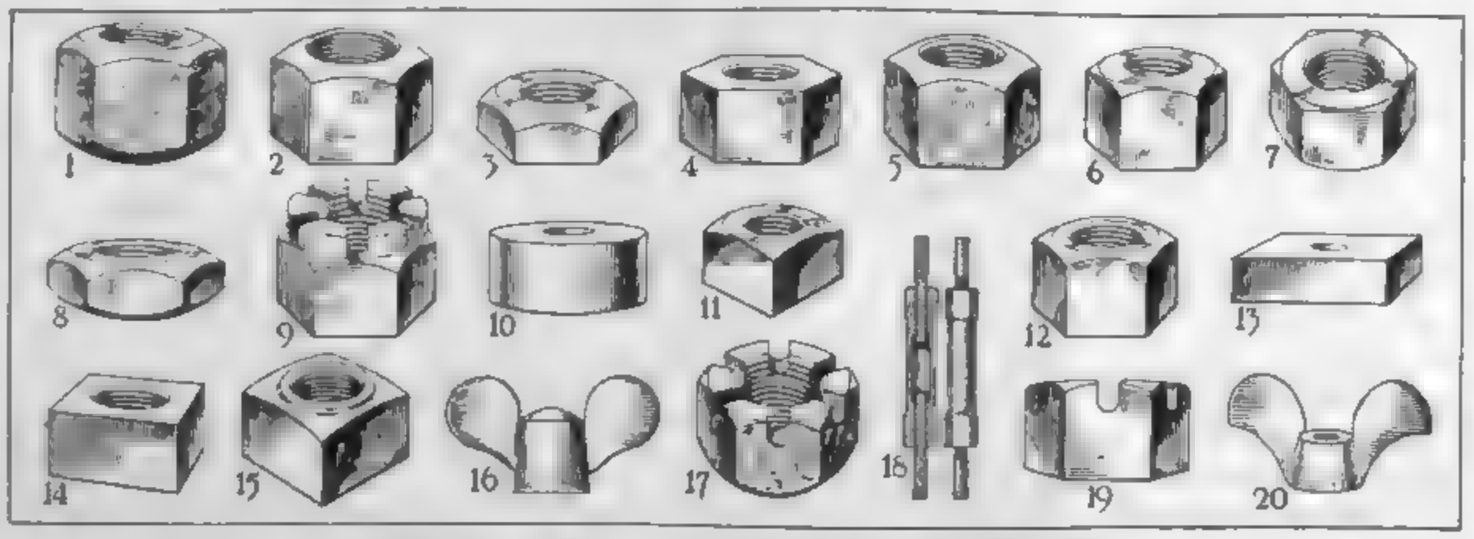
—Ted Robinson.

Her Wonder

THERE are questions that have puzzled the thinking world for ages—
Who was the man in the iron mask?
Who struck Billy Patterson?
Who wrote Shakspere's plays?
Who killed Cock Robin? And, of all things, Who dragged whom how many times around the walls of what?

But the answers to all these she would willingly forgo could she know who was the man who telephoned last night and didn't leave his name!

Editor's Note—Contributions to this department should be sent to the Editor, Short Turns and Encores.



PORTRAIT GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN CELEBRITIES

1. The scientist who believes in spooks. 2. The knight who believes in little girls' fairies. 3. The woman who believes the statements in seed catalogues. 4. The tenor hero of a musical comedy. 5. The woman who lives on counted calories. 6. The minor detective in the mystery story. 7. The matron on the summer hotel veranda. 8. A free-verse writer. 9. The woman who bids one at bridge, without tops. 10. A bridegroom. 11. The woman who says plaintively, "I don't know why I am telling you all this!" 12. The chronic week-ender. 13. Any man under thirty. 14. Any woman over thirty. 15. A human piano player. 16. A guest-room decorator. 17. A woman tourist who kisses her finger tips when she speaks of Paris. 18. A young married couple with their first baby. 19. The baby. 20. The man who invented soft drinks.

—Carolyn Wells

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP

C E D is the station for me
C-ampbell's E-very D-ay!
Its radiation brings jubilation -
Just hear what your neighbors say!

Listen in!

Hear what your friends are saying about Campbell's Tomato Soup. Ask them how they like it. You'll soon learn that it's the most popular of all soups—the soup which has "broadcasted" the name and the fame of Campbell's to every corner of the land. Just one delicious spoonful and you'll know why.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

has all the goodness from the most luscious, tempting tomatoes—just the pure tonic juices and fruity parts strained to a rich, smooth puree, blended with golden table butter and delicately spiced. Have Campbell's Tomato Soup for luncheon or dinner today and see what a real joy it is to your appetite!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox-tail
Bouillon	Pea
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Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

Your grocer can supply any of these soups

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

MEANING OF DECLINE IN EUROPEAN FOOD PRODUCTION

(Continued from Page 23)

of times and is as fertile today as at any time in human history. Even the so-called red zone in Northeastern France, where the battle line swung to and fro for four years, has already been restored to almost its former agricultural capacity. Orders for binder twine in the French devastated regions for this summer's harvest actually exceed the prewar demand. The soil has something of the elemental changeless character of the sea. The great war did no more than mar the surface of a minute fraction of the fruitful land of Europe. It did not alter the location of a single mineral deposit or permanently sterilize any considerable grain-producing area in the entire continent. The soil is intact, prices of farm products are higher than before the war, man power has not greatly diminished. Where then is the rub? The burdens imposed upon European agriculture are not so much of Nature's order as of man's contriving. Of the many man-contrived causes the principal ones may be grouped under two heads, namely, changes in European land tenure and changes in the psychology of the European farmer.

Some historian writing with better perspective—say, a hundred years from now—in estimating the results of the Great War will be able to appraise at their proper value the profound changes in European landholding that have taken place almost unobserved under the eyes of the present generation. The neutral countries—Spain, Holland, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland—were but little affected by the explosive forces that have broken up great landed estates in the warring countries. Every general European war has been followed by new stirrings in men's minds, by new questionings of the rightness or justice of the old order. Out of great wars has come the breaking down of privilege in one form or another, whether social, political or economic. The rending forces of the last great war were like dynamite itself, wreaking their greatest destruction upon that which seemed most stable—that is, the position of the great hereditary landholder.

The thing had been accomplished in France generations ago, when the medieval village society was dissolved under the influence of revolutionary ideas, as contrasted with England, where the old common land was distributed under the influence of aristocratic ideas. The Prussian peasant occupied an intermediate position; he long ago came into ownership of the land but upon terms which were harsh and onerous. In Eastern Europe—Russia particularly—the distribution of the soil was arranged in harmony with the program of an all-powerful landlord class. As a consequence the peasant became a mere wage earner rather than a landowner.

Great Estates Broken Up

The postwar break-up of great landed estates has been effected in different ways in different countries. Taxation has been the agency in England. An income tax which took six shillings to the pound—or almost a third of the landlord's returns—with tithes and local rates thrown in, proved too much for many a British landlord, who was glad to dispose of the land to the men who for generations had worked it. At the flood of the communistic movement in Italy the peasants went out and seized great tracts of land, which the old owners later on, making a virtue of necessity, sold to them at bargain prices. In Czecho-Slovakia the big German estates were broken up, largely, it is said, because they were German. In Poland the great estates were distributed to the peasants under color of a law enacted in 1919. In Rumania a law for the parcellation of big estates was enacted soon after the armistice, and the process has been carried out relentlessly. In Bulgaria and Hungary the process of land redistribution has gone on apace. The end of big land holdings in Russia came with the triumph of the revolution. The peasants simply seized the big estates and parceled them out among themselves. Though the break-up has never been formally regularized by law no one supposes for a moment that these great landed properties will ever return to their former owners. Though the tendency in European land-holding has thus set strongly toward disintegration the net result has been diminished agricultural production. The war doomed the big estate. From the standpoint of abstract justice and sentiment, a good thing, no doubt, but, practically, smaller land holdings mean smaller returns from the soil.

Cheap money also accelerated changes in land tenure. Currency debasement helped the debtor who had engaged to purchase, and hurt the big landowner who had agreed to sell it. Many an Austrian farmer, head over heels in debt, who for years had done no better than meet the interest on his debts, sold a cow or a few sheep at the height of the war boom and with the proceeds paid off in cheap money his farm mortgage. It is worth noting further that the greatest changes in land tenure have occurred in Eastern Europe, or precisely in the countries most dependent upon agriculture for their prosperity.

Whereas the Eastern Europeans have all their eggs in one basket the Western European countries, with the exception of Spain, are either highly industrialized, as in the case of Germany and Belgium; or semi-amphibious, as in the case of Sweden and Holland; or both, as in the case of Great Britain.

Another thing—agriculture in Western Europe is highly organized, and because intensive is to a great extent uniform. Acreage and yields in such countries as England, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France are pretty much the same year after year. The contrast with Eastern Europe is the difference between what the mathematicians call a constant and a variable. Last year Europe suffered from the severest drought in a hundred years, but the wheat yields in Western Europe were above the average, while in vast eastern grain areas, such as Bessarabia and the Volga basin, the wheat was not worth harvesting.

Comparative Yields Per Acre

Another circumstance worth noting concerns yields per acre, which in Western Europe, with the exception of Spain, are fully 100 per cent above the average yields in Eastern Europe. The Danish farmer thinks nothing of getting a yield of sixty bushels of wheat to the acre, the average for the entire country being something like forty-eight bushels, or more than three times the per acre yields in the United States. Taking the five-year prewar average for Denmark, Belgium, Holland, the United Kingdom, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland and France, the per acre wheat average is above thirty-two bushels, while the average in the same period for the great Eastern European wheat-producing countries—Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and European Russia—was just about one-half as much, or sixteen bushels to the acre.

But these eastern countries are precisely the ones that have heretofore been depended upon for exportable grain surpluses. Wheat raising in Western Europe is a matter of intension, while in the wide spaces of Eastern Europe it is a matter of extension. Where land is abundant and the population sparse, as in North Dakota, Argentina or Russia, wheat cultivation is based on the maximum yield per man, while in Western Europe, where land is high priced and the population redundant, yields are based on the maximum per acre. The average population per square mile of the six leading agricultural countries of Western Europe is fully ten times as high as the population per square mile in the United States, and is more than double that of the six principal agricultural countries of Eastern Europe.

What conclusions can be drawn from the foregoing? In the first place, Western Europe has already attained through a highly organized, intensive cultivation something like peak production in agriculture. Hopes of great expansion in food yields must necessarily be centered in Eastern Europe, where the population is still relatively sparse and agriculture less highly developed. But these eastern farm regions are precisely the localities that have suffered most from the parcellation of land. In Eastern Europe small-sized holdings and agricultural inefficiency go hand in hand. Though many of the landowners of the old regime were typical absentee landlords, wholly indifferent to the development of soil resources, a great many were men of energy and intelligence, who had capital to invest in modern machinery, fertilizers and drainage. There is no question but that the large landholders of Europe cultivated the soil better than the new peasant owners. These peasants are hidebound in habit, wedded to primitive methods, and are content to live from hand to mouth, impervious to new ideas. They are indifferent for the most part to the importance of deep plowing, and, even if they were not, lack the animal power to accomplish it.

Furthermore, Eastern Europe is so poorly industrialized that an overwhelming proportion of the population must work upon the soil in order to feed itself. Whereas in England and Belgium the importation of cheap foreign grain afforded new possibilities for the expansion of industrialism along with the increase in population, the situation is exactly reversed in Eastern Europe. If foreign money is to be brought into the country it must be through exporting farm rather than factory products. The primary problem is not one of supplying cheap food to toilers in the great industrial centers, but rather of furnishing subsistence to the rural population itself. In England what the urban population demands is cheap food and plenty of it. It does not concern itself with the problems of food production. In Eastern Europe the population, being overwhelmingly rural, does not concern itself with urban needs or the export trade. Whereas the population of England and Wales today is approximately 20 per cent agricultural and 80 per cent urban, that of European Russia before the war was 86 per cent rural. The first business of the great rural population of Eastern Europe is to feed itself. To produce a surplus amount of food for someone else is not to the farmer's interest unless he is assured of an adequate return. Unfortunately the Eastern European peasant has had no security that he would be properly paid for any surplus that he had to sell. Consequently he has not set about to produce it.

The war has had a disastrous effect upon the psychology of the European farmer. He had to live through all the chaos and insecurity of actual military operations; then ensued currency debasement, the end of which is not yet. The farmer exchanged his bushels of wheat, which had a definite intrinsic value, for printed pieces of paper, which had a fictitious and declining value. Furthermore, with war came the era of government requisitioning, communizing experiments, and the erection of artificial barriers to the free exchange of farm commodities. The war created state interferences, race hatreds, international spite fences, tariff barriers, currency depreciation to such a degree that these recent years for the European farmer have been what Carlyle would describe as a "tortuous ungodly jangle."

Dislocated Markets

To illustrate the point: There was a period in 1919 when Italy was buying wheat for $2.50 a bushel in the Chicago market against the most adverse exchange in the world and freighting it 5000 miles, when 200,000 tons of grain were awaiting export in the neighboring country of Jugoslavia. The dispute over Fiume barred at the time commercial intercourse between the two countries. Again, the natural market for the semitropical citrous fruits of Southern Italy is in Germany. This trade channel, as a result of the war, has been artificially choked by exchange and tariff obstacles. Further, Italy imported quantities of American cotton oil which was used not only for blending with native olive oil and later reexported, but was liberally consumed by the Italian working classes as a substitute for olive oil. The importation of one gallon of American cotton oil thus permitted the exportation of a corresponding gallon of Italian olive oil, which sold for about double the price. The Italian import duty on American cotton oil was raised in July, 1921, to a figure just about high enough to kill the trade.

Austria lies in the center of Europe, wanting today about everything one can mention in the way of foodstuffs. Before the war Austria was fairly self-sufficing in food resources. Now the grain raised on the great Hungarian plain goes to other markets, and the Budapest government has laid an embargo on the export of animal products. Accordingly Austria is making a shift to buy grain, lard and bacon in the Chicago market, some 5000 miles away.

Germany before the war was the heaviest Old World producer of beet sugar. Of her great surplus she exported not less than 1,000,000 tons annually to England. Germany since the war has found difficulty in supplying her own minimum needs. Her exporting capacity has been reduced to a shadow. The cultivation of the sugar beet calls for a great expenditure of hand labor. German rural labor has been enticed from the farms to the factories by the postwar industrial boom. In prewar times, however, Germany brought in some 500,000 or more men and women to get in her seasonal crops. Most of these hands were employed in the sugar districts and came principally from Poland. Poland being now a foreign country, this labor is no longer available, and Germany finds herself faced with a material obstacle to any great and sudden increase in her sugar production.

Small Crops the Rule

Rumania has more than doubled its potential farm resources, but grain exports in the three postwar years were pitiful as compared with the exportable capacity of the country before the war, exports of wheat being only about one-fiftieth of what they averaged in the prewar period 1909–13, while exports of rye and corn were but little better than one-third as much. Rumania, which exported an average of 49,000,000 bushels of wheat annually before the war, was unable during the past year with double the farm area to furnish the few thousand tons of wheat contracted for by the French and Swiss Governments. The backset is due in great measure to readjustments in land tenure, the childlike inability of the Rumanian peasant to shift and plan for himself, and the breakdown of transportation.

As to Russia, amid all the obscurity one fact stands out clearly—that grain requisitioning by the soviet government in its effect upon the psychology of the Russian peasant inflicted a terrible blow upon agriculture. All the Russian small farmer now asks is to be let alone as a self-contained economic unit content if he can raise enough food for his own family, quite indifferent to if not oblivious of the needs of far-away urban populations in his own country or abroad.

Though it is the business of the investigator to record rather than to predict, one may venture modest forecasts as to the future agricultural development of Europe. Predictions may have to do with either the proximate or the remote future. No quick turn for the better may be expected. For the long pull, prospects are more encouraging. In the case of the coming harvest, European wheat yields are bound to be less than they were last season. Neither in acreage nor in condition does wheat promise so well in France, Germany, Italy, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Greece as last season. The general grain average, however, may be brought up to about last year's outturn through the better prospects for spring-sown cereals. There will undoubtedly be more potatoes raised in Europe this year than last. The prevailing high prices in Northern Europe have led to increased plantings at the expense of other crops. Certainly hay and other forage crops will be better than they were last season.

Earlier expectations of a great augmentation in the yields of sugar will not be realized. All European countries, with the exception of Norway, Greece and Turkey, produce some sugar. Even Switzerland under very adverse conditions turns out about 10,000 tons annually, and England, the world's greatest sugar consumer next to the United States, is attempting to produce sugar under a form of government subsidy.

Eight thousand acres have been planted to sugar beet in England this spring, but even if England should attain to a yield of 15,000 tons of sugar, what does this amount to in a country that consumes 1,750,000 tons of sugar annually?

Germany, the heaviest European producer of beet sugar, is not likely to do much better than last year, chiefly on account of labor shortage. As a consequence the 1,000,000 tons of sugar normally supplied to the United Kingdom by Germany will have to be obtained elsewhere.

(Continued on Page 28)

The owner of a Cadillac is impressed almost immediately by its day-by-day dependability.

But what cements and seals his allegiance to the Cadillac is the continuity of this fine performance over a period of years.

He gradually realizes that this dependability which he prizes is not a mere passing quality to be enjoyed while the car is new, but that it is to endure in all its fullness throughout his entire term of ownership.

From the time of that realization forward, and the realization comes certainly and clearly to every owner of a Cadillac, his whole conception of motoring possibilities changes and becomes infinitely broader and finer.

Every far-off state and city of fancy becomes instantly a place to be visited, and easily and safely visited, in his Cadillac.

Every trip, whether of one mile or one thousand, he undertakes with the serene surety that not only will he travel in complete comfort, but that arrival and departure at a particular time in his Cadillac is almost exclusively a matter of his own decision.

This is what the veteran owner of a Cadillac has in mind when he becomes almost extravagantly enthusiastic over his car's indomitable dependability.

It is a dependability that the Cadillac owner sincerely believes is unequaled; that he knows will endure not simply for a month or a year but throughout the entire term of service; not merely for one thousand but for many thousands of miles; and that is the deep, determining reason for his preference for the Cadillac.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

Jim Henry's Column

My Dry Shower Idea

I can't prove that I am the originator of the idea, but ever since I found out for myself the amazing virtues of a Mennen Borated Talcum over-all shower, I've certainly done more talking about it than any man living.

To tell the truth, these hot days I don't seem to talk anything else. Can't keep my mind on selling Mennen Shaving Cream at all.

The funny part of it is that until last year I had always associated Mennen Borated with infants and the so-called weaker sex. When millions of women have never used anything else, you're likely to form such an opinion.

But I got to thinking about it one morning when my sixth sense promised a record climb in the mercury.

"Why not for men?" I asked myself. "I wonder what would happen if I should douse it all over?"

So I tried it. And honestly, it was great!

Here's the system:

After your bath, shower it all over—back, front, neck, arms, legs—everywhere. Rub it around lightly until you get an almost imperceptible film. Takes only a minute.

Then slip into your clothes. You'll notice the difference right away. Arms and legs will slide without restraint. You feel *free* and unhampered and you'll stay like that away into the middle of the day.

One thing more: Don't be afraid that you'll smell suspicious. For if Mennen Borated has any odor it is that of indescribable cleanliness—light—delicate—almost beyond detection.

If there isn't a can in the family medicine chest right now, you can get one at your druggist's for 25 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 26)

In the case of France, nearly all the native sugar mills were situated in the war zone; 125 out of the 206 sugar factories were destroyed. As a consequence France has been a heavy importer of sugar. A return to the old conditions when the country was self-sufficing is a matter of evolution. It is possible that France may increase her output of sugar 20 per cent this season over last, but must continue to import heavily for some years to come.

The area planted to beet in Italy this spring is largely in excess of last season and approximately up to prewar average, when the country was self-supporting. Under favorable conditions Italy, which had to import 90,000 tons of sugar last year, should be self-supporting with the next harvest, but prospects for the country becoming an exporter on an important scale are remote on account of the rapid increase in sugar consumption.

Belgium, Holland and Denmark are not increasing their beet cultivation this season, as there is more money in other crops. Czecho-Slovakia is the greatest European sugar-producing country after Germany, but the areas devoted to beet are showing no marked expansion, while native consumption is visibly increasing. Russia, which before the war supplied about one-quarter of all the sugar produced in Europe, has no longer any sugar industry to speak of. Taken as a whole, next season's European sugar crop will hardly surpass 65 per cent of the prewar output.

Possibilities of Eastern Europe

For the long pull, the complete reconstruction of European agriculture is bound to be realized, but it will be a slow process—the work of decades or perhaps generations. There is something in the combined forces of the old order—the thing we call the past—which always tends to wring back violent gains and violent losses and restore the old balance. As racial hatreds soften and artificial barriers are leveled and as the peasant gets his bearings under the new conditions that surround him, the general level of food production will surely rise. Any great expansion must be looked for, of course, in Eastern rather than in Western Europe. Agriculture has already been carried to such a high point intensively in Western Europe that any great increase in cereal production cannot be anticipated. Nitti, one of the foremost of Italian economists and Prime Minister of the kingdom during the chaotic period succeeding the armistice, remarked to the writer the other day that the agricultural area of Italy was so limited compared with the huge population of the kingdom, that any further marked expansion in cereal production could not be anticipated in the future. He remarked that the soil could be used to better advantage in market gardening and more intensive agriculture than is possible under the limits of grain husbandry, and that sound economic policy was on the side of raising olive oil, fruits and wines for export, and using the money so obtained to purchase durum wheat in the Chicago market.

What is true of Italy is true in more or less degree of the densely populated and highly organized agricultural countries of Western Europe. The riddle of the future lies with the poorly organized and relatively sparse agricultural populations of the great plains of Eastern Europe. Bessarabia, now a part of Rumania, is potentially one of the finest grain-growing countries in the world. Before the war this Russian province exported about 30 per cent of its cereal production. In some parts of Bessarabia today great sections of the population stand in absolute need of bread. Certainly the decline in its grain production has entirely canceled its former 30 per cent grain-exporting capacity. How long will it take Bessarabia and old Rumania to get back to their former exporting capacity? It is hard to see how Russia can possibly get on a grain-exporting basis for at least seven years to come. In the five-year prewar period 1909–13 Russia grew about one-quarter of the world's total of oats and barley, more than one-sixth of the world's wheat, and at least one-half of the world's rye, but the exports of wheat and rye taken together seldom exceeded 10 per cent of their total yields. In order to get back to this 10 per cent surplus for export Russia will require at least three bumper crops in succession. Under present chaotic conditions such a thing is nowhere in sight. It would not be surprising if a full generation is required to see Russia back to her old position as a food exporter.

In respect to agriculture certain European countries, such as England, have passed through their prime, while others, such as Spain, have still a great race to run. British grain production attained its climax some seventy years ago, and the land is now reverting from tillage to pasture. Taking 100 acres as a unit, 68 acres in Germany are under tillage—with 46 acres devoted to cereals, 10½ to potatoes, 9 to roots and legumes, 2½ to garden fruit—leaving 32 acres lying in grass. In Great Britain only 30 out of a 100-acre farm unit are under tillage. Of these 20 are devoted to cereals, 8 to roots and legumes, 1½ to potatoes, ½ to garden fruit; leaving 70 acres lying in grass.

One is astonished to find in the densely populated England of today, even within a few miles of London, wide stretches of heath or common land, which cannot be fenced and devoted to private cultivation without a special act of Parliament. The great Derby horse race is run every year on Epsom Downs, where over 500,000 people congregate on the heath or common land to view the race without the inconvenience of paying an admission fee. During the war British farming was practically organized on the basis of military discipline, and 2,000,000 tons of cereals were added to the native food supply. The increased cereal production was justified by military necessity and not by economic returns. It was a simple case of sacrificing economy to speed, just as under the spur of necessity a heavy freight train may be steamed up to fifty miles an hour when the economic speed is about one-third this rate. With British agriculture standing on its own legs and judged on a purely economic basis one may anticipate in future a curtailment rather than an expansion of British grain production.

Spain's Outlook Bright

The agricultural outlook for Spain is particularly promising for the future because of the condition of the country in the past. The war served to jolt the Spanish farmer out of his antiquated methods and age-long indifference to the methods of modern scientific agriculture. What may be called the renaissance of Spanish agriculture derived its impulse from the favored position enjoyed by Spain as a neutral. War prices taught the Spanish farmer that there was money to be made out of the soil in addition to a bare animal subsistence. Spain, from being the most backward of European farming countries, is now making relatively more progress than any other country in Western Europe. In 1900 Spain had practically no farming machinery; now thousands of American plows, cultivators, reapers and binders are employed in the country. What is known as the combined reaper and thresher—that wonderful machine that cuts, binds, threshes and sacks a yield of grain in one operation—is seldom seen except on the great grain-growing plains of the United States. It is reported that more than 250 American combined harvesters have been sold in Spain since the war, whereas only two have been sold in Italy, an agricultural country with almost double the population of Spain. The redundant population of Italy tends to cancel the use of labor-saving machinery. Indeed, in certain regions the agricultural labor unions will not permit the use of such a labor-saving machine as a self-binder, which in one day would displace the labor of forty men employing the primitive hand sickle. Take it all in all, Spain is one of the few European countries that are showing a positive increase in agricultural yields as compared with the prewar period.

Bulgaria is making a brave showing considering the fact that the country backed, as it were, the wrong horse in the war. Despite the loss of territory, Bulgaria raised sevenfold as much tobacco last year as in the prewar year 1913.

Czecho-Slovakia, both actually and potentially, is one of the richest countries in Europe in its soil resources, and is rapidly forging ahead in both cereal and sugar yields. The country agriculturally, of course, represents the cream of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The Inevitable Reaction

Many well-informed people look upon Poland as the coming agricultural country of Europe. Certainly it is a country of cheap labor in which agriculture receives the support of farsighted and intelligent government cooperation. Considering the fact that the country is but newly constituted and has but recently emerged from the shadow of military conflicts, the augmented outturns of cereals, sugar and potatoes are surprisingly good. The staple cereal in Poland, as in Germany and Russia, is rye, a grain that can be grown on poorer land and at less expense than wheat, and which answers just as well to the food necessities of a people habituated through generations to the use of rye rather than wheat bread.

With the inevitable reaction that will come in the industrial boom, German genius and industry will concentrate as never before upon the extraction of wealth from the soil. Given the land, labor, fertilizer and the will to produce, the resources of the German soil are going to be worked to the limit. Synthetic nitrogen fertilizers are already being produced on a broad commercial basis, the present capacity of a single company, the Anilin Badische Gesellschaft, being over 300,000 tons of ammonia per annum. The output of ammonium sulphate has diminished, owing to the loss of coking coal in the Saar Valley and Upper Silesia. Germany is still far and away the most richly endowed in that most precious element in soil fertility—potash. A single German potash mine near Halle contains sufficient potash deposits to supply all the needs of Germany for at least 1000 years to come.

Europe's agricultural plight is a matter of practical business import for both the American farmer and manufacturer. If a normal European grain crop could be anticipated this coming harvest the price of wheat in the Chicago market would probably fall below ninety cents per bushel. On the other hand Europe's ability to purchase our manufactured goods depends upon the return of general prosperity, which in turn waits upon the restoration of agriculture. American business has a direct interest in what the European peasant is doing. The thinking American farmer is getting a broader conception of the international character of his business.

There is no mistaking the almost universal attitude toward the good Maxwell. The admiration aroused by its beauty has merged into a much deeper regard. Everyone who has had any contact with the car at all, realizes, that its superiorities are just as marked in performance as in appearance—that it is just as unusual in reliability and value, as it is in grace and charm.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; Alemite lubrication; motor-driven electric horn; unusually long springs, deep, wide, roomy seats; real leather upholstery in open cars, broadcloth in closed cars; open car side-curtains open with doors; clutch and brake action, steering and gear shifting, remarkably easy; new type water-tight windshield

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MAXWELL

Carbon "Knocks" —farewell

"I've just put No-Leak-O Piston Rings in this old bus.

"*They* 'Won't leak because they're sealed with oil.'"

A specially cut groove—the "oil-SEALing" groove—found only in No-Leak-O Piston Rings—packs an oil film in between your piston and cylinder walls like "packing" in a pump. This oil "packing" seals in *all* the expanding gas. Every drop *must* work.

The same "film" prevents oil from working *up* into your cylinder heads to form carbon and keeps "unburnt" gas and kerosene from seeping *down* into the crank case to weaken lubrication.

The result is no more carbon troubles and quick relief from high gas, oil and repair bills.

Insist on the genuine No-Leak-O Piston Rings. They give *perfect oil control and compression in each individual ring*

Write for interesting illustrated booklet, "The Piston Ring Problem and Its Solutions," telling why No-Leak-O does what *no other ring* can do.

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Remember it—Look for it. It marks a Garage or Supply Store that is "live" and dependable. Even if your Garage Man doesn't display it, tell him you must have No-Leak-O Piston Rings for your next overhauling. Beware of imitations.

LAUGHTER, LTD.

Continued from Page 21

custom that you get either incessant phonograph or incessant jazz band with every social gathering, and a mighty lucky thing, too, because otherwise the folks might have to talk.

Well, the little feller which had brought me in had kind of run short on how good he was, and so commenced to vary the talk with how good I was. According to him I was some wren and too good to work for my living. Also I soon found out his politics. He was a Shin-Finder.

Well, of course, I wasn't going to stand for any rough stuff like that and so I crossed mine the other way on the far side of my chair and talked to the partner on the other hand of me, who happened to be Anita's Tommy, and would you believe it, he started a hot line at once, and there was Anita only three places away! I tried to stall him off by asking who was everybody.

Well, I don't like to say much about any party to which I have been a invited guest, but there are occasions when this doesn't go, and Mr. Jago's party was one of them.

Did you ever see an Early Roman fillum called Quo Vadis? I don't mean one of these new importations; I mean a very old one made in Italy about 30 A.D.? Well, it is a marvelous picture, for a costume piece, and there is some pretty rough parties in it, but it got by the censors, and this party I am telling you about would not have. And yet there was some footage that evening at Jago's which to this day stands out in my mind like stills.

When dinner was half over, of the most beautiful food I had ever seen in my life, the front door burst open and in come Atlas Smith. And he was followed by a stormy crowd of friends which had all of them invited theirselves to this party of ours, and had already got thoroughly wet before arriving. Well, the first still I am telling about is of Atlas, he having broken up the party from the table and by then nobody cared if they ate any more or not. Well, Atlas, he started teasing Anita, and she pretended she didn't care for it and lay down on the floor and commenced to holler. So this big giant lifted her up on the palms of his hands and bumped her against the ceiling until she yelled uncle. He did it with no more effort than if she had been a paper doll, although he was drunk, with no collar on, and the muscles in his neck never even strained. That is one of the stills I will never forget.

Another is of Betty, the girl which had been so refined upstairs, her pretty accent all wilted, her face misty with drink, and talking natural while holding out her overflowing wineglass to me and bawling me out because I was sober.

"Drink wish me, dearie," she yelled. "Shay—you're too refined for thish party!" Which was checked off to humor by the rest of the crowd.

Well, when we left the table I was in a sort of daze, not knowing quite what to do. My brain actually couldn't take it all in. It was like a mask had fallen off everybody there, leaving something fluid exposed. I'm not trying to be funny by meaning the liquor. I mean that when these folks forgot their false fronts, which it's the truth we all present one to the world, there didn't seem to be nothing left to them but mush. They pawed anybody near. The room swam in a blue haze of cigarette smoke and sound waves from the saxophones, and for a moment it seemed to me that the men and women's faces floated in that curious sea, half detached from their bodies like the bloated faces of drowned people. It was a nasty thought, but honest, that is the way it looked. I felt sick, and crawled off behind a thick curtain in a bay window, but even that curtain seemed heavy with strong perfume and tobacco smoke, and the damask felt slimy under my hand as I clung to it, trying to think. And then a pale face like a moon come around the corner after me. It was the little man which had danced me in to dinner, and his face was pasty white.

"I like you!" he says in a thick voice. "How would you like to go to work tomorrow? I will sign a contract."

Then his wet paw reached out and lit on my shoulder.

That was enough. Ordinarily I am no athlete, but when a thing has got to be done, it can. I give that clown one shove which sent him unexpectedly half across the window into a big chair, where he sat stupidly staring like a big Japanese doll which I had thrown there. He didn't seem real. But I cut out, for all of that. Somehow I stumbled and fought my way across the floor, which was now crowded with dancers, and up the dim stairway, disturbing a couple who were mushing it up. Frantically I dug my coat out of the pile and then down the stairs again, the laughter and jazz beating in my face like a evil wind. At the front door a woman caught me and called something aloud. It was Anita.

"You little fool!" she screamed angrily. "That was Tommy Jago himself!"

"Well, I don't give a hang!" I shouted back. And then I tore myself away from her and slammed out into the cool, dark street.

How long I ran and ran I hardly know. I wasn't wearing any speedometer, so I can't be sure, but I'll say it seemed like a hundred miles. The part of the beach that I was at is all built up into narrow streets, mere alleys, a lot of them, and at night they are dark like the Middle Ages. They twist and turn a lot too. I would dart up one of them as far as it ran straight, and then along the next one, and the next. Dim lights twinkled here and there, and a strong salt wind brought in the roar of the Pacific. Pretty soon the narrow, stifling houses was behind me, and the big, clean stretch of ocean was there on my left, under a white moon. Ahead the lights of Venice, which is the Coney Island of the Coast, winked and twinkled.

I was running along an immense boardwalk by then, my high heels catching in the cracks, but not enough to stop me. Where I was going I didn't know, except that it was away. And then all of a sudden I couldn't run any farther. I was dog-tired, and seeing a bench under a electric lamp I flopped on it and buried my face in my hands and cried.

"That can't be the way you got to do it, Bonnie!" I says. "Don't tell me different. I know in my heart. If a person has the goods to deliver, someone will buy them at a fair price, surely! I don't believe things like that has to be done! I won't believe it. I'll get in the pictures yet, and get in straight, so help me!"

Well, when I had said all that to myself I quit crying and felt better, and commenced to wonder how was I to get home, for the thought just come to me that I didn't have a nickel with me even if the cars was still running, nor have any idea how or where was a taxi stand or a telephone. It was a distinctly poor situation all the ways around and I felt pretty weak and miserable and helpless. Not even a cop was anywheres in sight, and the only thing that moved was a passing auto with a mushing couple in it.

Then along the boardwalk come a solitary figure—a young man walking briskly, whistling and swinging a cane. I kind of shrank up close against the lamp by instinct, hoping he wouldn't take any notice of me. My head was down and at first he started to pass by. Then he slowed up and come back, kneeling with one knee on the other end of the bench and giving me a light poke with his cane.

"Good evening, kid!" he says, and I looked up.

It was Stricky!

For a moment he stared at me without actually knowing it was I, the way a person does who is far from expecting to see you. Then it begun to dawn on him and he took off his hat.

"For the love of Mike!" he says. "Why, it's Bonnie!"

"Yes!" I says, getting to my feet and commencing to shake all over like the last straw or something. "Yes, it's me. And what are you going to do about it?"

"Why—whatever you like!" says he. "When did you get here and why didn't you let me know you were coming? And of all things why are you sitting alone out here in those clothes at this hour?"

"I did let you know!" I says. "To Silvercrown offices! And as for being here, I have just run away from a party I didn't like!"

And then trembling got the better of me and like a darn fool I sunk down on the bench and begun to cry for all I was worth.

In an instant Stricky was beside me, putting a arm around me and pulling me to him with a lot of there-now-old-lady and get-hold-of-yourself-little-girl and other such comforting remarks. And for a moment just any old friendly shoulder felt so good to cry on that I didn't have the courage to move away from it, nor want to either. After a minute or two I sat up and dried my eyes and was thankful I had a compact powder in my coat pocket, and a little self-control back again.

"Here now! That's better!" says Stricky. "Say, listen! You haven't a car anywheres around? Well, we'll walk up to Sunset and get one. And we can talk things over."

I nodded, and we started off.

"Well, I suppose you wrote to the Silvercrown offices?" says Stricky. "That's why I didn't get the letter. You see I got out a little while ago. We couldn't agree on my new contract, and I simply refused to stay along on the old basis, so I got out. And they have been beastly careless about forwarding my mail."

"Oh!" I says. "I came out here on your word, you see! Where are you now?"

"Well, nowhere," says he. "But I have a big offer that I'm considering. I haven't signed yet, but I expect that I will in a day or two. Now tell me about yourself!"

"There isn't anything interesting," I says. "I'm not working yet. But there is nothing original about that in this town."

"Gee, that's a shame!" says Stricky with vigorous annoyance. "When I sign up with Jago perhaps I can do something for you."

"Jago!" I says, drawing away from the arm he had through mine. "Jago! Oh! Not there!"

"Say, listen! They are fine people!" says Stricky. "Tom's a great little feller. I'll introduce you to Tom, and if you make a hit you can get anything you want on the lot."

To me all this was like a sudden iceberg after a friendly stove if you can see what I mean. I wanted so to think I had been wrong about Stricky and it seemed like he wouldn't let me.

I says no again, getting more faint and remote by the minute, and by this time we had come to the Inn.

"Care to go in for a while?" says Stricky, jerking his head towards the door. But I shook mine.

"I'd rather go home, please," I says.

Stricky called a taxi, and under the strong light I seen that he was just as swank as ever. Even the way he stood had snap, and I couldn't help but feel a kind of softness towards him, for it's the truth that it takes an awful lot of proving to make any woman believe a man with smooth hair and a perfect tie is really a villain, especially when he is trying hard to flag her.

When he helped me into the darkness of the taxi and got in beside me, settling down for the long drive home, I softened even more, and little by little he got out of me something of what had happened that evening, only of course I mentioned no names. A well-known producer was all I says. And while I told him, the light charm of this bird was actually so strong that he had me forgetting how he had lied to me! Then he started talking.

"Say listen!" he says, coolly lighting a cigarette as if I had merely described Merry Christmas or something. "A contract is a rare animal around here this season—I'll say it is!"

"Stricky!" I says. "No! Not that from you!"

"But why not?" he persisted. "You want to be a great actress. Well then, you got to live, to get all kinds of experiences. Take things as they come, and don't get in love or marry. That's my motto!"

Now I got a sort of a hangover, I guess, from the older generation. I couldn't see how a person would be able to talk like that and actually mean it. There was a horrible casualness about the tone in which he spoke. If Stricky had been frankly vicious I wouldn't of minded half so much, because active viciousness is a definite thing that a person can fight. It was his taking the supreme important thing in life—love—in the same tone as breakfast food made me feel so bad. And it was the third time in one night I had heard that attitude expressed. Could it really be true that I was the only one who thought decency worth having? The idea come pretty

(Continued on Page 33

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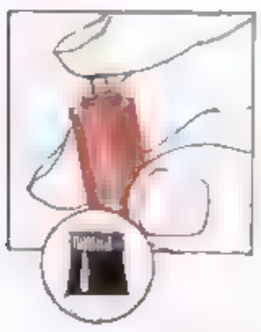

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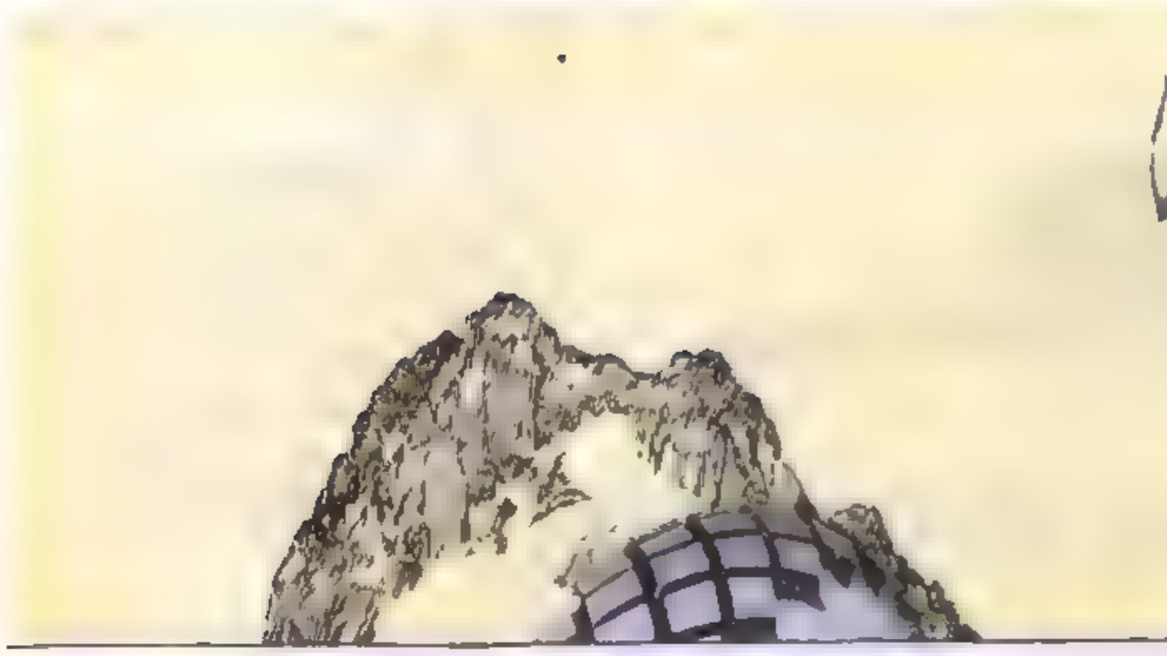

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GOODYEAR

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near being intolerable. And when Stricky, after saying what he had, went further and apparently considered it would be a matter of course to kiss me good night, I couldn't even speak to him in protest. All I could do was shove him away and stumble blindly into the hotel.

If I had been one of these trained carrier pigeons and Adele's room the dovecot, or whatever they call it, I couldn't of gone there any straighter or swifter than I did.

Adele was in bed of course and also in full night armor from chin strap to corn plasters, and to some she might of looked funny, but to me she was beautiful, for her arms went straight out to me and her eyes shone with kindness from the middle of the cold cream and everything the instant she caught sight of my face.

"Oh, Adele—you tell me it don't need to be true!" I wailed, throwing myself at her with more force than compunction. "Say I don't need to stand for it. Say I can make good by making good!"

"Honey!" she cried, folding her blessed arms around me and understanding everything in a flash. "Of course you can! There, there! Cry all you want, dear. I understand, and I'd like to beat up the bunch of crooks that you been out with, whoever they are!"

"Oh, Adele, Adele!" was all I could say.

"There now, I guess I'm wise!" says she. "I suppose you are dead broke, dear, and that you went on a job party in despair and then found you was too decent to go through with it? I thought so. Well, it won't lose you anything in the end, honey. Character is as much value to an actress as to anybody."

"But what'll I do?" I says, partially recovering. "I'm stony. I can't get a opening. It seems like it's absolutely hopeless."

"Well, tell me one thing, dear," says Adele. "Are you absolutely convinced you can act? Or do you just want a lot of easy money?"

"Everybody on earth wants a lot of easy money," I says, "but only a fool expects to get it. No, Adele, I want to act; I want to make good!"

"And what makes you think you can?" she says, but very kindly.

"What makes a person believe religion?" I asked her back. "You just know it's true that there is a God and nothing can shake you. That's how I feel about being able to act and to make good. It's the same as my religion."

To my surprise Adele reached over and kissed me.

"There!" she says. "I knew it! Some say the broad and easy path is the one to travel, but I always say there's too much traffic on it. Better take the narrow one, dear, and I'll go with you."

"How?" says I, vaguely pleased, but not understanding.

"I'll tell you something," says she. "When I first saw you I hoped you was a prospect. And I needed one badly, for, honey, I'm about broke too!"

"You mean you thought I might hire you for my mother?" I gasped.

"Just that!" says Adele. "And when I found out you was green and had no money, why I naturally put the idea out of my head. But meanwhile I've got to be real fond of you, and I'm going to help you all I can! And the first thing we are going to do is move out of this hotel into cheap but decent rooms with privilege to use the kitchen range and washtubs."

"I'm for it!" says I.

"And you will take any extra stuff you can get," she says.

"Fine!" says I.

"Furthermore, you need to change your last name," says she. "And you can just simply take on mine. Bonnie Delane. How does it listen?"

"It listens well," says I. "But not half as good as living together with you does. I need you bad, Adele."

"Well, my first official act will be to send you straight off to bed," says she. "And by the way, dear, you better cut the Adele from now on. Call me mommer!"

"Oh, mommer, you just bet I will, Adele!" says I.

VI

IN THE house on Vine Street to where mommer and I moved, there was beds that flew up into the wall if you didn't hold 'em down to the floor by force. Also we had an elegant bright green ingrowing rug on our sitting-room floor, woodwork with a mahogany-almost finish on it, and a landlady that trusted us like we was burglars.

That was partly my fault, because when we first looked at the place I should of let mommer do all the talking, instead of which I went and butted in. For when we had seen that the rooms was as right as we could expect for the money, Mrs. Snifter, the landlady of the flat, come around to references with all the delicacy of a pickax.

"Are you in pictures or are you working?" she says suspiciously.

"In pictures," I says with great pride, thinking that would settle everything. And it did, pretty nearly, only not the way I had intended. For I seen at once by Mrs. Snifter's face that it had not been a reference but a confession.

"Well, I don't know about letting these rooms go," she says. "I had about promised them to a young man who has a job with a business house."

"We will pay the usual two weeks in advance if you wish," says mommer, giving that woman the scornful eyebrow in a manner I certainly did admire. The landlady right away softened up a little and remarked well, she'd really rather have a couple of nice ladies and we could stay if we liked, so mommer wrote out a check for the advance, Mrs. Snifter took it and reluctantly left us alone in our new quarters, and then mommer turned on me.

"Don't you know any better than to admit you are in pictures to a native landlady?" she demanded. "My heavens, I thought we was going to lose the place! Always leave them think at first that you are a Eastern tourist or a Iowa farmer's family looking for a permanent home, and you'll get treated right. There! Don't take off your hat, child. I want you to take this cash and run down to the bank with it before she puts that check through."

"But for the love of Pete!" I says. "If you had the cash with you why didn't you give it to her?"

"I like to keep my bank balance up as high as possible," says mommer seriously. "And I only had the cash in case she refused to take the check."

Well, I went down to the bank like she asked, putting in my half of the expense, too, and feeling more hopeful of the future than I had at any time since I arrived in the West. That I was actually more nearly broke than ever before in my life did not seem to matter at all, and that I was furthermore about to demean myself by looking for atmosphere work now appeared to me in the light of the right thing to do. I wouldn't let it queer me. I'd be so darn good that it would be impossible to overlook me, and some day the director would beckon and say "Come here, little girl, you with the blond curls I want to speak to you," and that would be the beginning of my triumph.

Thinking daydreams like that, Hollywood again become a city of enchantment, and it's a true fact that on one day in Hollywood you say of it, "I must get out of this infernal place before it swamps all my better instincts," and then the next day something nice happens to you and you say "Dear, gay Hollywood, how pretty, what fun we get here, I am going to make a million dollars and never move away!"

This being one of the hurrah days, I was ready to fall on the neck of the first person I met and would of, only it happened to be Axel, and he was too tall for it. But I was real cordial.

"Hello!" says he. "Ay see by tha doorbell you bane living also in da same house!"

"Is that so?" says I. "How did you get by the Delane?"

"Ay youst talk with your mother," he says solemnly. And you certainly got to hand it to these foreigners for having good manners. Think of the kidding I would of got from any American on a thing like that! But from Axel's line you would of thought she had been my mother the whole time.

"Say, Axel," I says, calling him that way partially because instantaneous first names is a custom of the country and partially because I couldn't pronounce his last one—"say, Axel," I says, "you've been working for Silvercrown, haven't you?"

He nodded, a slight blush showing that he appreciated my tact in not saying "doing atmosphere," the same as I had appreciated his delicacy about mommer.

"Yes," he says. "Ay must get some experience."

"I wonder would you help me get in there?" I went on with my best smile—the one which has since brought me in something over two million dollars. It worked, even then.

"Ay be glad to try," he says.

And that was a lot for anybody to promise, because everyone for themself and never bring along a friend that may take attention off you, is the motto of the first-line trenches in the picture war.

"You see I feel like you do," says I; "that the experience will be valuable. Know the business from the bottom up. That's my theory."

After which I explained laughingly that mommer and I had got simply bored to death with hotel life. We just positively could not even endure to enter a restaurant any more, and that as a matter of fact we were going to have a little snack at home this very evening, and would love to have him join us.

Axel agreed that there was nothing like a little place of your own. As for home cooking, he adored it and would be tickled to eat with us. So he went along with me to the delicatessen stall at the nearest market, while I bought some cold ham and crackers and a dish of crabflake salad with Pons Asinorum in green peppers on the top of it, and a bottle of milk and some fresh figs. And then we went back to the flat, there to enjoy a typical Southern California home supper, in a very friendly, chatty way. And as mommer said when Axel went off to his own room after helping with the dishes, it certainly is a pleasure to meet somebody who talks your own language even if they can't do it in English.

The very next day Axel piloted me to the Silvercrown. Not to the exclusive—and exclusive is right—front door, up to which I had pranced so confidently before, but to the side entrance, where I had seen him coming out with the crowd for the Nickolls' location. Axel went to a window halfways down a sort of tunnel which led out onto the big lot itself, and spoke to a harassed-looking man inside.

"Not today, not today!" says the man impatiently. "Nothing doing! Hold on, though. Renway is going to do a big afternoon-reception sequence over on Stage Four tomorrow morning. He is calling for a snappy crowd. Bring her around for that if you like, and remember—on the set, made up and ready at nine sharp!"

My heart was jazzing while I listened.

"There!" beamed Axel, coming back to me in triumph. "Ain't we got fun? Youst svell afternoon clothes and ay make up your face for you!"

Sweet daddy! What a pipe it seemed. Ten dollars a day for nothing! How it did pay to make friends. I had got Axel a meal, which he had plainly needed, and there he had at once gone and got me a job! I could of hugged the great good-looking boob, and together we just regularly danced home to tell the news to mommer.

It was she made me up next morning, and not Axel, after all. When she had me finished, all the way from grease to yellow powder, and shown me how to soak my powder puff with cold cream and saturate the powder onto that, I felt real professional. I hadn't given away that up to that very minute I supposed stage make-up and screen make-up was the same, and would never have dreamed of putting red inside my nostrils unless she had told me to. Well, when she had done this she turned me around in my embroidered suit and my small hat, a sort of worried pucker gathering between her eyes

"I hope it will get by," she says. "There, honey, your face is O. K. anyways!"

And then she sent off Axel and me and started washing up the dishes before we was fairly out of the place like the genuinest mother that ever was. Half an hour later I was back, alone, and crying on her shoulder.

"Oh, honey!" says Adele, "was it your clothes? I was afraid so! I hate to tell you, honey, but I wouldn't be your mommer if I didn't. Your street clothes is something fierce! I thought it was a mob, but if I had known it was a drawing-room I wouldn't of even let you try. Now your black evening dress is fine! A evening reception would of been O K or a ballroom."

"He's a beast, that director!" I gasped "No manners! Why, we was all set. He had called for lights, even, when he saw me and says to his assistant—not even to me direct, mommer he says to his assistant to take that little hick out of the set and send her home—this was a swell affair and what did they mean by letting in people who didn't have a proper wardrobe?"

"I know, honey!" says she "But don't you fuss any more. It can't be helped, although it's a disappointment. In the old days they used to furnish a wardrobe, but

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now they don't for anything except costume pieces."

"But I have no money to get a new suit or hat!" I says. "My black evening dress will be a big help if nobody gives a ball for the next couple of weeks!"

And sweet daddy, didn't I say a mouthful in that remark, though! Not only did nobody put on a ballroom within my hearing, but not even a good big street crowd that couldn't apparently be picked up free right downtown in Los Angeles somewheres.

And then one solid month later Axel burst in with the glorious news that the Newrich studio was going to do a giant costume production with mob scenes in it. He had been notified to come to work.

"And this time I ban going ta get you by, betchew may life!" he says.

The next morning we was outside of the Newrich gates early. But prompt as we was, three or four had beaten us to it. As is the regular way with a mob scene, the assistant directors had notified their preferences, and put an ad in the papers as well. And when an ad for extras appears in a Los Angeles newspaper the result is much the same as if they was to advertise free beer.

Owing to Axel's advance information, however, this howling mob accumulated behind instead of ahead of us, and when at last the door opened, and we begun to pour in past the assistant casting director, why Axel simply says as we come abreast of this bird "Hello, Bill, Ay brought may lady friend," and Bill give one swift but sure look at me and hands me a slip for my name and says the women's wardrobe is upstairs to the right, and then he added the sweetest words tongue or pen can say.

"You are hired," he says.

And like the lady who was sure of her husband's love, I knew it before he spoke, but oh, sweet daddy, how I did like to hear him say the words!

Well the costume that they gave me made me look fully two hundred years older. What I mean to say is that it was with a hoop skirt and so forth and a quilted petticoat and it was the first time in my life I ever wore one. Also a little hat about as big as a restaurant pancake, of straw and ribbons and flowers, and it tied with long streamers under the back of my curls. It seems I was a French Revolutionist or something and the script was a melo called The Queen's Necklace, by Alexander du Mas Pear. Well, I blessed this Pear, whoever he was, for writing a scenario that required crowds, especially when the girl who dressed next to me at the long locker table says that the dope was we would probably work for a week.

"Well, I only hope the company will last, that's all," says this jane who told me. "I hear Benny Silvercrown is on the rocks."

"What's that to us over here at Newrich?" says I, patting on cream.

"Silvercrown owns us," says she. "Every producing company out here owns the next one."

"It would be fierce to get in wrong then," says I.

"You said it!" she replied. "There goes the bell—come along. We should worry, if we get our checks! For my part, it won't hurt my feelings any if they work us overtime!"

Well, this set we went on was a beauty. As far as I could make out it was the Front of Paris in 1770 or thereabouts and it certainly looked exactly like it. At least I couldn't of told it from the real thing. Altogether the set covered four acres, and was composed of streets and alleys and squares, bridges, churches and a guillotine which I at first thought was a sort of cross bar for taking exercise on until they told me that the only thing supposed to get any exercise on it was a person's neck.

Of course only the tenderloin side of the buildings was built, and you know how they are without my describing them; nothing more back of them than most oil stock. But what showed to the naked eye of the camera was actually built, not just painted, and there was real cobblestones on the streets with stage grass growing between because it photographed better. And the part I was cast for was to loaf around these streets with a couple of other girls, trying to vamp a bunch of soldiers, among which was Axel. I suppose this was in order to make it seem like a natural street scene.

Well, really it was a beautiful sight with several hundred costumed extras floating around and even before Major McGee, who was directing Taylor Trueman, Trixie's husband, in the piece, come out and called things to order, the set give a fine illusion of reality. Not even Axel showing a girl dressed like a antique newsboy how to dance the camelwalk could destroy it. And that first day of my work for the pictures was one of the most beautiful and happy of my life.

At five o'clock one of the assistant directors yelled the welcome "Everybody now on this set come back at nine o'clock tomorrow! Nine o'clock tomorrow. Please have your make-up on; everybody now on this set." And so forth several times over to be sure everybody had heard it, but he need not of worried, for they all heard the first time.

When I was dressed in my right mind again Axel was waiting for me at the foot of the stairs leading down from the big barn of a women's dressing room.

"Come on, let's cash in," he says. "Ay want ay should buy you a dinner tonight at Frank's or some place."

"Oh, fine!" says I. "Gee, but I am sick of eating at home!"

Well, we laughed at that, but pretty soon it was wiped from our faces by bucking a little group of angry hams that had been on the set with us, but which was now standing around muttering to each other.

"What's tha matter?" Axel says as we come up.

"Matter!" says one. "They aren't giving any checks tonight. Bill says they will work us until Saturday night and pay off then. But will they?"

"I've a good mind not to pay any attention to the call for tomorrow," says another. And then I butted in.

"Why surely they wouldn't spend half a million dollars on a set like that and then not pay us!" I says.

"Huh! Couldn't they, just!" says the girl I have mentioned before.

"How do they think we live in Los Angeles?" says another. "On credit? Huh!"

"Well, never mind, it means a week's work," says I.

"Oh, I don't mean they won't pay," says my dressing partner, "but they may hold us up. If they are short of cash they will take it out of our hides. They know we don't dare to holler. There are too many more looking for our place."

"You been doing this long?" I says.

"Ten years!" she says bitterly, and walked away.

"Come along home," says Axel in a low voice. "Ay don't like that woman. Did you see how she kept tryin' to squeeze may out of the camera all afternoon? Every time we come in front of tha camera in tha marching scene, she managed to turn her head, so that Aye betchew may life, may face is entirely hidden by her hat and she gets a full close-up flash!"

"Oh, no, Axel!" I says. "How mean!"

"Youst vait until you see da picture," says Axel gloomily. "And dan you see!"

The next two days were still like heaven to me, even though Major McGee commenced to work us nights as well, and we would not get off the lot until midnight or later. The major was one of these temperamental directors that work by fits and starts, and everybody including himself, I guess, had to suffer for it. Besides which he was under the extra difficulty of his star being wet almost always.

Well, anyways, hanging around on a set or a location by the hour was no hardship to many of us, provided we eventually got paid for it. But I was intent on drawing down a little something besides pay if that was going to be possible. I wanted to act, and acted as hard as ever I could while the acting was going, hoping all the time the major would take notice of me. I never took my eyes off him when he was around, trying to sort of hypnotize him into paying me some especial attention, but it was all no good until the day I run into Anita Lauber on my way to work.

It happened for some reason that Axel wasn't with me, and I was walking along the boulevard alone when I heard Anita's voice calling. I turned around in my tracks, and there slowing up at the curb was a baby-blue automobile as big as a bungalow with solid nickel wheels, a colored chauffeur, and Anita seated alone in the tonneau.

"Hello, Bonnie!" she says. "Hop in the boat, honey, and let me drop you where you are going. Hurry, dear, I got a call for nine o'clock."

"So have I," I says a little coldly, but getting in with her just the same. "At Newrich!"

"Stop at the Newrich studios, James," says Anita to the driver. Then she turned to me. "So glad you are working, dear," she says. "I was afraid after that night out at the beach you would be in thoroughly wrong!"

"Oh, no!" says I. "It didn't hurt me any, I guess! Where is your call, Anita?"

"Why, I'm with Jago!" says Anita, opening her pale eyes very wide. "Didn't you know?"

"Not me," says I. "Whose boat is this?"

"It's mine," she says. "Pretty poor, eh? I'm getting three hundred a week and I expect to get seven when this contract runs out."

"Good Lord!" was the best I could think of to say.

Suddenly Anita dropped the little silver box she was carrying—the same one she had unconsciously taken out of her purse before on the day of that party, when she talked to me about going. Well, she dropped it anyways and seized hold of my hands instead.

"Don't be sore at me, Bonnie," she says. "I like you better than any girl I know. I'm having a—a wonderful time and—and we each got to live our life. But please be friends with me! I want you to be friends."

"Oh, Anita!" I says. "Don't say it in a tone like that. It ain't fair. Somehow you make me feel so sorry for you! But asking me to be won't let you out of your responsibility to yourself. I'll be friends of course."

"This car," she says eagerly, as if justifying herself for something I had not accused her of—"I have bought it on time. I will pay for it out of my salary on installments."

"Oh, Anita!" I says, which may look like a limited expression but don't necessarily sound flat when you come to say it. And then we was at my studio.

"Where are you living?" she says. "I want to come and see you if you don't mind."

I told her the address, and said yes, do come, because that seemed the only thing I could do. And then I stood and watched the beautiful big blue car drive away, and laughed at myself to think I had anything to offer to its near-owner! I felt sick and puzzled and worried again, the way a person always does when they run smack up against that sort of thing. But I didn't look after Anita long. Pretty soon I give myself a good shake and says "Here, B. McFadden, you poor dumb-bell, you are in the pictures yourself, and ten a day is sixty a week and overtime every night is one hundred and twenty iron men. What are you kicking about?" And then after that I come down to earth and the long crowded dressing room, hurried on my make-up and costume and went out on the set.

But meeting Anita that way give me a depression that kept hanging over me. I got so absorbed in the lowdown I hardly knew what I was doing on the lot that morning, and when after lunch we was held up while a party of visitors went over the set I at first paid no attention to them.

I ordinarily would of done so, however, because visitors on a set where someone is working is absolutely against the laws of any self-respecting studio and never allowed unless they are the Elks or new capital or something. I was leaning against a café which is antique French for saloon, because this picture was written before prohibition, and listening in a dumb sort of way to Axel. I was more absorbed in saying to myself I hate the pictures. How can I get out of them and why did I ever get myself into such a hole, anyways? than in listening to him. Anybody who is in pictures does the same at least once a week.

Well, I was standing that way, when all of a sudden I got a jolt by Axel saying "Look! That ban Benny Silvercrown himself with tha party!"

I took a look then, all right, but it was not Big Benny who caught and held my attention, but Milton Sherrill. Until I saw him I didn't know any man could make my heart leap so, especially with his back turned toward me. But I knew him at once by those square shoulders, the way he stood, and the turn of his head.

Well, it hardly occurred to me to wonder what was he doing there on our lot, he who had the lowdown on pictures to such a strong degree. With him was Trixie Trueman, and her husband, who was in costume and also in liquor as per usual, the studio manager, Mr. Blunt, and a fine-looking youngish man, who was of course Mr. Silvercrown, and they was all chinning and kidding along together without more than

(Continued on Page 36)

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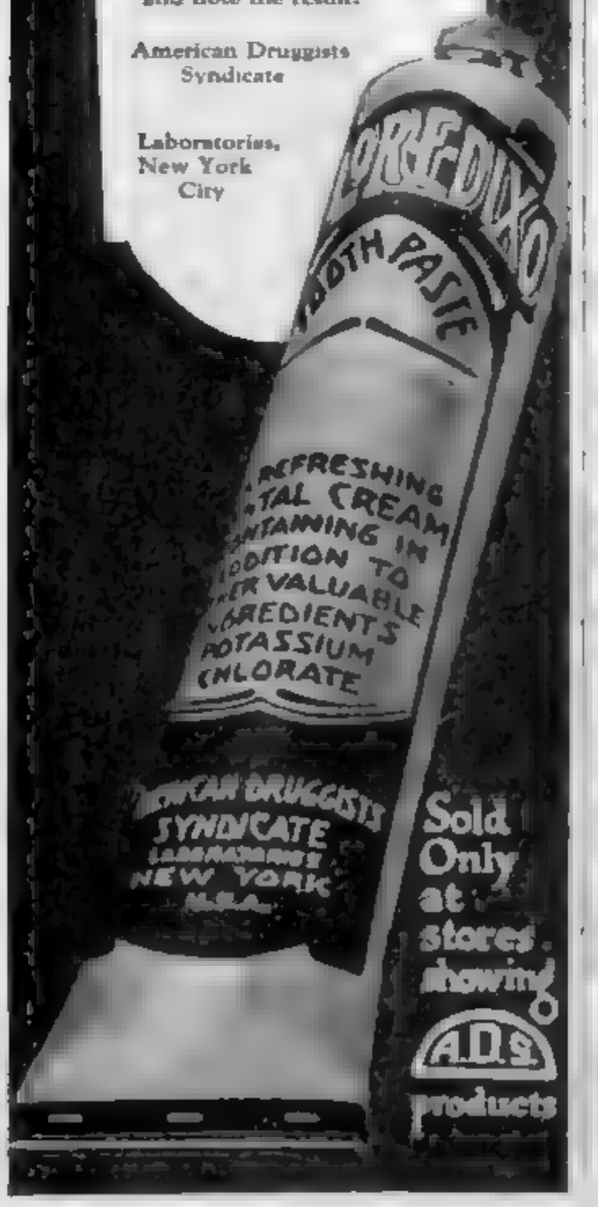

Sold Only at stores showing A.D.S. products

Continued from Page 34

the merest casual glance at us poor atmosphere animals.

It was pretty plain to see that Big Benny and the Truemans thought Milton a big egg, all right. A queer little stab went through me as I saw Trixie sort of pawing him over with her eyes. He looked like a regular angel out of heaven to me, and while it's the truth I would never in a thousand years have written to him and asked for the job he had offered me on the train, seeing him made things entirely different. He was my reserve. I might get out of this nasty mess of a world I was in, and go to real regular work that would pay me a real salary, even if that work would never make me rich or famous.

But I stood there hesitating while time flew. The visitors was getting ready to move along and the major and his assistants was getting ready to shoot. Then I decided. I would go. I would catch Milton and ask him. The visitors all started for the exit, he never seeing me, and with a big resolve strong in my heart I broke away from Axel and the pictures forever and started after him. Then all at once the voice of the director, of Major McGee himself, broke upon my ears with the very words of which I had dreamed so long.

"Come here, little girl," he says. "You with the blond curls! I want to speak to you!"

I stopped dead in my tracks. Yes, it was really me he wanted. I watched Milt and the others pass on off the set through a big arched portal thing that was the gate to the City of Paris, and I didn't mind seeing him go. I forgot every single bad thing I had just been thinking about the pictures. It was my chance! The major had noticed me. I would get a bit, perhaps even a small part. What a poor weak fish I had been to doubt myself even for a moment!

Smiling I walked up to the major and he took hold of my chin and wiggled it while he shook a finger at me.

"See here, young woman!" he says. "You have on a rotten make-up. The mascara from your eyes has run down all over your cheeks. Don't let me catch you on my set like that again. Jasper!" he added to one of the assistants who come by at that moment. "Why can't you see that this mob is made up decently?"

And that was all. Unlike some people in pictures, I realize that my public has got imagination, and am willing to leave it to them how I felt as I walked away. All through that afternoon the feeling stayed right by me, and all through the first part of the night, too, when we worked on a fire set with the vivid artificial lights making a cold, silent furnace in the very middle of sleeping Hollywood.

Ordinarily this working at night under the fierce glares, while the town gradually fell silent and the studio seemed like it was the only place in the world that was awake, struck my dramatic sense and excited me. But tonight nothing could of excited me. You probably know how it feels to make a fool of yourself, and I had done it twice in unusually quick succession. And then at a little before midnight one of them wild rumors that circulates so swift and easy among a crowd of extras come alarmingly to my ears and was presently confirmed by Axel.

"Ay youst hear we bane going ta be paid off," he says. "McGee bane through. They have cut out some sequences from tha picture, and it makes them finished with us tonight!"

"But I thought he said we would work next week!" I objected, bewildered.

"What they care for that?" he growled. "They youst change they minds, that's all!"

Well, that was bad enough. We had all hoped for another week. But things got even worse when up bounded the woman who dressed next to me.

"The dogs!" she says in that angry half whisper which gets to be a sort of natural voice with atmosphere people. "The dogs! They are only paying check and a half instead of double check! The stingy brutes!"

"What does she mean, Axel?" I says anxiously. "Is it that we only get time and a half for all this overtime? Why, I thought of course it would be double! Everyone said so, even mommer!"

"Vell, get out your contract and show it and make a fuss!" says Axel with a sickly grin

And of course that was a joke, because extras can't any more get contracts than they can get credit from the grocer. Well, I'll say I needed that thirty which I now wasn't going to get, but I tried to smile.

"That's it!" says Axel. "Yoump along into your street things and we go by Yohn's for a sandwich and tha help of a good strong coffee!"

Well, we cashed in our check and a half, and went along on our way, leaving a seething, angry crowd behind us. We was both pretty thoughtful, and why not, with the prospect of walking the weary next day because it was by this time well into Sunday morning?

In John's place was the usual crew, some of which were awful noisy and yelling for raw-beef sandwiches, and others, like ourselves, eating a little something hot after a hard night's work. The low-ceilinged room swam in smoke, both of broiling meat, fried-egg sandwiches and cigarettes. Everybody come there some time or another, and it was to Hollywood a sort of super-dog-wagon. I don't know could heaven of looked any better to me late at night than John's used to, and I lapped up the food which Axel was so proud to buy me with all the eagerness of one who knows only too well that they will need all of their strength and must preserve it.

And then, when we finished, we stepped out again into the starlit, perfect California night and commenced to walk slowly homewards, stopping only to buy a couple of Sunday morning papers from a early news bird, and talking moodily but less so on account of the hot food.

When we come to our more or less own front door Axel stopped short and give me a look of horror, his hand as if paralyzed in his pocket.

"May Lord, Ay forgot may key!" he says. "Have you got your key, Bonnie?"

I give a hasty look in my bag, pawing through handkerchief, lipstick and etc. to no avail.

"Of course I haven't got it!" I says at last. "Naturally not, seeing how bad we need it!"

Then the two of us gave an instinctive look together up towards the landlady's bedroom windows. Mommer slept at the back, worse luck.

"Bonnie, how much back rent you owe her?" says Axel miserably.

"Four weeks," I says without having to stop and think.

"Ay owe her six," says he. "You better wake her up!"

And so it was me. But two weeks or four was all the same to Mrs. Snifter once she was waked from her natural just sleep! She told the world as she let us in.

"Nice time of the morning to come in, I must say!" she announced like we was a side show or something. "Disreputable, good-for-nothing picture people up drinking and dancing all night and then expecting decent working folks to get up out of their sleep and wait on them."

"Oh, hush, Mrs. Snifter, please!" I says. "You'll wake mommer!"

"And what if I do?" she shouted. "What do I care if she sleeps on a bed that ain't been paid for in four weeks or lies awake on it? It ain't only that you ain't paid your debts, Miss Bonnie Delane, but you have been out all night every night this week. Yes, I know—working! I'll thank you to either pay up or get out not later than tomorrow!"

With which hot one she banged into her own room, leaving me and Axel unable to say one single word on account of not being in any position to.

When I got into my own room and turned on the light and pulled out the bed and sat on the edge of it, to sort of train it that way, because I never could learn to trust it, well, I sat there a few minutes having a hard think.

Just exactly what was I going to do? Nobody had ever been able before this to say I owed them money, and now it was true. If I gave Snifter my whole pay check it would just about square us with her, but we would not be able to eat. And there was no prospects in sight. Adele was broke, I knew. I couldn't fail her, not after all she had done for me. But we must have money quick. It was all bunk, the way we kidded ourselves and got what credit we could on mere hopes and dreams and elaborate bluffs Oh, I needed advice and I needed it at once.

When I thought of this I thought somehow of Milton Sherrill, and getting up I dug his photo out of the bureau draw where it had been ever since I left the hotel. I had sort of forgotten Milt until that afternoon. But now I set him up in his place again and talked to that picture of him just like I used to do back home, and as usual he give me good advice. And, believe me, that's all getting good advice ever is—realizing something, and facing it honest as you can.

"Milt," I says, "what would you say I'd better do? Go to work at something? I thought so! What, then? Anything honest to tide over this crisis? All right, then! But clerking, which is the only thing I know, won't keep both me and mommer. I won't write to you, because that would mean giving up pictures, and I won't give them up; but we have got to eat. What then?"

Well, I swear it seemed as if the eyes of that photograph turned. You know the way eyes in a real good photograph sometimes seem to? I followed where I thought they was looking and saw the morning papers. The Help Wanted column, of course! Right away I picked it up and started to read.

Now when I come to this part of my story I was going to put in what scenario writers call a sequence, which is a section of the continuity from which a movie is actually shot. And this sequence was going to show a full close-up of me reading the fatal ad and registering decision. Then a subtitle reading "Next Day," and after that I was going to iris-in to a long-shot of me going to answer the ad, dressed in my very plainest clothes and no make-up. Then a medium close-up of me ringing the doorbell of a big house and registering a combination of timidity and despairing sacrifice.

The next shot would be a medium shot of a interior—the drawing-room of a home, with a lady hearing a knock. Maid enters. Lady registers "Admit her." Then a medium close-up of me entering. Then a nine-foot shot of me and the lady meeting, the lady seating herself while I remain standing. And so forth.

But come to think it over, I decided this was the kind of a sequence which ought always to be cut out in the first rushes, and discarded, and that its place could be very well taken by a subtitle which would clearly cover a time lapse and tell what happened to me after my reading that ad in the Sunday paper. And if so, the subtitle would read something like this:

A week later found Bonnie Delane firmly established as a domestic servant in the home of Trixie Trueman, the well-known motion-picture star.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A sturdy car! That's what everybody wants. A car that will travel through mud, sand and ruts—up hill and down—winter and summer, without the slightest hint of trouble. For such performance a car needs the most rugged, dependable bearings—Hyatt Roller Bearings.

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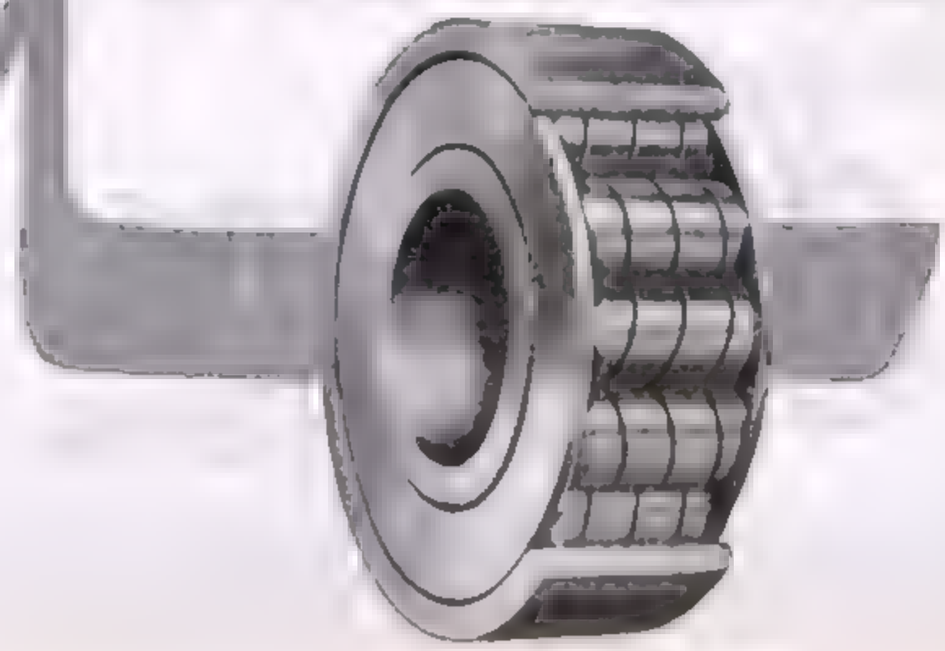

"It's so pretty I can hardly believe it cost so little!"

The rug on the floor is a Gold Seal Art Rug No. 321 and very popular tan design. The 9 x 12 foot size costs only $16.20.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

RENEW ITS BEAUTY WITH DAMP CLOTH

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A wide variety of artistic, rich colored patterns—an easy-to-clean surface that dust and dirt can't penetrate—and all at prices amazingly low—small wonder *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs are the most popular floor-covering in America.

These practical rugs free women from the unpleasant sweeping and dusty beating that woven rugs require—a quick going over with a damp mop cleans the smooth surface in no time at all.

Gold-Seal Art-Rugs lie flat and smooth without fastenings of any kind—they literally "hug" the floor with never a rifted edge or turned up corner.

You're certain to be delighted with the wonderful variety of patterns—elaborate Oriental and Chinese designs for living and dining rooms—bright, dainty ones for the bedrooms—trim conventional patterns for kitchen and bathroom—and all at prices you will be glad to pay.

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one Congoleum and that is *Gold Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard.

Stores which sell *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs usually display a big brother to this Gold Seal in their windows and in their floor-covering departments.

Note the Low Prices

6	x 9	feet	$ 8.10		1½	x 3	feet	$ .50
7½	x 9	feet	10.10		3	x 3	feet	1.00
9	x 9	feet	12.15		3	x 4½	feet	1.50
9	x 10½	feet	14.15		3	x 6	feet	2.00
9	x 12	feet	16.20					

The rug illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in patterns to harmonize with it.

Owing to freight rates prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Chicago Boston San Francisco Dallas
Minneapolis Atlanta Kansas City Pittsburgh Montreal

TUMBLEWEEDS

(Continued from Page 5)

"Odd how rapid a man can shed it if he sets out to exert himself," Carver commented.

Lassiter grinned and turned suddenly toward the door. It occurred to Carver that the youth was starting forth to retrieve that twenty-dollar reserve which was cached in the dresser drawer.

"Don't you!" he admonished; but Lassiter had passed out the door.

Carver made a move to follow, but met Carl Mattison, town marshal, coming in.

"You recollect that extra saddle?" Carver greeted without parley. "The one you was admiring, with all those silver trappings? If you still admire it fifty dollars' worth ——"

"Sold!" said the marshal, and counted out the money. "Send it round to my room above the Boston Store."

"I would," said Carver, "only my delivery boy, the shiftless little wart, is out somewhere spinning his top. Here's the key to my shack. You saunter past and collect it."

Carver headed for Lassiter's room. The door stood ajar, and as he entered he observed a stooping figure whose hand was busily exploring the drawer of the dresser.

"We won't need that twenty," Carver said. "Let her ride where she is."

The figure straightened and whirled to face him in the dim light. It was Noll Lassiter, not Bart.

"Where's Bart?" Carver asked.

"Haven't seen him," Noll returned.

"Then where's Bart's twenty dollars?" Carver inquired. "I mistrust that you've got it—and I want it. S'pose you hand it over."

"Make it out of here!" Noll ordered. "This is my room and I don't want you in it."

"Someway you haven't inspired me with any ardent fancy," Carver stated. "Right at present the feeling is mild, but it will grow acute if you keep exploring in that drawer for Bart's last twenty."

Lassiter made a swift move behind him, but his arms fell back at his sides as Carver's gun was jammed suddenly against his floating ribs.

"Tut, tut!" Carver admonished. "You're way too awkward for that sort of thing. Sometime you'll do that and some excitable soul will shoot you three or four times while you're starting your wind-up."

He removed Noll's weapon and tossed it and his own upon the bed.

"Now we can converse at our ease until Bart comes," he said.

But Lassiter, angered beyond precaution, jumped for him the instant he relinquished the weapons, and being heavier than Carver he sought to bear him down by sheer weight. Carver rocked his head with two solid smashes, but Noll sought only to come to grips where he could exert his strength, clutching at his opponent instead of returning his blows. They fought in cramped quarters, and Carver could not step to either side lest he should give Lassiter access to the two guns reposing on the bed. The huge paws clamped on his shoulders and Lassiter crushed him back against the dresser. Carver elevated one knee between them, planted his boot against the other's paunch and propelled him violently doorward. With a single step he retrieved his gun with intent to discourage Lassiter's return, but he had no need of it. The big man's head collided forcibly with the door jamb and he sprawled in a limp heap just outside in the narrow corridor.

Bart Lassiter, just mounting the stairway, witnessed this strange exit of his relative. He peered inside and discovered Carver, so he entered and seated himself on the edge of the bed, twisting a cigarette while he sought to reconcile the evidence before his eyes with the mental picture of the empty room as he had left it not five minutes past.

"Incidentally, there seems to be a corpse on the threshold," he presently observed. "What did it die of?"

"General malignancy that set in right after birth and just now came to a head," Carver diagnosed. "He was prospecting for your cache when I arrived."

"He's already located it," Bart stated. "It was gone when I came up. Likely he came back to hunt for more as I went down, and your trails converged, sort of. Wellman said you'd just turned up the stairs, so I came on back."

He crossed over to inspect the sprawled figure in the hallway.

"I'd say he was totally defunct," he reported; but as if to refute this assertion Noll stirred an arm and grunted. "Unfortunately resuscitation is already setting in," Bart revised his statement. "Let's be off before he opens one eye and tries to borrow ten."

An hour later the proceeds derived from the sale of the saddle had faded in the face of the bank's per cent and their finances were totally exhausted except for a few small coins in Carver's pocket. Lassiter leaned rather heavily against the bar in the Silver Dollar and straightened himself with an effort.

"It's time for me to dangle," he announced. "Hate to break up the party and all that sort of thing, but I'm overdue right now. Meet you here in an hour."

He proceeded toward the door which opened into the adjoining restaurant, but Carver overhauled him while he was yet some ten feet from his goal.

"Now don't you go trickling out on me," he reproved. "I'll be gone in an hour—riding off for three weeks. Stay with me till then and we'll both move out together."

Lassiter turned uncertainly, and Carver, looking past him, discovered that the swinging door into the restaurant stood half open. The young girl framed in the doorway was gazing straight into his eyes. Oddly enough, his first thought took the form of an intense desire to expend large sums of money in buying things for her, this impulse coupled with a swift regret that such amounts as he wished to squander were not for the moment available. The eyes that looked back into his were gray eyes, bordering on blue; and he gathered that they regarded him with a mixture of doubt and pity. He straightened resentfully, never having been doubted and refusing to be pitied, flooded with a sense of having been detected in some bit of wickedness.

For the first time in his life his own eyes dropped before the direct gaze of another's; yet in his whole past career there was not one deed for which he felt any particular regret or shame. He lifted his eyes again with a hint of defiance, but found himself staring at the blank swinging door; in that split second of averted glance the vision had disappeared, leaving him with a vague impression of its unreality—and with a pronounced disinclination for continuing the party. Lassiter had not seen, and Carver dispelled the blond youth's hesitation.

"Maybe we'd better call it a day," he said. "See you when I get back from the Strip."

Carver was conscious of a distaste for his surroundings, once the door had closed behind his companion. These carousals in town always palled on him in the end, giving way to the urge to straddle a horse and be off through the clean outdoors while the wind fanned the fumes from his head; but heretofore this state of mind had come about through gradual transition instead of descending upon him in a single second as had been the case today.

He gravitated to the roulette wheel through force of habit and risked his handful of small coins, playing absently and placing his bets without care or consideration. Now just why, he wondered, had he been struck with a wild wish to buy things for a girl he had never glimpsed before in his life? He was not conscious that she had been shabbily clothed, for to save his immortal soul he could not have testified to the color, texture or state of preservation of one single item of her attire; but someway he felt that she was needing things and he wanted to see that these things were provided. He cashed in his few remaining chips and the banker handed him a single silver dollar in return.

II

CARVER repaired to the shack to retrieve his horse, and as he rode back through town he observed a group round the town well in the center of the wide main street. Mattison had laid aside his personal pursuits and had donned his official rôle of town marshal, in which capacity he was instructing Bart Lassiter in no uncertain terms as to the impropriety of watering his horse from the oaken bucket attached to the well rope.

"Water him from the trough," he ordered.

"After all those Cherokee ponies has been dipping their noses in it?" Bart demanded. "Not this horse!"

"That bucket is for folks," the marshal patiently explained.

"An' this horse is folks," Lassiter insisted.

He continued to extend the brimming bucket horseward with his left hand. The spectators shifted, recalling that Mattison's predecessor had fallen in a street fight near this same well. There was no ill feeling between the two men, but neither of them would back down publicly under pressure. Carver glanced aside as a voice called Bart's name. The girl of the Silver Dollar was peering from a window above a store, her gaze riveted on the group at the well.

"Here's two of my friends working up a grievance over well water," Carver said, dropping from his horse. "Wherever did the pair of you acquire this sudden interest in it? I'm surprised at you."

"If this party's a friend of yours, why, you take him," said Mattison. "He won't mind me. Let him water his horse till the well goes dry."

"No such thing," Lassiter gracefully declined. "I wouldn't think of letting the critter slosh his muzzle in the town bucket."

The marshal moved off and Carver reflected that the girl's sudden appearance in the doorway of the Silver Dollar had been occasioned by Bart Lassiter's failure to fulfill his appointment. It also accounted for Bart's hesitation as they had stepped out of the Golden Eagle earlier in the day. He had halted to avoid meeting the girl, not to avoid Freel, as Carver had previously supposed; and Bart's grievance against Freel rose from this same source, for undoubtedly the girl who was being piloted down the street by the marshal at the moment of their exit was the same who had later stirred Carver so strangely by her unexpected appearance in the doorway.

"A lady was calling your name from a window a minute back," he said.

"Likely it was Molly," Bart returned. "That's who that ten spot was destined for—the one Noll lifted first. That twenty I planted later would also have found its way to her except for Noll. She's a sweet kid, Molly, but she's worried sick every minute I'm out of sight."

Carver was conscious of a sense of irritation toward his friend, a vague resentment at this implied familiarity between the boy and the lady of the doorway.

"Then I wouldn't be letting her wait around," he reproved. "Damned if I would!"

"But a man can't tag his sister every living second," Bart expostulated. "I ask you now!"

"No," said Carver. "Maybe not." His irritation had evaporated. "But if she was my sister I'd put in considerable time with her."

The brother grinned unrepentantly.

"All right; you do that," he urged. "Maybe she'll take to worrying about you instead of losing sleep over me. Appears to me like a nice arrangement for all hands concerned."

The girl appeared suddenly beside Lassiter and rested a hand on his arm.

"Put up your horse and stay here with me," she urged.

"Can't, Molly," Bart declined. "I promised the boys I'd go, and they're waiting now. We're due to help Crowfoot gather a little bunch of beef stuff tomorrow and we'll have to ride all night if we make Turkey Creek by morning."

The girl turned to Carver.

"Thanks for interceding with your friend the marshal," she said. "But please go now. You've had Bart to yourself all day."

Carver nodded assent, mounted and rode off down the street. As he passed the Silver Dollar he felt the single coin in his pocket.

"That's what I'm capitalized at," he said. "Just one little measly silver dollar. That's my invoice. This morning I could have added a horse, a house and an extra saddle to the statement. Now I'm out the saddle and owe Hinman a sum sufficient to offset the value of both horse and house. I'd sell under the hammer for a single dollar bill. The lady read my face value at a glance and dismissed me offhand without another look."

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REG. U.S. PAT OFF.
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

He saw the two elder Lassiter brothers riding south at the next street intersection. It was quite dark when he cleared the town, and as he rode on through the night he was conscious of a mild dissatisfaction. He drew forth his last coin and addressed it.

"I've rode into town with a many a dollar on me," he said. "But this is about the first time I ever rode out and packed one away with me. That shows I'm growing more conservative right along. You must be a lucky little devil or else you wouldn't have stayed with me till I got out of town." He slipped the coin back into his pocket. "Little lonely dollar, you must mount up to a million."

He heard the low rumble of animal voices and knew that Hinman's cows were being held on the bed ground somewhere just ahead. The old man greeted him as he rode up.

"I'm sending Bradshaw and four others with you," he announced. "One of the boys is holding the pack outfit back behind. He'll follow. I'll help you get 'em on their feet and moving."

The men spread out at intervals to the north of the herd, riding along its edge and crowding the cows on the near fringe to their feet. They worked cautiously, for any slight commotion of an unusual nature, the weird flap of a garment or any cry too startling, might serve to throw a few cows into a panic which would be swiftly communicated to the rest and put the whole herd off the bed ground in a mad stampede. Their chief concern was to prevent a disastrous night run. The affair was skillfully handled, and the near fringe of cows rose reluctantly, crowded back through the ranks of their reclining fellows and raising them in turn till eventually the whole herd was up and drifting south.

The moon rose sharp and clear as they crossed into the Strip, and for hours they forged slowly ahead, their course a trifle south of west. When they had covered ten miles the forward drift of the herd was arrested, and the tired cows bedded down at once.

"From now on they're on your hands, son," Hinman said to Carver. "I'll back any deal you make with the outfits off to the south, so play her the best you know."

He turned his horse back toward the state line and left Carver to solve the problem as best he might. Their present stand was in the quarantine belt, a strip some miles wide which paralleled the state line; this to protect the stock of the Kansas cowmen from Texas fever and other contagious afflictions so prevalent among the trail herds brought up from the south. All southern cattle must be held in this quarantine area until declared free of all disease before proceeding on their northward course to market. This was the off season for the pastoral transporting of trail herds from the Texas cow country, and the only official intervention against which Carver must guard was the possible appearance of one of the infrequent cavalry patrols sent out from old Fort Darlington on the southern extremity of the Strip.

The unowned lands were tenanted only by a few big cow outfits whose owners had made satisfactory arrangements with the Cherokees, paying their tribute in the shape of grazing fees, a custom so long established that it was recognized by Federal authorities, and government agents now collected the money and passed it on to the territory tribes.

Carver stood his turn on first guard, and as he rode round the herd he pondered the problem in hand and sought for a solution which would give him an insight into Hinman's purpose. It was not so much from the authorities but from the cowmen themselves that he might expect prompt interference. Those who leased range in the Strip did not often wait upon the slow process of official intervention when outside brands encroached upon their interests, but took the law into their own hands at once. Hinman was well aware of that condition, Carver reflected. He circled the herd and sang to soothe his charges on the bed ground. Off across he could hear the voice of another night guard raised in song.

He produced his one last coin and studied it in the moonlight.

"Little lonely dollar, you must mount up to a million," he chanted. "And we'll mount the first step upward if only I can fathom what Hinman expects of me. He don't care a dime about saving taxes on this bunch, and he knows that I can see the costs will outweigh the profits two to one, even if everything goes through without a quiver. He and Nate Younger, while they get along personal, have been whetting their tomahawks for each other as far back as I can remember. Now he leads us down here due north of the center of old Nate's leases and stresses the point that I can maybe trade deals with any outfit off to the south—and Nate the only possible one I could deal with from this point. What time I haven't worked for Hinman I've been working for Nate, and old Joe knows that Nate's the best friend I've got outside himself. Now what's he aiming at?"

His shift on guard duty was half over before he found the slightest ray of light on the problem.

"Joe must know that Nate will pounce down on us right off," he mused. "If they open the Strip for settlement, like Joe predicts, then Younger will be forced out of the game. Now just why does Hinman provide him with this opportunity for a big final disturbance, with all the odds on Nate's side? He couldn't have done it accidental, and it appears more and more like he's deliberately throwing himself wide open."

His mind traveled back over the events of the day and settled upon the scene which had transpired near the town well just prior to his departure.

"There now!" he suddenly remarked. "That's sure enough the answer. Bart and Mattison didn't want to carry that altercation to a finish, but neither one would back down with folks looking on. These two stubborn old pirates are likely in a similar frame of mind. It's always seemed to me, someway, that they didn't either one feel half so hostile toward the other as they made it appear. Joe's giving Nate one final chance to show his hand—to take a whack at him or quit, hoping to cancel this old feud before Nate's crowded out. He didn't send me down here to keep out of trouble, but shoved me right into it, knowing I'd do my best to make it as light as possible when it came. That's all the idea I've got to work on."

The men breakfasted in the first light of day, and the cows were allowed to scatter through the breaks on the far side of the creek.

"You boys hold 'em within fair limits," Carver instructed Bradshaw. "I'll join you up here this evening. If a patrol should jump you by any off chance, you just explain that you're driving them down to the Half Diamond H and laid over here a day to rest them."

"They'd be sure to believe us," Bradshaw commented skeptically. "Old Nate Younger wouldn't let a Kansas cow graze on the Half Diamond H for the price of it. Leastways not one of Hinman's."

"He's maybe changed his mind," said Carver. "I'll ride down and see."

He headed for the home ranch of the Half Diamond H, located on a branch of Cabin Creek some miles above that stream's confluence with the Salt Fork of the Arkansas. Younger met him halfway, a rider having already reported the presence of the herd.

"Now just what are you doing with a bunch of Joe Hinman's cows in the quarantine strip and messing along the edge of my range?" he demanded. "You've rode for me on enough different occasions to know better than that."

"They just came fogging down here of their own accord," Carver testified, "and I came after them."

"I'll see that you get plenty of help when it comes to running them back," Younger offered. He waved an arm toward a group of approaching riders. "Here come my boys now. I'll throw 'em in behind those cows and jam them back across the line and scatter 'em over the whole west half of Kansas; or else take charge and hold 'em till I can get a detachment sent up from Fort Darlington to keep the whole mangy layout in quarantine till they're fined more'n their market price. I'll ——"

"I wouldn't adopt either one of those courses you just mentioned, Nate," Carver counseled. "If a patrol jumped us I was going to proclaim that Joe was short of range and that you, being an old friend of his, had volunteered to run this bunch on your leases till the grass greened up next month. That was my idea."

"I've got another idea that beats yours all to hell," Younger retorted. "About fifteen years back a bunch of my stuff drifted off in a storm and fed out a few sections of Joe Hinman's land that had blowed clear of snow. He thought I'd shoved 'em on there to eat him out. This is the first real good chance I've had to play even for what shape he left those cows of mine in after hazing 'em at a run through a foot of snow. What I'll do to this bunch of Box T steers will be sufficient."

He motioned his grinning riders to fall in behind as he headed up-country with Carver.

"Then it does look as if I'd soon be out of a job," Carver said, "if you go and mess up my detail. Maybe you'd take me on for the summer."

"You was top hand for me once," Younger returned, "and you could be again if you'd only stay at it. Anyway, I'll put you on for the summer."

"This season will likely see the last big round-up of all history," Carver predicted, "and I want to be part of it. I'd sort of planned to go in with your wagon. I guess this is the last. The order is out to comb every hoof from the unowned lands."

The old man's face clouded. Two years before all cowmen had been ordered to clear their stock from the Cherokee Strip. They had grimly refused, and now the order had been issued again.

"They mean business this time," Carver predicted. "There'll be cavalry patrols riding to keep an eye on the round-up, likely, and make sure that everything's gathered and shoved outside. There'll be upwards of two hundred thousand cows collected and marketed this summer in order to clear the Strip."

"Maybe you're right, son," Younger said. "It's beginning to look that way. You don't want to miss the round-up. The likes of it will never be seen again on this old footstool. All wiped out in a single season! It ain't right. It just can't be right."

The old man's thoughts strayed from the immediate matter in hand, that of evening the old score with Hinman, and he nodded abstractedly to the comments of his younger companion. He was possessed of cows in plenty, and if forced to market them he could cash in for a fortune; but this game was his life. Take away his cows, and money would mean little.

"I was just thinking, Nate," Carver said, "it'll take a long time to settle all this country up after you folks are ordered out with your stock, and there'll be worlds of good range going to waste with nothing to eat it off. A man could hold a dodge bunch down here on good feed and keep 'em moving from point to point. If we were questioned we could explain that we were trail-herding 'em through when they up and made a night run off to one side; that we are just gathering 'em up again to move them on up to the Box T range."

"Box T!" Younger scoffed. "Joe Hinman, that wrinkled old pirate, wouldn't let a second elapse before he'd be spreading the news that I had a bunch down here. He'd never let a Half Diamond H cow set foot on his range and ever get off with its hide on."

"But if you'd help him out now, like I said a while back, he'd be bound to return it out of sheer human decency," Carver pointed out. "I could hold a bunch down here easy. If you help Joe out now he can't go back on you then."

"Can't he?" Nate inquired. "I don't know." The blank wall of a cowless future loomed just ahead. In a few more months his old brand would be but a tradition. The only alternative would be to buy out another brand in some distant part where open range was still available. But this was his chosen territory and a move did not appeal. "One time and another, I've dealt him a slew of trouble."

"He's put in fifteen years handing it back to you," Carver said. "That's part of the game, the way the pair of you has played it. Joe's not the man to stick at trifles like that."

Younger shook his head.

"Then maybe he was mistaken about how you felt," said Carver. "He gave me my instructions straight enough. 'If you strike trouble down there just go right to the Half Diamond H and get in touch with Nate Younger,' he says. 'He'll put you straight, and if he can't fix you up then there's no way out.' That's the last words he told me."

"He didn't," Nate returned doubtfully. "You got mixed in the names. He didn't ever instruct you to look to me for anything but trouble."

"Those were my orders," Carver affirmed. "Word for word, as near as I can recall, just as I recited them to you. That's

(Continued on Page 42)

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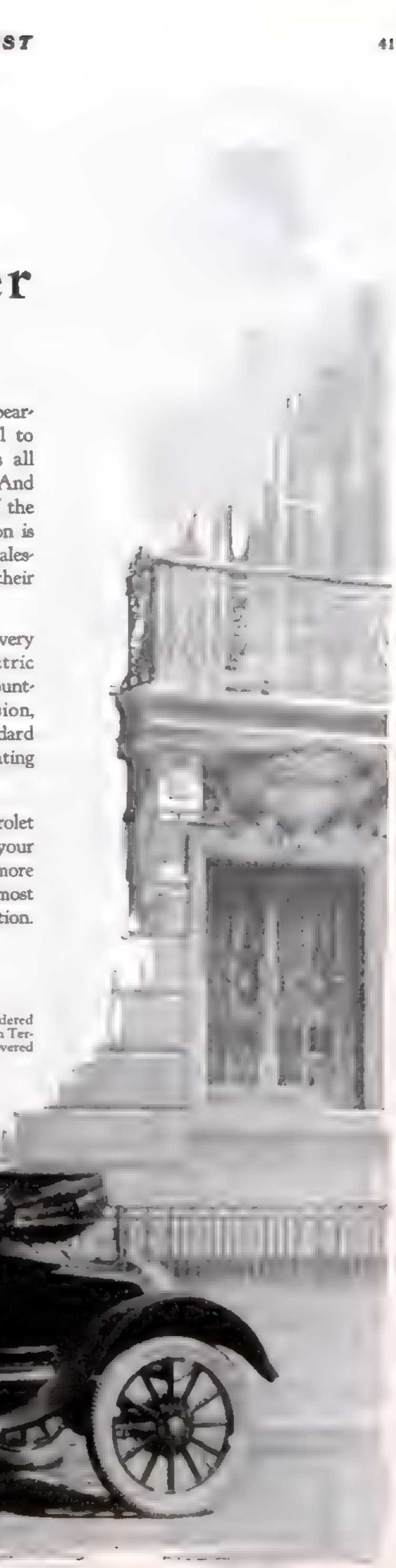

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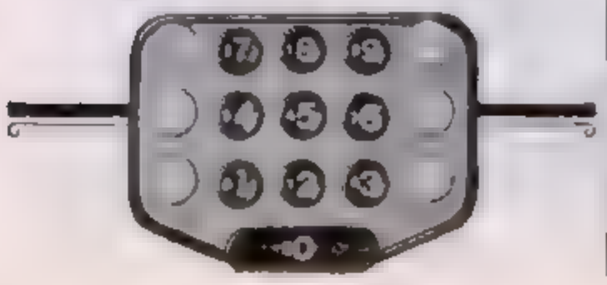

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what he says, looking right at me, just what I told you he did."

"I don't know what he's driving at," Younger stated. "But I'll certainly hand him a surprise. I'll take him up—which'll be exactly the last thing he'd counted on."

He tugged his hat over his eyes and turned to the nearest of the riders who trailed behind him.

"You boys dangle along back and take down the north fence for a few hundred yards west of the creek," he instructed. "Pull the staples and lay the wire flat on the ground so Carver can cross in with his bunch any time."

The men gazed in blank astonishment at thus being deprived of their contemplated sport, but they turned back without comment.

"That Carver, now," one youth remarked. "He's the silver-tongued little fixer. He's somehow managed to reverse old Nate in mid-air. Once in Caldwell he talked me out of my last dollar. He did, honest."

"But he spent it on you later," another testified. "That's him. But now he's gone and ruined my whole day. I'd prefer to be jamming them cows north at a run to coaxing staples out of fence posts."

Some days thereafter Freel rode northward through the leases of the Half Diamond H, crossed the Salt Fork and stayed overnight at the home ranch of that brand. For several days the marshal had been visiting the widely scattered outfits operating in that portion of the Strip and making inquiries as to the whereabouts of certain men on a day of the preceding week. Freel knew the customs of the men with whom he had to deal, being familiar with the evasiveness which was a country-wide characteristic whenever one citizen was questioned concerning the possible operations of another. The marshal's queries were therefore more or less desultory and wholly unproductive.

On the date in question four masked horsemen had surrounded a box car recently planted beside the railroad track in the Cherokee Strip. This car had served as a station, and the word "Casa" had been painted in white letters upon either end. The stockmen had stubbornly resisted all attempts to establish stations in the unowned lands, foreseeing in such moves another possible link toward the dreaded settling of the Strip. These wild riders had evicted the two men stationed there and applied the torch to the box car which seemed to presage a future settlement at that point. The embryo city of Casa was no more. Freel was conscious of no particular regret over the fate of this defunct metropolis, but in view of the fact that only Federal officers were vested with authority in the Cherokee lands he felt it expedient to make a few perfunctory inquiries.

When he rode away from the Half Diamond H he elected to wend his way up Cabin Creek, and so chanced across two thousand head of Joe Hinman's cows grazing in the quarantine strip. Freel sought out Carver and acquainted him with the details of the Casa raid.

"The Lassiters rode out of Caldwell Tuesday night, you recollect," he said. "They're a shifty bunch of boys, the Lassiters. But Crowfoot assures me that they turned up at his place on Turkey Creek early Wednesday morning and this Casa raid was Wednesday night Crowfoot says they've been there straight through. That lets the Lassiters out."

Carver recalled the black scrap of cloth he had seen in the dresser drawer in the Lassiters' room, its eyeholes staring up at him. Crowfoot's testimony to the marshal did not cause Carver to revise his former estimate of the cowman; rather it served to strengthen his previous opinion as to Crowfoot's character.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, that lets the Lassiters out."

"But it don't have any particular bearing on the fact that Hinman's cows are grazing in the quarantine strip," the marshal commented.

"Joe's short of range," Carver returned. This was according to formula. "We're resting 'em over here for a day before taking 'em on down to the Half Diamond H."

"That's nice," said Freel. "But of course it's my duty as an officer to report their presence to the Federal authorities. Then they can use their own judgment as to quarantine proceedings, and maybe even a trespass suit. Tax-dodging, is he?"

"I'll bet fifty even that you go and do that very thing," Carver stated.

"How do you know?" the marshal retorted. "I'll bet you a hundred I don't."

"A hundred is way beyond my depth," said Carver. "Even fifty would strain me most to pieces, but I could manage to pay it the next day I land in Caldwell if I lost."

"Fifty's a bet," the marshal accepted. "I'll take you on, and don't forget to have the money in your clothes next time you show up in Caldwell."

Carver gazed after Freel's retreating back as the worthy marshal rode northward toward the line.

"There goes a part of my profits," he observed. "This petty-larceny milking process enlightens me as to why I never could warm up to Freel. I'd rather he'd held me up, but the man that'll do one won't do the other—not ever. It all comes of my being too honest. If I'd neglected to make that losing bet he'd have made a report that might have caused old Joe some grief. My conscience has let me down for fifty. Honesty is maybe the best policy for the long pull, but it's ruinous in short spurts."

Someway he regretted the loss of that fifty dollars, a sentiment hitherto unknown to him, for he had never valued dollars except as a means to an end, and the end was in each case the same—the swift squandering of the means. But of late, while riding his lonely way in charge of Hinman's cows, he had pondered the possibilities of various projects in which he might engage, the accumulation of dollars, not their spending, constituting the ultimate objective in each case.

When the marshal had disappeared Carver rode a few miles north to the crest of a high ridge, from which point of vantage he could sweep a considerable area. Off across the state line he could make out white points of light at intervals of a mile or more, and he knew them for the covered wagons of squatters who were camped just outside the Strip. He knew, too, that as one neared Caldwell he would find the intervals between these camps considerably decreased, and he made a tentative estimate that there were fifty such outfits camped along the line in the twenty miles between himself and Caldwell. For three months these homeless ones had been rolling up to the edge of the unowned lands and making camp. These were but the vanguard, the first to respond to the persistent rumor recently set afloat to the effect that the Strip would soon be thrown open for entry and free homes be made available for all.

Carver allowed his mental vision to travel far beyond the horizon which cut off his physical view, and he saw other wagons coming. He pictured them scattered along the roads of Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri, of Illinois and Iowa. From far and near the landless of a vast country were converging upon this last corner left unsettled, their worldly effects crowded into the bulging beds of old-time prairie schooners, their livestock trailing behind and the tousled heads of their youngsters peering curiously from the wagons as they rolled through country strange to them. Their pace was slow and plodding, but intensely purposeful, a miniature reproduction of that general movement which had resulted in reclaiming the Great West from savagery a few decades before, a movement which Carver felt could not long be forestalled. He addressed his luck piece in prophetic vein:

"It's coming and we can't head it off. In ten years there'll be a squatter on every second section and the old free range cut up with fence. Little lonely dollar, what will you and me be doing then? That's the prospect that's looming just ahead of us."

In fact, this prospect seemed nearer still when he crossed back with Hinman's cows some weeks thereafter. With the first warm days of approaching spring the slow stream of incoming squatters had increased and there were more outfits camped along the line. Carver rode up to the ranch house in the gray light of dawn to report that the herd was back on Hinman's own range once more. He found old Joe at breakfast.

"Draw up your stool and toss a feed in you," the old man greeted. "Tell me how everything came to pass."

"It was a right uneventful trip," Carver reported. "There was only one patrol came messing through, and we shifted the bunch down onto the Half Diamond H for a week or more."

"The Half Diamond H!" Hinman exclaimed. "Then Nate Younger must have died without me getting word of it. I'll send over some flowers right away. It's a moral certainty that roan-whiskered old lizard wouldn't let one of my cows have a spoonful of grass if he was alive and kicking."

"On the contrary," said Carver, "he put himself out to invite us down in case we thought best to pull off the quarantine belt. He ordered his north fence laid flat as soon as he gets word we're in the country with your cows, and announced that he'd be palsied and paralyzed and even worse than that before he'd be found lacking in hospitality toward a friend in need."

"Yes," said Hinman. "Go right on. What else did he say?"

"Nothing to speak of," Carver said. "He did sort of mention that you was welcome to throw as much stuff as you liked on the Half Diamond H as long as he was running it. So you might say the trip was more or less of a holiday."

Hinman allowed his gaze to rove through the window and settle upon a covered wagon crawling slowly southward.

"He'll be crowded clear off the map inside another year," Hinman said. "I don't suppose you told him about how glad I'd be to have him swarm over here on my grass with all his cows whenever he's finally ordered out down there; now did you?"

"I did sort of intimate that your range would always be wide open," Carver stated. "I was straining every little point to save the taxes on that bunch of cows. I'll bet it would have totaled up to anyhow six hundred dollars, those taxes would."

"Well, that's all you agreed to do," said Hinman. "And I guess I'd better pay you off and have it over with, even if you did get me into considerable of a snarl. Only one thing I can do now, since you made all those arrangements, and that's to back up anything you told Nate. I never figured you'd let me in for anything like this."

"I'd prefer to take my pay in some other form than cash," Carver announced as Hinman produced his check book. "Suppose you give me a bill of sale for a hundred head of coming yearlings instead of nine hundred cash and let 'em range with your stuff up on the west place till November."

"You can't spend calves," said Hinman.

"I could borrow against them if I was needing money," Carver explained.

"But coming yearlings are worth twelve dollars a head," Hinman objected.

"I'll owe you the rest," Carver offered.

"And when I deliver in November they'll be worth more'n that. They'll bring round sixteen dollars a head by then."

"That's what I was counting on," said Carver. "I like to feel every morning that I'm worth just a little more than I was the night before."

Hinman laid down the check book and regarded him.

"Now it's always struck me that you put yourself out to be worth just a mite less each morning than you was the night before," he stated. "Surely you haven't gone and deserted the ranks of the tumbleweeds in favor of the pumpkins! I never knew you to set a value on a dollar."

"That's because I never chanced across just the right sort of dollar," Carver explained. "Now this is different." He produced his lucky coin and handed it over for inspection. "I'm aiming to accumulate a number of others just like this to keep it company."

Hinman inspected the silver dollar.

"Yes," he said. "This is a right unusual-appearing sort of coin. Don't know as I ever see one just like it. Now if you really think there's a chance for you to collect some more like this, and take an interest in holding onto them, why, we might make a deal. You've just effected quite a saving on my taxes, so I can maybe stretch a point. But if I don't deliver till November, and run 'em meantime on my grass, those critters will cost you fourteen apiece. You'll be owing me five hundred in place of three."

"I don't mind owing you," said Carver. "We'll close the deal."

As he rode away from the Box T he sang:

"Oh, I've risked many dollars
On the rambling tumbleweed,
And only one on pumpkins,
But that one went to seed."

III

THE crest of the watershed separating the flow between the Salt Fork and the Cimarron was also the dividing line between Crowfoot's range and the leases of

(Continued on Page 44)

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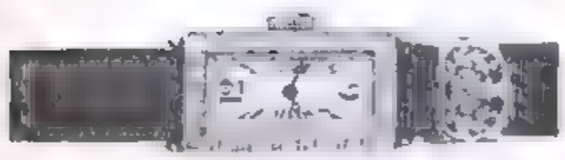

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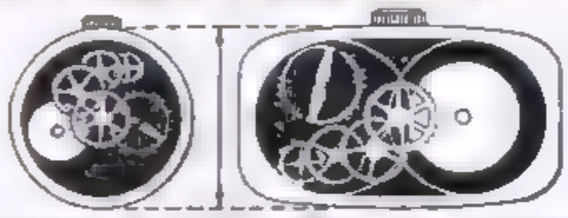

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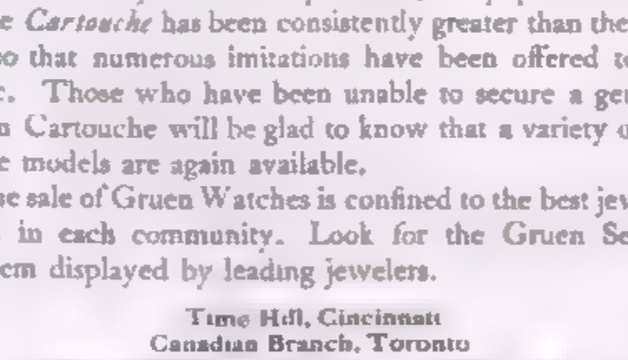

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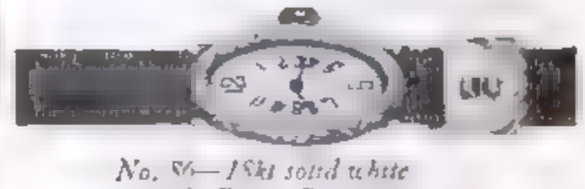

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Continued from Page 42

the Half Diamond H. Carver crossed over this low divide and angled toward Turkey Creek to intersect its course at a point near Crowfoot's place. Here the majority of the range stock wore the straggling brand intended to represent a bird's claw, the badge of Crowfoot's ownership.

Carver viewed the ranch buildings from the shoulder of a hill, noting particularly the corral which was fashioned as a solid stockade some ten feet high. Crowfoot had entered into a beef contract with the railroad, and his slaughtering was conducted within this small inclosure. Carver entertained positive convictions as to the purpose of this arrangement, but in common with others of his kind he made a religion of remaining strictly incurious regarding the calling or customs of acquaintances except so far as they might affect his own immediate affairs.

He turned his horse up the Turkey Creek bottoms and followed that stream for a dozen miles, then angled away to the right toward the Half Diamond H range. When well up the gentle slope he rode out onto the rim of a pocket. The scattering trees in the bottoms indicated the presence of water. A spring branch probably headed in the pocket and drained back toward Turkey Creek, he reflected. He pulled up his horse as a woman's voice floated up to him.

Somewhere down below him a girl was singing, and Carver headed his horse down the slope toward the sound.

A sod house nestled under the hill beside the trickling spring creek. The singing ceased abruptly and a girl appeared in the door of the sod house at the sound of his horse's hoofs in the yard.

For the second time Carver saw her framed in a doorway, and he was conscious of a sudden pleased conviction that she should always choose a similar setting. The drab surroundings served only as a background to hold her vivid youth and charm in more startling relief. Carver recollected that he had mauled one brother in no gentle fashion and was held accountable for another's day of transgressions; in consequence he feared a cool reception from the sister. Instead her face lighted with sudden recognition.

"Oh, it's you!" she greeted. "Bart will be coming home any time now, and he'd be so sorry if he missed you. Won't you step down off your horse and wait?"

She sat on the doorsill and motioned Carver to a seat on a bench against the cabin. He removed his hat and tilted back against the sod wall as she explained that Bart was even now overdue. As they talked it was quite evident that all her thoughts centered round the younger brother.

Carver found the tones of her voice as pleasant to his ear as the sight of her was pleasing to his eyes, and he was content to listen, hoping meanwhile that Bart would never come.

He knew this for a Crowfoot line camp, recently installed, which accounted for the fact that he had not chanced across it the year before. The Lassiters, therefore, must ride for Crowfoot, he decided.

"Bart and I only came down last week," she said. "We've been living in your little house in Caldwell. Did you know?"

"I gave him the key and told him the place was his," Carver said. "But I'd have straightened it up a bit if I'd known he was going to install you there."

"It was supremely tidy," she complimented, "which was a distinct surprise. Most men's housekeeping is rather the reverse."

Her gaze kept wandering off down the bottoms for some sign of Bart's return.

"I do hope he comes," she said.

"I'm real anxious to see Bart," he confessed. "I certainly hope he turns up sometime inside of the next three or four hours, for this is my busy day and I couldn't conscientiously wait on him longer than that."

His tones expressed only a mild anxiety over the possible nonarrival of his friend.

"Do please stay the very limit at least," she urged, and laughed up at him. "You know, you're like Bart in a great many ways," Carver someway felt that he knew her better after that laugh. "Don't you think you two are somewhat alike?"

He had divined the close bond between this girl and her brother, and now made swift use of the knowledge.

"Bart and I are so similar that we might easy be mistaken for twins," he admitted. "You might say we're almost identical."

"He means a lot to me, Bart does," she said. "In most ways he's a lovable youngster, but ——"

Carver leaned back with an audible sigh.

"Tell me all about Bart," he urged.

"I will," she agreed. "In most ways he's likable, but he's as wild as a hawk. He is absolutely irresponsible, and will commit any reckless folly on a second's notice, without a thought of future consequences. The future means not one thing to him. He's sublimely confident that every new day stands by itself, entirely unrelated to either yesterday or tomorrow. And he's too easily led. Now don't you think you two are considerably alike?"

Carver considered this at some length.

"There's some few particulars wherein our make-ups branch 'way out apart," he testified. "On those points we're altogether dissimilar. Now me, I just can't be led. I'm sometimes misled, maybe, but never plain led. And so far as the relation of one day to another"—he produced a silver dollar and regarded it—"why, nothing could possibly convince me that five weeks ago last Tuesday wasn't close kin to today." The girl's mind flashed back to that first meeting as he smiled across at her and continued: "And I'm hoping that there'll be other days in the future that'll belong to the same family group. You'd be downright surprised to know how far my mind wanders into the future—and you accusing me of not looking ahead."

"He's told me a lot about you," she said. "You're the supreme chief of the tumbleweeds, from what I gather; openly irresponsible."

"On the contrary, I'm apt to take my responsibilities too much to heart if I don't watch myself," he defended. "Do you consider a state of responsibility one to strive for?" Then, as she nodded, "Hereafter I'll track down responsibilities like a duck collects June bugs, and assume one after the next."

"I've raised Bart from a baby," she said, "and I don't want to see him go over to the wild bunch. He likes you a lot. Use that influence to steady him, won't you, instead of the other way?"

"Just what is the main thing you want Bart to stay clear of?" he asked.

"I want him to run straight," she said.

Carver rose to take his leave, his departure hastened by the sight of a horseman through the trees far down the bottoms—and the rider was not Bart. He had no desire to meet Noll Lassiter during his first real visit with the girl, and he somehow knew the identity of the man who approached.

"Maybe I can do Bart a trifle of good in spots," he said as he stood before her, "and I'll guarantee not to do him any great amount of harm."

"Thanks," she said, rising and extending her hand. "I knew you'd do it."

Carver retained the hand and leaned to kiss her as she stood looking up at him. The girl stepped back and studied him, evidencing no annoyance, but seeming rather to try to determine the thought which had occasioned the act and searching for a possible trace of disrespect. Carver met her eyes fairly.

"You oughtn't to have smiled just at that particular moment," he said.

"You see, you are irresponsible," she pointed out. "That's exactly what Bart would have done. You yield to any passing whim."

"That wasn't any passing whim," he corrected; "it was one powerful impulse; and it's permanent—not passing. It's related to today and to five weeks ago Tuesday, and I'm hoping it's related to tomorrow."

She disregarded this, except for an almost imperceptible shake of her head.

"But you will remember about Bart," she urged.

"I'll try to collect all Bart's loose ends and shape him up into one solid pattern of propriety," he promised. "You won't hardly know him for the same party after I've worked him over." He swung to the saddle. "But I'll have to put in considerable time over here conferring with you if we're going to make a success out of Bart."

He turned his horse to leave, but the approaching rider had hastened through the last belt of trees, and he now held up a hand and signaled Carver to wait. Lassiter pulled up his horse abruptly as he discovered Carver's identity.

"I thought it was Wellman," he stated surlily. "Who asked you here? This is a little off your range."

"I travel on a roving permit," Carver said. He explored his pockets as if seeking the document and an expression of mock concern overspread his face. "I declare, I must have mislaid it somehow. But I believe I showed it to you once before; and, anyway, I'm going now."

He nodded a casual good-by to the girl, turned his back on Lassiter and departed. As he mounted the cow trail leading out of the head of the pocket he met Bart Lassiter coming down.

"I've just been over to your house visiting round with Miss Molly," Carver greeted. "Noll came riding up and I someway gathered the impression that he wasn't glad to see me."

The two lolled sidewise in their saddles. Bart looked down the bottoms toward the sod house.

"I'd keep an eye peeled for Noll," he advised. "He's out for you if he sees the right chance. If you don't watch sharp your horse will come dangling in some day without a rider."

"Sho!" Carver deprecated. "It's been against the law to kill folks for a long time now."

"I know," said Bart. "But the mere fact that we've got a law like that proves that maybe someone did get killed once, and there's a chance it might happen again."

"He's been telling you things," Carver guessed. "Likely he was just easing his mind."

"Noll didn't tell me a word," Bart denied. "He don't need to. I know him. He rode herd on me with a club up until I outgrew him, and I can read what's going on in his mind. I put in all my early years dodging, until one day he cuffed Molly; then I forgot my timidity and pulled down his meat house. It was weeks before he was up and around. He'll bear watching. I don't mean to infer that Noll's all charged with valor, which he's not; but he's certainly loaded to the ears with meanness, and he'll take a chance if the odds are all his way and no one looking on."

"Then I'll take to surveying my back track," Carver promised. "Because if we meet it will likely be from the rear."

"That's where," Bart agreed.

"What's to hinder my taking you on as a bodyguard, sort of?" Carver suggested. "I'm going in with the Half Diamond H wagon. Old Nate would put you on."

"The three of us are leaving for the X I L in a day or two," said Bart. "Otherwise I'd go you. Milt has been trail boss for the X I L for the last four summers, and brought their trail herds through. Always before we've gone on back and wintered there, but this season we laid over to help Crowfoot."

Carver turned this arrangement over in his mind. The X I L was a Texas brand running south of the Washita country.

"I'll have a little deal on this fall after round-up," he said. "And I'd like to have you cut in with me, provided you don't hang out at Crowfoot's. I'm not oversqueamish, and there's one time and another when I've rode for outfits whose methods was open to question. Most riders have. But folks are coming to frown on irregularities, and it's time a man reads his signs right and quits before it's just too late."

"Oh, absolutely!" Bart agreed easily. "I can see that plain."

"It's my surmise that there's a right small percentage of the meat that goes to fill Crowfoot's contracts with the railroad that is dressed out of steers wearing his own brand," Carver said. "Of course, he's too smart to cut in on his neighbors, and they don't bother to get curious as long as they know their own strays are safe on his range. But it's my guess that if a steer from some foreign outfit turns up on the Turkey Creek range he'll get converted into beef overnight."

Lassiter grinned and wagged a negative head.

"Now you wouldn't go and suspect Crowfoot of filling his beef contracts at other folks' expense," he reproved. "Besides, how could he when it's the law that whenever a cow critter is butchered its hide must be hung on the fence till it's been inspected and passed?"

"And our present hide inspector would ride miles out of his way rather than meet a fresh hide face to face," Carver testified. "I expect maybe Crowfoot kills out a batch of his own steers about every third slaughtering. That way there'd always be enough

(Continued on Page 47)

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(Continued from Page 44)

fresh hides of his own brand hanging round the place to make it look right. But he wouldn't dress out any more of his own till after one batch of pelts was too dried-out to answer. He's not that improvident."

"Well, maybe not," Bart said. "I couldn't say for sure. What has Crowfoot done to you to start you commenting on his habits?"

"Not anything," Carver confessed. "I don't even lose sleep over what he's doing to other folks. I'm generalizing, kind of. Things are changing rapid and a man had better let his glance rove a few years ahead."

"Hadn't he, though?" Bart concurred. He didn't inquire as to the nature of Carver's proposition, for it mattered not at all. "We'll put on our telescopes and spy out a soft berth for the future. That's us! You can count me in till the hair slips."

With this casual promise they separated. Carver reviewed his recent utterances with some doubt as he rode across the divide.

"That's the first time I ever aspired to turn evangelist," he said, "and I'm awkward at it. The rôle don't become me any to speak of, but I've committed myself to take Bart in hand."

Three days later he rode again to the little sod house on the spring creek. He came upon it from behind, his horse's hoofs making but slight sound on the springy turf. Not until he had dismounted and rounded the corner on foot did he discover that a saddled horse stood on the far side of the house. He stopped short, wondering which of the three brothers might be at home. While he hesitated a man's voice sounded from within, and it was not that of any one of the Lassiters. He took another step toward the door, but halted again as he detected a threat in the tones of the man inside.

"You listen to reason or I'll have Bart locked up for the rest of his natural life," the voice proclaimed; "and that within the next two days. I know his whereabouts on a certain night two years ago, when a saloon in Tacsin was ransacked."

"You've told me all that," said the girl. "But even if you could prove it—why, Bart was only seventeen then!"

"There's places where they keep such naughty children," the man pointed out. "Then he was into that Casa affair, when the station was burned."

This statement enabled Carver to identify the man whose voice had seemed vaguely familiar. It could be no other than Freel.

"I've got a line on the whole past of the Lassiters," Freel resumed, "clear back prior to when the old man was alive. He'd be wanted, too, on a dozen counts if he was still above ground. You know what it is to have the law always barking at your door. If you take up with me folks would respect you. But anyone in this whole country will tell you that Freel is a bad man to have on the other side. You don't want me lined up against the Lassiters, girl."

Carver stepped to the door. Freel's back was toward him, but he could see the girl's face. There was no trace of apprehension there, only distaste for the man before her. Her eyes widened with surprise as they met Carver's, and as she divined his purpose she made a move to station herself between the two men, but Carver held up a hand to halt her. Freel had whirled to face the door when the girl's face betrayed the presence of a third party. He recovered his self-confidence, shaken for the moment, with the discovery of the intruder's identity.

"Morning," he greeted casually. "Any more wagers on your mind today?"

"Yes," said Carver. "Step outside. I'm going to make you another little bet."

He stepped aside as the marshal passed through the door, then followed and closed it behind him.

"This wager's not going to be in money," Carver said. "If I lose I'll look you up and explain to you what the stakes are. I'm betting that you don't ever pass out any remarks about Bart Lassiter or his sister. The bridle's off as far as the other two boys are concerned. You can go as far as you like with them."

Freel sized him up, sensing a new quality in the man before him, a certain tenseness which Carver concealed beneath the cloak of casual speech.

"You drop out of this," he advised. "I was offering to marry Miss Lassiter when you romped in."

"Offering to," said Carver. "I thought maybe you was threatening to."

"Any girl of the Lassiter tribe ought to be glad of an opportunity to marry and live respectable," Freel stated, and was instantly aware that he had made a grave mistake, for that quality which he had sensed in Carver was now quite openly apparent in his eyes.

"So you're going to make her respectable," Carver said. "That's real generous of you, I'd say. It's rumored around that you set up to be a bad one. I just heard you confess it. Let's see how wicked you can be when your badness all boils over."

He took a step toward Freel and the marshal backed away, reading Carver's purpose in his eyes.

"It's never my policy to start a quarrel without good reason," he announced.

"I'm laying myself out to supply the reason," Carver said. "I always did want to see a regular desperado working at his trade." He removed his hat with his left hand and brought it with a back-handed slash across the marshal's face. "You're wicked clear through!" he said. "You're just as bad as you can be!"

He swung the hat twice again, but Freel turned and walked toward his horse.

"You're not bad; you're just tainted," Carver stated. "I always felt that about you, and now I know for sure."

The marshal mounted and turned upon Carver a face set in lines of stern disapproval.

"I refuse to force an issue except in the regular routine of duty," he proclaimed. "This is not a matter of official business. Otherwise ——"

He intended that the unfinished statement should carry an impressive implication of power held in reserve which he controlled only with the greatest difficulty. He turned his horse and rode off down the bottoms.

"I feel like I'd just come in off a spree," Carver told himself. "It shakes a man up something fearful to let his temper go running wild all over the lot. I oughtn't to have lost hold of myself."

He regarded the closed door. A sharp rap sounded from the inside of it and Carver smiled as he speculated as to how many people of his acquaintance would have respected his unspoken wish that the door remain closed. The rap sounded again.

"Come in!" he called.

She opened the door and answered his smile, her eyes following the marshal as he disappeared in the scattering blackjacks of the bottoms.

"Thank you," she said. "I'm glad you came just when you did. But I'm sorry if you made an enemy of him. I really don't mind him—much."

"He's right harmless," said Carver, "but apt to be annoying. I don't surmise he'll be turning up here again."

He knew that the marshal operated only on safe ground. Freel had known that both elder brothers would be entirely indifferent to any course he might adopt toward Molly Lassiter if only it afforded a measure of protection for themselves, and she would not mention any such occurrence to Bart lest it precipitate trouble between himself and Freel.

The girl motioned him to a seat on the bench.

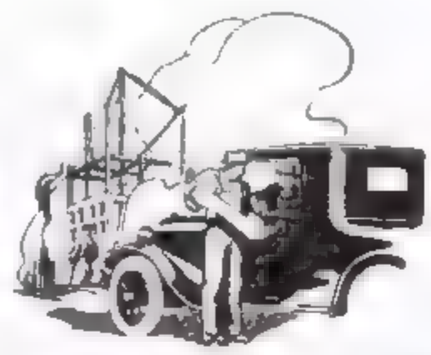
"You did remember your promise of the other day," she commended. "About Bart, I mean. He said you'd pointed out the narrow pathway and invited him to join forces."

"I never did set up as a reformer," Carver admitted, "and it likely sounded a mite unnatural coming from me."

"Bart was a little vague about the plans," she said. "Do you mind telling me what the proposition was?"

"I couldn't say offhand," he confessed. "You see, I just put it up to him and was intending to work out the details later on. There now!" he complained as she laughed at this lack of definiteness. "You're doubting my stability again. There's numerous ways open for me to follow." He checked them off on his fingers. "I might get appointed marshal in Freel's place, and there's any number of folks would contribute to my success. I could assist Crowfoot to fill his beef contracts, or I could get the job of hide inspector, and Crowfoot would then assist me."

Beneath this facetious recitation of possibilities she read in his reference to Crowfoot a deliberate intention to apprise her of the fact that the man's methods were open to question, leaving her to devise her own means of utilizing the knowledge so far as



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Like airy nut meats on ice cream

Puffed Wheat in milk
The good-night dish

it related to Bart's employment by Crowfoot.

"The boys are all leaving for the X I L in a few days now," she returned.

"This man Bronson that owns the X I L—he's someway related to Crowfoot," said Carver. "Seems like I've heard he was. Anyway, there's some connection. I spoke for a job for Bart with the Half Diamond H wagon and was hoping he'd take it on."

When Carver rose to leave he rested his hands on her shoulders as she stood facing him.

"The round-up will cut into our conferences, but I'm looking forward to resuming them after it's over."

She stepped back and shook her head as he leaned toward her.

"Don't forget how much I'm like Bart," he urged, "and you know you'd do that much for him. You might try it on me once just for simularity's sake."

The girl faced him gravely.

"I'm going to absolve you from that promise," she said. "Try to forget all about the Lassiters. We bring bad luck."

"It's too late to start forgetting; and, besides, I cut my first baby teeth on a horseshoe," he returned; "and from that day on down to date I've been the greatest sort of a hand to counteract bad luck. It positively refuses to settle in my neighborhood. I'll tell you all about it, honey, as soon as the round-up's over."

She stood and watched him ride off up the country, returning his salutation when he turned in his saddle and waved to her as he reached the rim of the pocket.

He spent the night at a line camp and the next day made a long ride into Caldwell, dismounting before his little cabin in the early evening. A blanketed figure prowled uneasily at the far side of the street as Carver unsaddled, then crossed over and padded silently along the path that led to the house.

"Me like whisky," the Indian stated.

"Yes," said Carver. "So do I. But they do say it's a sinful appetite."

The red man pondered this.

"Me buy whisky," he amended, exhibiting a gold piece.

"I'm just out," said Carver. "Try next door."

The Indian departed, only to be replaced some few minutes later by a second applicant. Carver recalled the incident of the two black bottles on that other day when he had first met Bart Lassiter in the Silver Dollar.

"Bart has been up to some more financing," he reflected. "While Molly was downtown somewhere he was busy irrigating the Cherokee nation at a profit. I've heard somewheres that if you do any one thing better than your neighbors the world will beat a pathway to your door—and this path looks well worn and much traveled. I'll have to speak to Bart about this."

He retired for the night after a third thirsty soul had made the pilgrimage down the pathway to the door.

"Before I can straighten out Molly's affairs," he said, "it does look as if I'd have to discharge a marshal, reform one brother and practice homicide on another."

With this disquieting reflection he dropped instantly asleep. An hour later his awakening was equally abrupt. It is given only to those who live much in the open to wake suddenly from profound slumber with every faculty alert. When Carver opened his eyes he was conscious that something was amiss. He continued his regular deep breathing as if still wrapped in sleep.

His horse was fidgeting nervously in the lean-to shed behind; but he knew that this sound, being one to which he was accustomed, would not have roused him. The spring lock on the door had clicked slightly as if under the manipulation of a stealthy hand and the sound had penetrated his consciousness even while he slept. Probably another parched but hopeful Cherokee, he reflected; but he rose noiselessly and stepped to the window.

"I didn't start discharging and homiciding soon enough," he told himself.

Freel and Noll Lassiter stood outside in the bright moonlight, the latter having just stepped back within Carver's range of vision after testing the spring lock on the door. Carver turned swiftly and donned shirt and trousers. The latch clicked again as he pulled on his chaps; then came a sharp knock at the door. Carver did not answer, but finished buckling his belt and drew on one boot. The rap was repeated.

"Ho!" Carver called loudly, as if suddenly roused from heavy sleep. "What's going on?"

"It's Freel."

"Oh," said Carver. "Come on in. I'm in bed."

"Door's locked," Freel returned.

"Must have blown shut," Carver stated. "There's a spring lock on it. Wait a minute and I'll pile into some clothes and let you in. What do you want, anyway, at this time of night?"

"There's been complaints lodged against you for selling whisky to the Cherokees," Freel explained apologetically. "I don't suppose there's anything to it, but I was ordered to make the arrest. You can clear yourself, likely."

Carver laughed easily.

"Why, man! This is the first time I've been here in two months," he scoffed. "They won't keep me overnight."

"I hope not," said Freel. "It's the pen if they cinch you—Federal law, you know. I didn't like the idea of coming after you, but I was ordered to do it."

"I'll be with you in a minute," Carver answered cheerfully. "I can explain it easy enough."

He thumped the bed with the edge of his hand in imitation of a bare foot descending upon the floor.

"Killed while resisting arrest," he said to himself, his mind working swiftly. "This is just a plain old-fashioned killing. Freel knows I wouldn't be so simple as to start shooting over being picked up on a fool charge like this. I'd take it more as a joke. He'll step in to talk it over while Noll pots me from outside. Neighbors hear shots—a regular battle in progress—and later, at the inquest, it transpires that my gun's been shot empty. They can prove that Cherokees have been buying bottles here, whether I did it or not; and Freel, having heard about it, had come out to investigate. I put up a desperate fight, but went down in the smoke—died hard, as it were, but real dead. But they wouldn't do it before I was dressed. That might appear like they'd slaughtered me in my sleep."

Meanwhile he commented in disjointed fragments to Freel.

"I'll go on down with you and explain it. It's a right foolish charge." He was now fully dressed. "They'll let me out by tomorrow, so it don't matter any." And to himself: "After Noll's first shot there's two from inside. Neighbors look out into the moonlight. Freel has ducked back outside and they see him prone on the ground shooting into the house. He rushes the open door, calling out to me to surrender in the name of the law, and the neighbors all hear him. There's sounds of a struggle inside; chairs overturned, and there's shooting. A regular hell-roaring combat—and me dead on the floor all the time."

He moved to the window. Lassiter was nowhere in sight.

"Flat against the house between the window and the door," he decided; then aloud to Freel, "Anyone with you?"

"Not a soul," Freel lied.

"Better so. Maybe we can figure out some little bet whereby it would be to your advantage to help me come clear of this charge." He was now fully clothed, and he crossed to the door without permitting his boot heels to touch the floor. "Can't find a match," he complained, fumbling at the

Continued on Page 50

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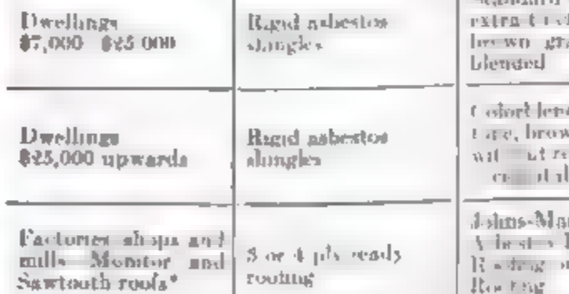
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

**Note*—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches



Through Asbestos and its allied products
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Shingles

This is a photograph of the famous Johns-Manville blow-torch test. Flexstone Asbestos Shingles withstand a heat that would reduce the average composition shingle to a cinder.

(Continued from Page 48)

catch. "Come in and strike a light while I hop into my clothes. I'm in my nightie." He opened the door, standing back from the streak of moonlight which streamed through. Freel would shoot if he saw that Carver was already dressed.

"I'll just wait here," Freel said.

"And pot me as I step out," Carver mentally completed.

"You'll be out on bond in an hour," Freel resumed. His head was within a foot of the door as he attempted to peer inside.

Carver swung his gun with deadly precision and Freel collapsed without a word as the heavy weapon descended solidly upon his skull

Before the deputy had fairly struck the ground Carver was peering round the door jamb with the gun leveled on Lassiter, who was flattened against the house some three feet from the door.

"Steady! Let it slide out of your hand!" Carver ordered.

Lassiter's slow brain had scarcely grasped the fact that his plans had gone amiss, and even as the hand which held his gun relaxed in response to the order Carver took one swift half step round the door and swung his own weapon again.

Ten minutes later he had saddled and was riding out of town. As he cleared it he chanted a verse wherein the tumbleweed rebuked the sluggish pumpkin for sticking to its garden patch as Thanksgiving Day approached:

"You can lay right there and wait
To be turned into pies and tarts;
But me, I'll jump the fence right now
And head for other parts."

"Freel's bringing me in feet first, like he'd planned, could be easy explained," Carver reflected. "But a live, active prisoner is different. The last thing in this world he'd want is to book me for trial. I couldn't force myself on him as a captive. Next time I meet Freel out in company I'll surrender and insist that he put me under arrest."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 19)

stopped for a moment to rest by the wayside, in the shadow of a grove of banana palms, when I saw coming toward me along the dusty road a procession which seemed to have walked straight out of the past.

At the head of the cavalcade rode two mounted alguazils, looking more like heralds of old in their gorgeous trappings than modern guardians of law and order. They were followed by a troop of men in black—servants, retainers, petty clerks and dependents, all the types of followers that swelled the *cortège* of a great seignior of the old days. The mules on which these men rode were gayly caparisoned, carrying, every one of them, a cascade of jingling bells.

In the center of the group rode a beautiful woman holding a baby in her arms, both of them clothed in sweeping silken garments covered with jewels. The focus of attention, however, was the proud master and father. He rode a white charger, and his costume was in every detail what might have been worn by his far-off ancestor in seventeenth-century Spain. Only his hat was different, for he wore the peaked sombrero of Mexico, covered with a red scarf and ornamented all around its border with balls of gold.

Haughty and aloof, he passed the place where my maid and I were standing. He did not deign even to glance our way, but with a lordly gesture he threw us silver coins from the heavy bag that hung on his saddle bow. Amused and fascinated, we followed the procession into the village, and learned that our noble cavalier was a rich distiller, taking his son and heir to church to be baptized. We watched him as he dismounted with his *cortège* in the square in front of the cathedral. We saw him toss a fortune to the gaping crowd, then turn and walk into the church, leaving the mob outside to fight and squabble for his kingly bounty.

Mexico City is situated at a very great altitude. I knew this before I went, but I never for a moment thought that it would affect my voice. The first days that I was there I did not feel very well, but I thought nothing of it.

My impresario came to me several times before my first concert, inquiring anxiously after my health and asking whether I thought that I was in good voice. I assured him that all was well, but the night of my concert I felt extremely uncomfortable. My breath was poor, and I was very much dissatisfied with my performance. After the concert I was talking with the French Minister.

"It is most extraordinary," he said, "that you were able to sing so soon after your arrival. Do you know," he added with a smile, "the race horses that are imported to this part of the country have to be kept here two or three months in order to become acclimated? It is out of the question to race them during that period. I was astonished that you were able to get through your long program so soon after your arrival."

XVI

I MADE my first trip to Cuba not long after my tour in Mexico. The island then was not as it is now. Since the United States took charge of it everything has been made clean, comfortable and civilized, so that the little cities of Cuba can now rival their American sisters in orderliness and luxury.

I had gone to Florida one year for a few weeks' rest and in the hope of curing a rather persistent cold. After we had been there for some time my traveling companion suggested that we should go across to Cuba and visit that romantic island. I was delighted with the idea and we started immediately.

Havana was our first stopping place. I can remember its odor to this day—a mixture of pepper, tobacco, burnt sugar and squalor. Our efforts to find a hotel where we could bear to spend the night were long and painful. We would go to a hostelry, make our inquiries, ask to see the rooms. One glance at the beds we were supposed to occupy would be sufficient to send us flying.

Finally we managed to find a passable lodging, where, after we had directed the necessary cleaning up, we were able to spend the night. The next morning our quarters were invaded by a swarm of shawl merchants whose packs were filled with the most gorgeous Spanish shawls. The papers had proclaimed the presence of Carmen in Havana, and I was expected to buy the whole supply. The shawls were so beautiful that I would have been glad to do so. But I should have had to sing Carmen for a thousand years in order to use them all.

We traveled about a good deal in spite of our difficulty in finding places to sleep. I remember that at Santiago we lay on wire springs, without mattress or pad of any kind. The food was indescribable. We ate nothing but fruit and guava jelly. Nevertheless, we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We traveled, sang and laughed, and learned the *danza*, the dance which later developed into the tango.

Finally we started homeward. Arriving at Havana, we lingered on a few days, having finally found a comfortable hotel where we were well served and pleasantly entertained. One day I received a cablegram from my manager in New York, asking me to return at once, as I was urgently needed.

We rushed to our rooms and were soon packed and ready to sail. The little chambermaid, Pacca, who had done so much to make us comfortable, was helping me to strap up my last bag.

"Madame is quite right to leave," she remarked in Spanish. "She has been sleeping in the same bed in which the poor little ballet dancer from the opera died only a week or so ago. She died of yellow fever! The town is full of it!"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "You miserable child! Why didn't you tell me at once? I'll catch it as sure as fate! How could you do such a terrible thing?"

"Madame was so kind," the girl answered in tears. "I didn't want madame to go away! Besides," she added fatalistically, "madame knows the proverb, '*Nadie se muera hasta que Dios le quire.*'" (No one dies before God wills.)

Cold comfort for me! But there was no use wasting words. The fat was already in the fire. I had done everything I should not have done under the circumstances—eaten raw fruit and oysters, walked in the midday sun, rowed on the mosquito-infested inlets! I left Havana and returned to my work, never giving another thought to the matter.

"Nadie se muera hasta que Dios le quire."

XVII

MY FIRST encounter with a Russian audience was truly in keeping with the traditions of that emotional and impulsive people. The day before my début in St. Petersburg my impresario arrived at the hotel early in the morning, to inform me that a rehearsal of Hamlet, with the Italian tenor Battistini, was scheduled for the afternoon.

"Be prepared!" he admonished me. "Make yourself beautiful! The rehearsals are often attended by the ladies of the court, the grand dukes and duchesses. In fact it is impossible to tell who will be there, for the members of the royal household are very fond of music and like to hear the artists who come here for the first time, before they make their regular appearance."

When I arrived at the theater I found a basket of water lilies in my dressing room, with a note from the Grand Duchess Vladimir, saying that they were for Ophelia's mad scene. The moment I walked on the stage I saw that my manager had spoken truly. The theater was crowded! All the cadets from the naval training school were there, as well as many officers and ladies of distinction. I was glad that I had followed my manager's hint and put on a becoming dress.

In the mad scene I wore the lilies the Duchess had sent me twined in my long black hair, very beautiful and luxuriant in those days, which I allowed to fall over my shoulders for the last act.

The effect was apparently excellent, for I was recalled twenty times after the curtain went down. The Russian public is very artistic, very sensitive and, above all, very enthusiastic. The last time I came out I found the cadets climbing up on to the stage. They had chased the musicians from their places, swarmed into the orchestra pit and were clambering over the footlights to get at me. The first thing I knew I was surrounded by the young madcaps, who kissed my hands, my scarf, the sleeves of my dress, overwhelming me with compliments and exclamations of delight. I could not get away from them. Finally, in an excess of enthusiasm, one of them bit my arm!

"Fiends! Savages!" I cried. "Are you going to devour me? Let me pass!" And with a heroic effort I succeeded in reaching my dressing room and shutting myself in behind locks and bars.

The next week, when I was to sing Carmen, I told the director that it was absolutely necessary for me to be left in peace after the performance, and that therefore I would not take any curtain calls. I was determined not to risk another such ovation.

"Good Lord! That will never do!" he exclaimed in despair. "You must make your bow as usual. It's just their little way. You mustn't mind them. Everyone would think you were putting on airs if you did not accept the homage of the public."

Thus adjured, I consented. And, indeed, no one did climb up on the stage when I took my call. The public was wildly enthusiastic, but stayed on its own side of the footlights. When I left the theater, however, I found a mob of young officers and cadets waiting at the stage door. Before I could say a word they lifted me up in their arms and carried me across the snow to my waiting troika!

While I was singing in St. Petersburg an impressive memorial service took place at the Basilica of St. Paul, in honor of the former czar. The French ambassador had given me a ticket which permitted me to witness the ceremonies from the seats reserved for the diplomatic corps.

Dressed in my best, I arrived, as is my wont, promptly on the hour named. I was received by the master of ceremonies, who asked me something in Russian. I knew only two words of that formidable language: "da" and "niet." (Yes and no. Boldly I made use of half my vocabulary and answered "Da!" to his question. Whereupon he conducted me with much ceremony to an excellent seat in the highest place of the reserved inclosure. The crowd outside the grating stared at me curiously. I supposed they envied my excellent position, and I sat there quite calmly until I heard the organ burst into the strains of the national anthem. Turning, I beheld the czar and the czarina, with all the lords and ladies of their suite, approaching me in a solemn procession. Fortunately for me, the Duchess Vladimir was among them. She detached herself from the group and hurried to my side.

"Madame Calvé," she whispered in an agitated undertone, "get up quickly! You are sitting in the seat of the Empress Mother!"

I could have sunk through the floor. Covered with confusion, I rose hastily from my seat and made my way out of the inclosure. I had to pass in front of the whole court before I could reach the modest place that had been reserved for me at the lower end of the church.

The next day I went to the duchess to make my apologies and to explain what had happened. She was very much amused.

"Ah, my friend," she said, "one can go far in this country with a little word like that!"

My unintentional blunder in the cathedral was apparently not held against me, for not long afterward I was engaged to sing in the home of a lady of the highest standing in court circles. A violinist of international reputation was to play at the same time. The night of the performance a superb troika laden with gorgeous fur robes came for me and carried me to the house where I was to sing. My comrade had already arrived when I made my appearance. We were received by a most charming and gracious lady who was apparently entirely alone. She begged us to begin at once.

"My guests are there," she said, indicating a high screen that separated the long salon into two parts, "but they wish to remain incognito. Will you be so kind as to permit them to listen to you from the other side of the screen?"

I was so astonished at the request that I was on the point of raising some objection; but, observing that my colleague appeared to take the situation philosophically, I followed his lead. As we walked toward the piano he turned to me.

"Do not be alarmed," he said. "I have had a similar experience once or twice before in this country. It seems to be merely one of their strange customs."

Bravely I took my place before that silken barrier, and sang as best I could to its unresponsive expanse. Our hostess applauded discreetly, and I heard, from time to time, murmurs of pleasure and approbation from our invisible audience.

A week or so later I was summoned to the Imperial Palace to give a concert there. The procedure was almost identical with that of the enigmatic evening. Were the same personages present? Was it the same mysterious audience? I have never known.

In Russia, as in all the countries that I have visited, I knew many different types of people. It is one of the privileges of an artistic life that in our profession we can consort with high and low alike, with kings and peasants, artists and socialists, governors and rebels. One of my acquaintances in St. Petersburg was an ardent young revolutionist, a nihilist, fiery and determined. She told me her hopes, her dreams. She described the sufferings of the people, and explained to me the ideals of their champions.

"You need not look at me with that expression of astonishment," she said to me one day after a particularly passionate harangue. "You, with your artist's soul, would feel as I do if you lived here long!"

Poor little thing! Six months later she wrote to me from Siberia.

"See how far my convictions have led me," she said in her letter. "I am at the far end of Europe, dying of cold and hunger. How often do I think with longing of those unforgetable hours when I heard you sing Ophelia and Carmen!"

XVIII

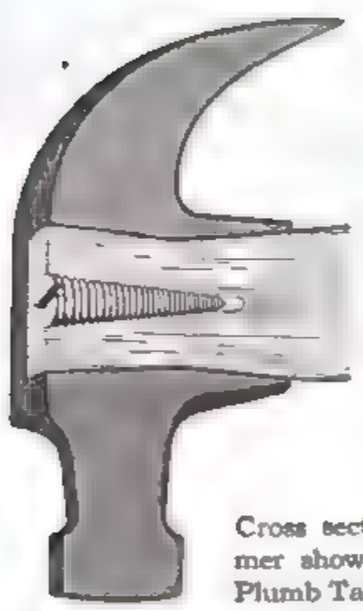
ONE year, on my return from Russia, I visited Turkey. While I was in Constantinople I sang at the home of the

(Continued on Page 54

Plumb Take-up Wedge
Patent applied for.

The Plumb Take-up Wedge keeps the handle tight!

A revolutionary invention that forever overcomes the shrinkage of the wood



Cross section of hammer showing how the Plumb Take-up Wedge expands wood against eye all the way in.

YOU need never cut and drive a new wedge to re-tighten a hammer handle—if your hammer is a Plumb. With a turn of the screw, the Plumb Take-up Wedge keeps the handle always tight.

The Plumb wedging principle is entirely new—patent pending. Other wedges provide no ready means of re-tightening the handle when it shrinks and works loose. The Plumb Take-up Wedge takes up the slack: the cone shape expands the handle tightly against all sides of the eye, all the way in. The screw threads prevent the wedge from flying out.

No nail hammer now is complete without this Take-up Wedge, and none except a Plumb can have it. Simple, safe and sure, it saves the time and temper of every hammer user.

Mechanics always have said, "They're worth more." When they buy Plumb Hammers with the Plumb Take-up Wedge they will say, "They're worth double!" The Plumb Hammer has a better balance; a broader striking face; and shorter-split, greater-leverage claws.

Let your hardware dealer show you the Plumb Hammer with its distinctive black head and red handle. You'll like its weight, heft, swing and feel—its easy-working qualities. Use it, and you'll appreciate its Double Life—due to Plumb special analysis steel, toughened to outlast many ordinary hammers.

Hammer, $1.50 (except in Far West and in Canada).

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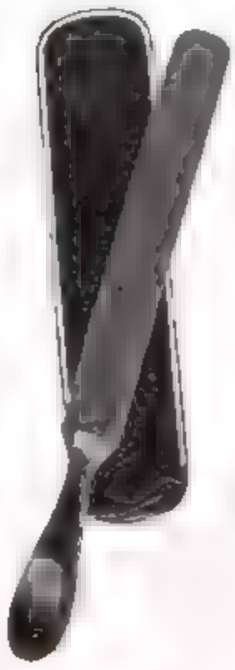


Handiest file ever made. Better than a stone for all edge tools. Sharpens garden tools, mowers, scythes, knives, etc.

For automobilists, farmers, mechanics and everybody who has filing to do.

Forged handle is part of file. Sheath protects teeth.

Double-cut on one side to remove metal quickly; single-cut on other side, for a smooth finish. Two files in one, with added advantage of handle and sheath.

35¢ for file and sheath at hardware dealers'

(Except in Far West and in Canada)

Why not settle, once and f this question of Corre

LET US SHOW you exactly why your Ford engine operates best on a light-bodied, clean-burning oil, such as Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

First, you pour in the oil. Your Ford manual tells you to open the pet-cock on the oil reservoir, and to pour oil into the filler until it runs from this top pet-cock.

Suppose you pour in an oil *heavier* than "E." It is easy to supply too much, unless the oil flows out freely when the upper pet-cock level is reached. Medium or heavy-bodied oils flow sluggishly, especially in cold weather. Consequently there is a danger of over-supply.

When you pour in Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," it runs out at once when the oil is up to the pet-cock level. The correct oil level is obtained with CERTAINTY.
(POINT 1)

But possibly you do not think that this over-supply of oil makes any difference. Well, let us see what happens.

You notice that there is no splash trough for the rear cylinder. It is lubricated by the fly-wheel splash. (The third cylinder also receives some of this splash.) The more oil there is in the reservoir, the more will be splashed to the third and fourth cylinders. So the fly-wheel splashes too much oil to these cylinders.

If a heavier oil is used, don't be surprised to find extra-heavy carbon deposits in these rear cylinders.

The exceptionally clean-burning character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" minimizes the tendency toward carbon formation in the combustion chambers.
(POINT 2)

Next let us look at the connecting rods and splash troughs. Cylinders 1, 2 and 3 are lubricated by the dipping of the four connecting rods into these troughs. Remember that the four connecting rods have neither oil holes, oil grooves nor dippers. To lubricate the friction surfaces the oil must work its way through the close clearances between the ends of the bearings and the crank cheeks, and then distribute itself over the bearing surfaces.

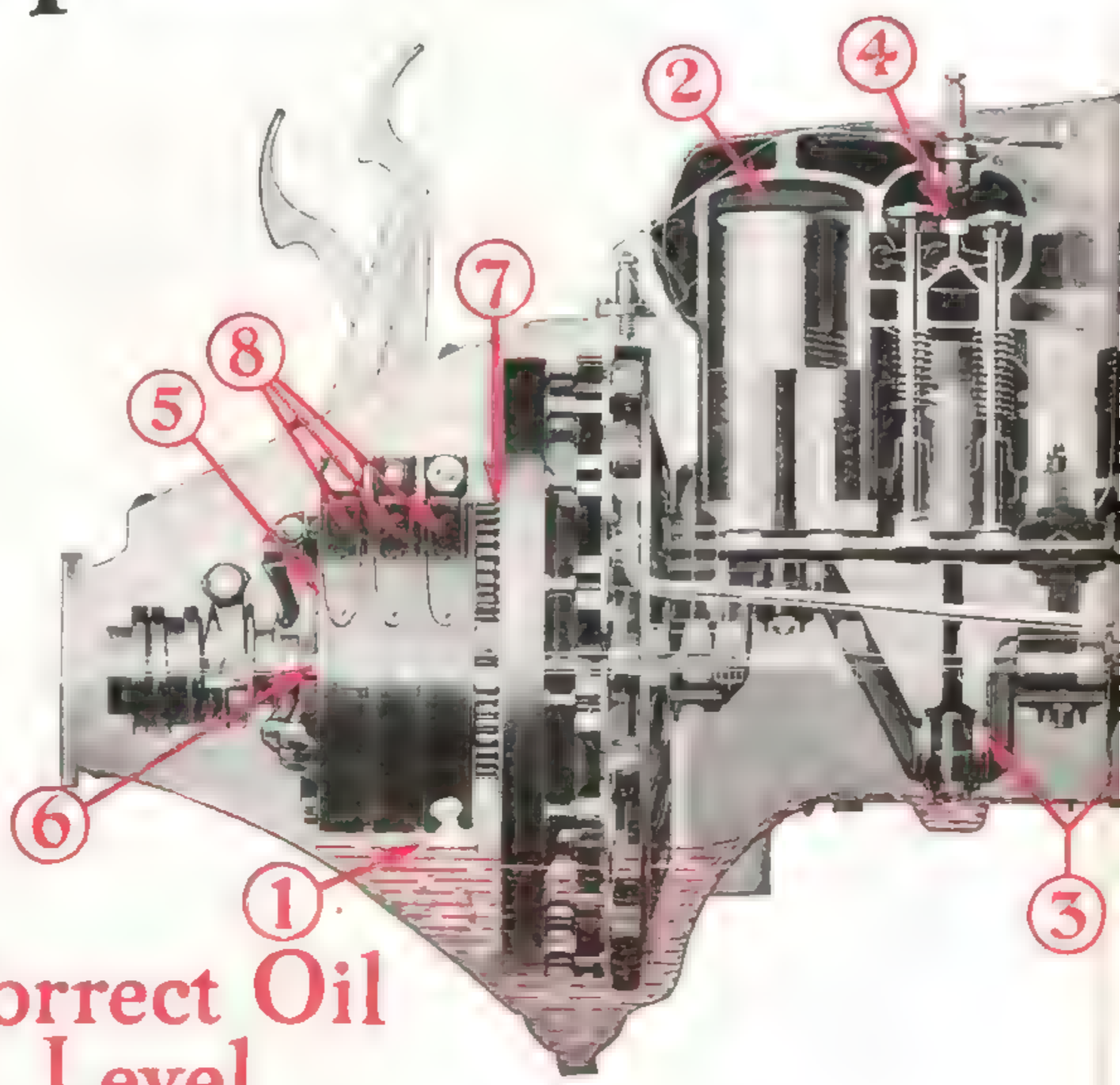
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is sufficiently fluid to reach and lubricate these surfaces with ease. An incorrect or heavier oil very often does not. (POINT 3)

Next, let us consider the pistons. The Ford pistons over-run the top of the cylinder bore. Consequently, any oil carried up by the piston rings is forced into the valve chambers. A heavy oil does not burn up readily, but remains to gum the valves.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," being a light-bodied, clean-burning oil, is readily consumed and expelled. It does not main to foul the valves, seats and st
(POINT 4)

As to the clutch: The Ford has a mult disc clutch running "wet." This clutc continually in a spray of engine oil. manufacturers of this type of clutch as ommend a light oil which will give posi quick engagement with no slipping, ann instantaneous release.

Heavier oils used in Ford engines c a drag between the clutch plates. causes "creeping." The car starts a when the engine starts, although the cl



Correct Oil Level

Gargoyle Mobil

Domestic Branches: New York (Main Office) Boston Indianapolis Minneapolis

VACUUM O

all, Lubrication for your Ford?

Your Ford instruction book (Answer No. 100) says:—

"We recommend only light high-grade gas engine oil. . . . Heavy and inferior oils have a tendency to carbonize quickly; also 'gum up' the piston rings, valve stems and bearings."

eleased.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" gives positive and immediate clutch engagement and disengagement. There is no "creeping." (POINT 5)

t a word about the transmission. In the d you have a Planetary transmission ploying three *close-fitting* sleeves, unted on an extension of the crank-shaft. eavy-bodied oil is not well adapted to k into and thoroughly lubricate the ves and bearings.

The body and character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enable it to distribute thoroughly and meet this lubrication need perfectly. (POINT 6)

As to the transmission gears: There are three sets of triple gears mounted on close-fitting pivots. These gears are bronze bushed. The bearings fit tightly—in fact, so tightly that oil heavier than "E" is handicapped in working into and correctly lubricating the bushings and pins.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is of such body that it freely creeps in between the close-fitting parts and thoroughly lubricates the gears and bearings. (POINT 7)

Chattering! Chattering of Ford transmission bands is caused by incorrect adjustment or wear, also by diluted or thinned-out oil, which cannot properly lubricate the gripping surfaces.

The remedy is obvious: (1) Have the bands correctly adjusted, or (2) if worn, replace with new bands, (3) drain off the old crank-case oil at regular intervals.

The superior quality of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" gives the greatest freedom from chattering. (POINT 8)

This concludes our trip through the Ford lubrication system.

* * * *

BY a careful consideration of the above factors the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers determined the need for an oil of high quality, light body, free-flowing characteristics, and with minimum carbonizing tendencies for the correct lubrication of the Ford engine, clutch and transmission.

To meet these exacting needs, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is manufactured.

The results secured by Ford owners through the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are ample proof of the high quality of this oil and the correctness of this recommendation.

Put Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in your Ford today.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name Mobiloil (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company, in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

"E" for Fords

COMPANY

Chicago, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Des Moines, Detroit, Dallas, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Kan.

The rounded edges of this pencil make it "*Pleasing to the fingers.*"

A Message To Parents and Teachers

THIS year, make it a point to know the kind of pencils the children are using. The right pencils will help their handwriting—they will lessen eye-strain—they will ease and speed the daily formative tasks in the school room and in the home.

Somewhere in the Dixon line there is a pencil for every age and every grade—for the little fellow just starting out to school—for his older brother or sister in the grammar school—for later years in high school and in business.

Not very far from wherever you are there is a dependable dealer who sells Dixon pencils. Make it a point to consult with him. He will be glad to help you select the right pencils for your children—the right size, the right weight for chubby little hands—the right lead for eyes that must not be strained.

Send for special School Catalog

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
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A. R. MacDougall & Co., Limited, Toronto

(Continued from Page 50)

French ambassador. There I met Nazim Pasha, one of the leading figures of the day and a familiar at the court of Abdul-Hamid. He asked me whether it would interest me to sing for the sultan. Needless to say, I assured him that it would.

A week later, a *chaouch* of the palace, one of those magnificent mounted servants whom I had occasionally seen in the streets, brought me word that his majesty the sultan summoned me to the palace and gave me permission to sing in the harem. A little note, unsigned but written in a feminine hand, begged me to bring the music of Carmen, the comb, fan, mantilla and, most particularly, the castanets for the dance.

I felt an undeniable thrill of terror at the idea of coming into contact with the Red Sultan, whose word made Islam tremble, and whose evil reputation had spread to every corner of the globe. The moment I crossed the threshold of the gorgeous Palace of Yildiz it seemed to me that the sun was swallowed up; that all the radiance and glory that flooded the Bosporus had disappeared.

I was conducted into a great hall hung with marvelous tapestries, where slave girls, in garments of many-colored silk, stood straight and motionless against the walls. A few moments after my arrival the sultanas entered. Clothed in all the splendor of their native costume, lovely and welcoming, they clustered about me. One of them, who spoke French very well, begged me to sing the Song of the Birds, the Mysoli, which I had sung at the embassy and of which they had heard so much.

I had hardly begun to sing when I became aware of a strange sensation of anxiety, a sort of terror surging up within me. I turned and saw a man standing at a little distance from me. Ugly, lean, sinister, his eagle's gaze fastened upon me, he dominated the room. Everyone bowed before him, the slaves prostrate on the floor, the sultanas bent low. I realized that it was he! My voice caught in my throat and my poor little accompanist stopped short, trembling with fear. He seated himself, without speaking a word, and signed to us to continue.

I finished my song and sang many more. Finally I dared to look at my terrifying listener. He seemed abstracted, distant, indifferent to my singing, unconscious even of my presence, as though lost in painful meditation.

The little sultana who had spoken to me before urged me to commence Carmen at once. The sultan roused himself when I began, and seemed to take some little pleasure in my dancing. Suddenly his eyes gleamed strangely as he watched me.

"Good heavens!" I thought. "If I should have the bad luck to please him!"

I instantly pictured myself shut up in the harem and my alarmed imagination evoked a lurid drama!

Meanwhile the rhythm of my dance was bringing me nearer and nearer the sultan. All at once an expression of terror crossed his face. He rose from his chair precipitously and disappeared. I never saw him again.

The ladies of the seraglio surrounded me with compliments and attentions. Coffee was served in delicate cups mounted on feet of gold and set with precious stones. Curious sweets on golden platters were presented by the slaves, who, according to the etiquette of the palace, wore draperies of crimson velvet embroidered in gold thrown over their shoulders. At a given signal one of the slaves began the Oriental Dance of the Scarf. She was extraordinarily graceful, swirling and weaving the flashing silken veil about her with languid, rhythmic movements. Finally one of the sultanas approached me and ceremoniously presented a golden chalice of exquisite workmanship.

"From his majesty the sultan," she explained, "who thanks you and begs you to pardon him for not being able to present this cup himself. His majesty is indisposed," she added, "and has therefore asked me to express to you all his admiration for your beautiful dance."

I left the palace as though returning from a distant and incredible voyage. I felt that I had been bewitched, carried away to another world. A few days later I told my adventures to one of my friends attached to the embassy.

"It is the first time," I concluded, laughing, "that my Carmen dance has ever made anyone run away."

"You probably approached too near the sultan," my friend answered, "and it alarmed him. He is consumed with suspicion, haunted by the fear of murder."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Afraid of my castanets, my fan?"

"Ah!" retorted the Frenchman. "Could you not have had Carmen's dagger in your garter?"

XIX

IT WAS after my first engagement in America that I was able to fulfill the dream of which I have already spoken. I went back to Aveyron that year after my fatiguing winter's work with the idea in my mind of buying a farm for my father, where he could settle down and spend the rest of his life

I asked the notary in our village whether there was any land for sale in the neighborhood.

"Yes," he answered. "There is the farm of Cabrières, but I am afraid the castle goes with it. You would not want that, I am sure!"

The name brought to my mind the long-forgotten picture of that sunny road and my impossible vision. I asked to be shown the castle, and we went there with my father.

While we were looking it over he remonstrated with me long and patiently.

"My child," he said, "it is sheer folly. It is much too great an undertaking for you. The whole place needs repairs. Give up this wild idea. You really don't need a castle. Be a good girl, and forget your dream!"

But I am hard to move, once my mind has been set upon an idea. I have always done, within the limits of possibility, what I have wanted to do. I went ahead without consulting my father and made the necessary arrangements. The following Sunday I told him that we were invited to dinner with the farmers of Cabrières. I put the great key of the postern gate at my father's place, and when he picked up his napkin it rolled out at his feet. He was overcome with surprise and ready to cry with joy. It was one of the happiest hours of my life.

My father lived there long and happily, and there I have built my home, a resting place and a refuge, a nest to return to after my distant flights. I have brought back to it the riches of experience and memory, the treasures of a long and fortunate career. Some of them are tangible—furniture, pictures, books, mementos of all kinds. Others are invisible, yet even more real—the unforgotten presences of the past. Cabrières is a necessary part of my life. I truly believe that the extraordinary preservation of my voice is largely due to the long months I spend in that quiet spot, far from worldly gayeties and distractions. If I stay away too long I become ill, like a plant deprived of water. My lungs crave the dry, bracing air of the mountain plains. I need my country, my home!

There are no trees in our part of the world. The clouds, the rocks, the vast stretches of upland covered with heather, box or scrub pine—this is all that can be seen.

It is not the type of country to please those who like pretty places. It is melancholy, my poor Aveyron. Perhaps I love it for that very reason.

The spirit of the past which permeates it makes me calm, contemplative. Even conversation seems out of place there. How restful it is, how reposeful, after the turmoil and constant agitation of America!

The little castle of Cabrières dates from 1050. I have looked up its history and followed its fortunes down the ages. An Englishman was killed under its walls. It saw the horrors of the religious wars and was the refuge of a certain group of Knights Templar.

The old man from whom I bought it rendered me, quite unconsciously, an invaluable service. He was fond of trees, and planted a grove near the château. I bless him from my heart every day that I sit under their welcome shade! They are the only trees to be found for many miles around.

Like every castle with a shade of self-respect, Cabrières has its ghost. One of the rooms is called the Chamber of the Phantom, though I shall have to admit that I myself have never seen its spectral inhabitant. The villagers, however, are quite convinced of its presence.

Many years ago, the story runs, an arrogant knight, one of my predecessors in the castle, determined to build a bridge which should stretch from one hill to the other. Every day he built a little. Every night a wicked demon destroyed his work. The bridge was never finished, but the unfortunate knight, as a punishment for his pride, was condemned to return year after year to the scene of his failure. The peasants still see him in his huge hat and long cloak, stalking beneath the walls of Cabrières

My real guests are rather more to my taste than this poor, futile specter of the bridge. I have had many delightful visitors at Cabrières, and the presence of my friends has added greatly to my love for the place.

One year it was the summer of 1894—the Cadets de Gascogne, that interesting society of artists, actors and writers, honored me with a visit in the course of its journey through France. The party included Monsieur Leygues, Minister of Fine Arts, Benjamin Constant, the distinguished artist, Mounet Sully, of the Comédie Française, Gailhard, director of the Opéra, and M. and Mme. Adolphe Brisson.

I can still see Mounet Sully declaiming the stanzas of the Furies of Orestes from the height of the rocky platform that juts out in front of the château like the prow of a ship. It is there, on this same platform, that I have stood many times, answering the songs of the shepherds who on the distant uplands watch their sheep.

I wish that I could hand on to the children of today my own passionate love for these old folk songs of France. They are the expression of the soul of the nation, tuneful, lovely, filled with the poetry and the lore of the past. How much more beautiful they are than the inept refrains of the music-hall tunes of today!

Not far from Cabrières, on the other side of the mountain, are the famous Gorges of the Tarn. One of the sights of this region is the grotto of Dargilan, a huge labyrinthine cave filled with stalactites and stalagmites.

One day I visited the grotto with some friends. We were conducted through its wonders by a young shepherd, who explained it all to us in the inimitable patois of his country. He was only sixteen, but already full of wisdom.

"Do you like being a shepherd?" we asked him as we walked along. "Wouldn't you prefer to be a mechanic and travel over the world, seeing new sights and countries? Don't you find it rather stupid, at your age, to stay in one place all the time?"

"No, madame," he answered with complete conviction. "I want to be a shepherd all my life. I am happy to be out there in the pastures, watching the sheep. I think of the *bon Dieu*, and at night the stars are so beautiful!"

We came finally to a tremendous cave. Its vast, mysterious depths fascinated me. I began to sing. The boy started and turned toward me.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "How lovely! If the mistress could only hear you she would give you a job! You could come every day and sing for the tourists. I am sure she would pay you a lot of money for it."

I was duly impressed.

"How much do you think she would pay me?" I asked.

"Well, now," he said judiciously, screwing up his brow and scratching his head, "it's hard to say. I think she might go as high as five francs a day. It would be good business."

"I'll think it over," I answered. "It is very kind of you to give me the tip. But don't you know," I added, "I live over the way, at Cabrières?"

"No, no, madame," the boy answered. "I have never been as far as that. Our church is up there on the plateau, and that is as far as I have traveled."

A year later I was again visiting the grotto. The boy was still there. He recognized me at once and came toward me, twisting his cap in his hands, apparently much embarrassed.

"Good morning, madame," he mumbled. "I guess you had a good laugh at me last year."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Why should I laugh at you?"

"I was told afterward who you were," he answered. "A nice kind of a fool you must have thought me, with my five francs a day! They tell me that in the Americas you don't have to do more than yawn to earn eight pairs of oxen!"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Madame Calvé. The next will appear in an early issue.

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CROMPTON "All-Weather" CORDUROY

SIDELIGHTS ON J. P. MORGAN

(Continued from Page 15)

"You've heard what I said," he answered.

"You've heard what I said," I replied with a smile.

July came and the newspapers had recorded Mr. Morgan's return. Shortly thereafter I went to his library. He was alone in his room at the western end of the building, a room which opened into a fireproof chamber that contained his manuscript treasures. He was seated before a table on which he had been playing solitaire, a recreation that one could not help recalling had been a favorite pastime of Napoleon. In my earlier discussions I had laid stress on various points which made the Wakeman collection the greatest in existence of its kind—finest in the world as regards Hawthorne, Thoreau, Poe and Whittier, and exceedingly important as to the other authors. The obvious arguments had been used without convincing success, and on this occasion I had determined to try another approach; and if that failed I did not intend to bother further. It was with this in mind that I had retained the one manuscript alluded to above.

In reply to my inquiry as to how he had decided Mr. Morgan said, "I'll go over the catalogue once more; come in again tomorrow and I'll decide one way or the other."

"No, Mr. Morgan. I'm afraid it's no use my coming again. As a matter of fact I do not know whether today's visit is of any use." And I then told him that Mr. Wakeman had withdrawn the collection, but that I still thought that if he, Mr. Morgan, would come to an immediate decision I could see to it that the manuscripts would become part of his library.

Mr. Morgan, of course, knew of Mr. Wakeman as an ardent collector to whom the money value in the transaction we were discussing was of minor consideration. As a man devoted to his own treasures, Mr. Morgan could readily understand the sentiments that had prompted Mr. Wakeman first to offer and then to withdraw the offer of his collection. Mr. Morgan sat there for a moment, obviously considering the entire situation. It was then that I took up the one manuscript that I had kept.

The Children's Hour

"Here's one of the poems in the collection," I said; "and, if you will excuse me for being personal, whenever I read it I think of you and your grandchildren."

"What's that?" said Mr. Morgan in his quick, incisive way. I fancy that he was not used to having his private sentiments brought into a business discussion.

"It's Longfellow's poem concerning his grandchildren, and it reminds me of you and yours."

"Let me see it," he said.

Mr. Morgan put on his spectacles and read that lovely lyric of grand-paternal affection whose opening verses are so familiar:

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

When Mr. Morgan finished reading the poem he hit the table with his fist.

"I'll take the collection," he said.

What rare items, worth thousands upon thousands of dollars, had not been able to consummate had now been effected by a short manuscript of comparatively insignificant monetary value.

The Children's Hour had made this enormous appeal to Mr. Morgan because he was himself a lover of children; and in that stately library to which influential and distinguished leaders in all fields came, somewhat as courtiers came, of old, to a powerful prince, Mr. Morgan's grandchildren romped around with that freedom made possible by their grandfather's affection for them. They were among the comparatively few people who held in no awe whatsoever the masterful man who delighted to play with them.

Though deep sentiments of family affection were thus, like his strong loyalty in friendship, potent factors in Mr. Morgan's actions and reactions, his outstanding characteristic was his dominating will. He was temperamentally the aristocrat and the autocrat, and as such he appealed to the popular imagination rather than to the popular sympathies. With all his patriotic belief in American institutions, and despite the largess of his public benefactions, he was undemocratic, and there is thus the interest of paradox in the fact that the American he seemed most to admire, and certainly whose manuscripts he was most ardent in collecting, was Abraham Lincoln. One of his comparatively few disappointments as a collector was his inability to acquire the original manuscript of the Gettysburg Address, which Lincoln gave to John Hay. For this brief paper, written, so the story goes, while the train was carrying Lincoln to the resting place of the Civil War soldiers, Mr. Morgan is said to have offered fifty thousand dollars, a sum which, had Mrs. Hay accepted it, would have established probably for all times the highest price paid for an American manuscript.

Mr. Lincoln's Bear Hunt

But though Lincoln's masterpiece did not become a part of the Morgan collection many other important items figure there, some of them acquired in ways which illustrate Mr. Morgan's character. There is, for instance, The Bear Hunt. This long poem of over twenty stanzas—one of the only two pieces of verse extant or perhaps ever written by Lincoln—recounts an adventure in Kentucky, when Lincoln, a young backwoodsman about twenty-one years of age, took part in the chase of a bear. When the animal was finally brought down, and the hunting dogs, some of them torn and bleeding, were panting around their prey, a little cur that had hitherto kept well in the background took, as it were, the center of the stage and yelped proudly, as if the victory were due to him. The wit wherewith Lincoln comments on this episode and suggests its parallel in the world of human action is worthy of the genius of Alexander Pope, an author whose writings Lincoln so greatly enjoyed. Though of course Lincoln's poem is not fine verse, its swing and its humor would justify its publication, quite apart from its autobiographical interest.

The manuscript was offered to Mr. Morgan at two prices; the acceptance of the first price would have placed him in possession of the manuscript itself, with the rights of publication reserved; the second and higher price left the manuscript entirely at Mr. Morgan's disposal. He was willing to pay considerably more to have it on the latter terms, and though numerous efforts were later made to have Mr. Morgan permit the magazine publication of Lincoln's poem, or to have him print it for private distribution and for possible presentation to public libraries, the poem still remains practically unknown save to those few friends to whom the Morgan family have shown it.

This point of privacy in possession is stressed because it was so characteristic, and it was, it might seem, the one regrettable element in Mr. Morgan's nature as a collector. The tendency of other famous American collectors of manuscripts has been otherwise. Unpublished material of Thoreau, Stevenson, Eugene Field, Charles Lamb, Dickens and many other writers acquired by Mr. W. K. Bixby has long ago been placed in the hands of editors and has become part of the literary wealth of the world. Catalogues have included hitherto unknown material of Stevenson and others, collected by the Wideners; a vast amount of unpublished writings of Washington Irving has issued from the collection formed by the late Isaac N. Seligman; while the great Huntington collection, now housed in California, will be available for students and scholars from all parts of the world. But research in the Morgan library has been limited to comparatively few, and its unpublished manuscripts of Thoreau and Whittier and Lincoln and many others, including material for a history of the Indians, preserved by Thoreau in eleven manuscript volumes, still remain unedited. It is only fair to Mr. Morgan to add that towards the very end of his life he entered into discussions concerning the publication of some of these, and it is not unlikely that if he had lived a little longer he might have sufficiently overcome his desire to share alone with his friends the enjoyment of his unpublished manuscripts, to issue a series of publications.

(Continued on Page 58)

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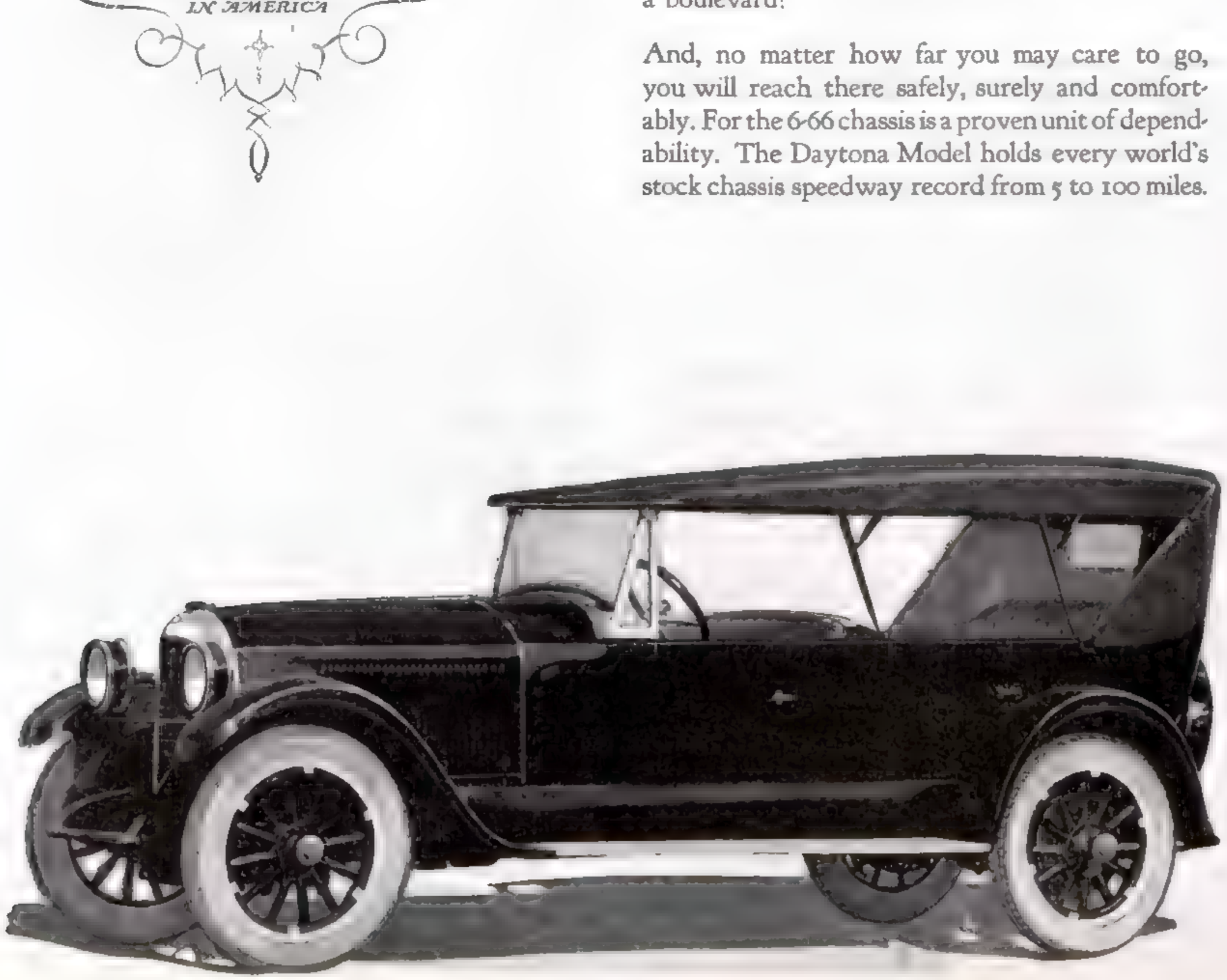

(Continued from Page 56)

Concerning Lincoln again, there comes to mind the episode of Mr. Morgan's acquisition of a little group of remarkable letters written by Mr. Lincoln to Andrew Johnson and Ulysses S. Grant, the two men who were to succeed him in the presidential chair. These letters, five in all, entirely in Lincoln's autograph and some of them taking up four quarto pages—were purchased on one of the darkest days during the panic of 1907, and immediately after their purchase I walked over with them to the Morgan library. Miss Greene, Mr. Morgan's very able librarian, informed me that in view of the financial distress of the country in general Mr. Morgan was in no mood to indulge in the luxury of collecting and had indeed just made up his mind to make no purchase for a year from date. In spite of this discouraging news I asked to see Mr. Morgan, and a few moments later had entered his large room, where I found him alone.

I had hardly crossed the threshold when, on seeing me, he said, "I'm not buying anything at all now."

"I'm not trying to sell anything," I replied. "I'm giving something away."

"What do you mean?"

"I think, Mr. Morgan, that after you have looked at these Lincoln letters, and heard the price, you will agree with me that they are a gift."

The letters were indeed superb. Lincoln's recommendations and instructions to Johnson and Grant had to do with some of the most significant events, both military and executive, of the Civil War period, and Mr. Morgan after looking over their contents was quick to realize their importance and their rarity.

When he heard the price -less than four figures for the entire collection—he said, "Yes, that's very reasonable."

Then there was a moment of silence, for between him and his acquisition of the manuscripts remained his unwillingness to purchase new treasures at this time of public stress. Finally he cut the Gordian knot:

"I'll take them; but I won't pay for them for a year."

Mr. Morgan's Shrewdness

Now it was Mr. Morgan's custom to settle for what he considered minor purchases—items that amounted to less than ten thousand dollars—as soon as the bill was presented. His large purchases were, I believe, paid for semiannually. I experienced a sensation of humor in reflecting that Mr. Morgan would be in my debt an entire year, for a sum involving only a few hundreds of dollars, and I agreed to the transaction mainly for the satisfaction of making a sale under circumstances which seemed to prohibit one. When the year was up and prosperity had returned I asked Mr. Morgan whether he would accept two thousand dollars to call the transaction off. He refused; and when after his death these Lincoln letters were expertized for the purposes of valuing the Morgan estate, the sum of five thousand dollars was set against them.

This is only one of many instances of Mr. Morgan's acumen as a collector. He was eager to buy beautiful or rare things; his fields of collecting were more numerous than those of any of his contemporaries; he bought on a large scale. But it is a great mistake to think that he was a man of whom dealers could easily take advantage. On the contrary, he had that forward-looking imagination which enabled him to visualize the collector's sphere far in advance, so that those items acquired by him—whether paintings by the great masters, marvelous Chinese porcelains or manuscripts of Keats or of Burns—that might seem to have been purchased at prices high at the time, proved to be bargains long before Mr. Morgan's years were ended. It was the same kind of imagination which, functioning in the world of business, qualified him to understand the potentialities of an industry while it was still in its infancy. He had, moreover, an innate sense for beauty, and he had confidence in his own judgment.

Perhaps the most interesting episode wherein these various qualities came to unusual play was that of his purchase of the exquisite painting of Vermeer which so many thousands of persons admired when, during the Hudson-Fulton Centennial, it hung on the walls of the Metropolitan Museum. A noted art dealer of New York and Paris had driven down from his art galleries with the picture under his arm. He showed the little painting to Mr. Morgan, saying that it was one of the finest examples of Vermeer.

"Who is Vermeer?" asked Mr. Morgan.

This question would seem astounding if it were made today; but it was made many years ago, where there were probably not four paintings by this artist in all America, and his name was practically unknown in the circles of American art collectors. Henry G. Marquand, of New York, and Collis P. Huntington, the great California magnate, had Vermeers; and John G. Johnson, the distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, may have had his example. But that was all, and Mr. Morgan's question was one that might have been asked by many lovers of paintings, unless they were students of Dutch art.

The dealer briefly told Mr. Morgan a few facts concerning the Dutch painter, who, coming after Rembrandt, had achieved such perfection in the use of his brush that he still remains the last word from the point of view of finished detailed beauty. He added the, commercially speaking, important information that Vermeers were almost unobtainable by private collectors, only some twenty-eight examples of his art being recorded in the private and public collections of Europe.

A Quick Decision

Whereupon Mr. Morgan again looked at the picture carefully, and asked the price. The price was a hundred thousand dollars.

"I'll take it," said Mr. Morgan.

The whole affair took only a few moments, and here was a collector who was willing to pay this large sum for a picture by an artist of whose existence he had not been aware a quarter of an hour earlier. No one but Mr. Morgan could have done this. He did it because his eye told him that he was in the presence of a consummate work of art, and his quickly working mind recognized that, as there were extant so few paintings by this master, the price was moderate.

Within a few years Mr. Morgan could, had he so desired, have sold his Vermeer at a very large advance to Mr. P. A. B. Widener, and that at least a quarter of a million dollars could be obtained for it today there is no doubt.

Wealthy collectors have, of course, their idiosyncrasies, and among them seems to be a willingness to pay almost any price when buying from one another, or in competing with one another at auction, coupled with an unwillingness knowingly to allow a dealer a very large profit. Mr. Morgan, though by and large a generous buyer, often followed the custom of offering a moderate percentage advance—say 10 or 20 per cent—when he knew the cost to the dealer of the item in question; he had, moreover, not always, but at times, the somewhat disconcerting habit of asking what that cost was.

On one occasion I brought to Mr. Morgan's attention a collection of some thirty or forty letters of George Washington, addressed to Gen. George Clinton, later governor of New York State, and to his brother, Gen. James Clinton. These letters, many of them unpublished, were concerned with some of the most momentous events of the American Revolution, and included Washington's Farewell Address to the American Army. Various of the manuscripts, signed by Washington, were dictated by him to his aide-de-camp, Alexander Hamilton. Altogether the most remarkable series of Washington letters that had turned up in many years; and the price, ten thousand, that I asked Mr. Morgan for them, seemed to me moderate. On naming the price I added that I thought the collection was worth considerably more. Mr. Morgan was seated at his desk in his office in his banking house. He was smoking one of those long, black, heavy cigars of his that had the appearance and odor of affluence. He was looking not at me, but straight ahead, no doubt pondering the points that had been brought forward about the importance and the rarity of the manuscripts.

Then suddenly he turned around in his chair, and fastening upon me his penetrating gaze, asked, "What did they cost?"

What may be the business ethics concerning one's right to evade or prevaricate in replying to a question of this kind, may be interesting as a theme for academic discussion, but apart from the fact that the cost could in some measure have been ascertained by reference to catalogues of auctions where some of these manuscripts had been obtained, the abruptness of Mr. Morgan's query and the piercing quality of his dark eyes did not tempt one to circumvention.

"They cost," I answered, "about four thousand dollars; and that is the reason why I am willing to sell them for ten."

Mr. Morgan was silent for half a minute or so, and then he said, "I'll give you eight thousand."

I do not recall that my firm—I was then in partnership with Mr. Arthur H. Harlow—had ever allowed more than 10 per cent discount from any price, and that only in circumstances of important sales. I felt convinced that Mr. Morgan, in offering twice the cost, had gone so far beyond his usual procedure in such cases that a refusal on my part would probably terminate our business relations. So the offer was accepted, and Mr. Morgan had again shown his judgment in acquiring a collection far below its value.

The sentiment that actuated much that Mr. Morgan did has been referred to in this article as one of his qualities not generally known to the public. Another was his sense of humor. He was so busy a man—the most potent of private citizens in the affairs of his church, as well as in finance and art circles, with one person after another waiting to see him—that he lost little time in the lighter and more casual ways of conversation. But he certainly had both receptivity for humor and wit of his own. One recalls how he came striding, with that quick powerful walk of his, into the librarian's room, the day of the wedding of Gladys Vanderbilt to the Count Szechenyi. Mr. Morgan obviously had no minutes to spare in order to get to the ceremony.

"I have no time to buy anything, even if you were to offer me the original of the Ten Commandments." Then turning to the attractive young woman standing next to him he added: "I wouldn't even buy you today!"

"You haven't got money enough, Mr. Morgan," the young woman rejoined; and he laughed appreciatively at her retort.

A Municipal Blunder

The part played by the present writer towards the formation of the Morgan collection was indeed a very minor one, inasmuch as it related almost solely to manuscripts and association books—volumes that were annotated or had presentation inscriptions by their authors. Other dealers all over the world were active in many specialized directions; some of them focusing their attention on ancient art, on medieval art, on miniatures, on watches, on snuff boxes; others on paintings of the various schools, drawings of old masters, tapestries, furniture, and so on down through the long list of Mr. Morgan's interests as a collector. Excavators were at work for him, scholars were deciphering his Coptic writings, buyers were ransacking China for superb porcelains, his interest in Bibles led to intense research and the treasures of all countries, the priceless possessions of many princes of the past, came thus to find their resting place in the London and New York homes of Mr. Morgan.

But one did not have the museum feeling in viewing Mr. Morgan's treasures. His houses were homes enriched by beautiful things; they were not buildings erected for their display, as in the case, let us say, of the Frick mansion. Henry C. Frick quite obviously planned his residence as a permanent art memorial, and as such it will, on Mrs. Frick's death, pass into the possession of New York City. Mr. Morgan, one feels certain, planned otherwise. He gathered together rare and beautiful objects on such a scale that towards the end of his life he was the owner of the most marvelous private collection of modern times. He was also, and had been for many years, the enthusiastic president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Within the last ten years of his life he had brought over many of his art treasures from Europe, and some of them were displayed at the museum as loans, while others were stored in cases in its cellars.

Then came, I think, through lack of understanding of the sensitiveness and sentiment that were a part of Mr. Morgan's nature, a serious error of omission by the authorities of the city government, and perhaps an error by the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum. Had the city then provided funds for the immediate erection of a wing to the museum, to house much of the Morgan collection, there would seem to be little doubt that Mr. Morgan would either have presented many of his treasures or had provided definitely in his will for their inheritance by the city of New York. But though he appeared ready to donate or bequeath treasures worth millions, as a matter of pride—and Mr. Morgan was a man of intense personal dignity—he was not willing to provide the comparatively small sum to erect the needed wing to house them. The dilatoriness of the city in this respect indicated to him, I think, lack of appreciation, and was in any case a psychological blunder. Whether the trustees themselves offered to contribute the sum, or whether Mr. Morgan would have assented to the offer in view of the fact that the money should have been forthcoming from the municipality, one cannot say. A moment of such unparalleled importance to the municipality passed by without action; and when Mr. Morgan's will was read his collections were left to his son, the present J. P. Morgan.

Two Marble Palaces

The heir made some very rich gifts to the museum, and placed on loan many other important collections, but retained the preponderant portion of his father's treasures. Later, some items—the paintings by Fragonard, and various Chinese porcelains—were purchased by Mr. Frick. There can be no criticism of the younger Morgan; the entire blame rests, it would seem, on the shortsightedness of the authorities. Theirs was an error that they have fortunately not duplicated in the instance of the Altman bequest; and only a few months ago the city administration voted the requisite money for the erection of the gallery to contain the art objects inherited by the people of the city of New York from Benjamin Altman.

The names of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Altman bring up interesting thoughts. They were the two New Yorkers who had, for many decades, headed the group of great American collectors. The one, born to wealth and great social position, developed his firm until it had become the greatest banking house on the western continent. Working his own way up the ladder of success, the other was, long before his death, the head of a great department store. Mr. Altman's mercantile marble palace was only a block away from Mr. Morgan's marble library. They were different in many ways; but they were alike in their reserve, their greatness as constructive business men, their indifference to public acclaim, their intensity as collectors, and their lack of ostentation. Mr. Altman, like Mr. Morgan, went around New York in a coupé, drawn by a single horse. They were alike also, fortunately for our city, in the fineness of their appreciation of what the museum of a great city can do towards the education and the enjoyment of the public.

But after all it was not his love for beautiful things, but his driving will that made Pierpont Morgan a great man. With the exception of Theodore Roosevelt, he was the most dynamic American of his times. Roosevelt was a good mixer, and Mr. Morgan was not; Mr. Morgan did not care for publicity, whether as to his private affairs or his public benefactions, while Roosevelt basked genially in the limelight; Roosevelt had charm and magnetism in handling the reins that led men along the paths over which he wished to see them travel, while Mr. Morgan, when occasion demanded—as in times of financial crises—made no bones about snapping the whip. But in the vitality of their leadership, in their great power of domination—which is a good power when, as in both their cases, it has regard for the public benefit—these two men had in their day no rivals.

VALVE-IN-HEAD
Buick
MOTOR CARS

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

We are intensely proud of the fact that Buick, one of the really notable cars of the world, has been equipped with Delco Starting, Lighting and Ignition for eight consecutive years.

It is the conviction of the many Buick admirers that the performance of America's foremost electrical equipment adds greatly to the car's traditional reliability.

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DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION
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Science perfects a new

Created after 4 years' experiment. Proven after 9 months of severe road and laboratory tests

Four years ago Tide Water engineers began exhaustive experiments to produce a lubricating oil exclusively for Ford automobiles. This undertaking was based on a single fact definitely established by them through long practical experience.

The fact—the Ford motor presented unique and complex problems of lubrication, never fully mastered by any oil.

Veedol Fordol—created for Fords

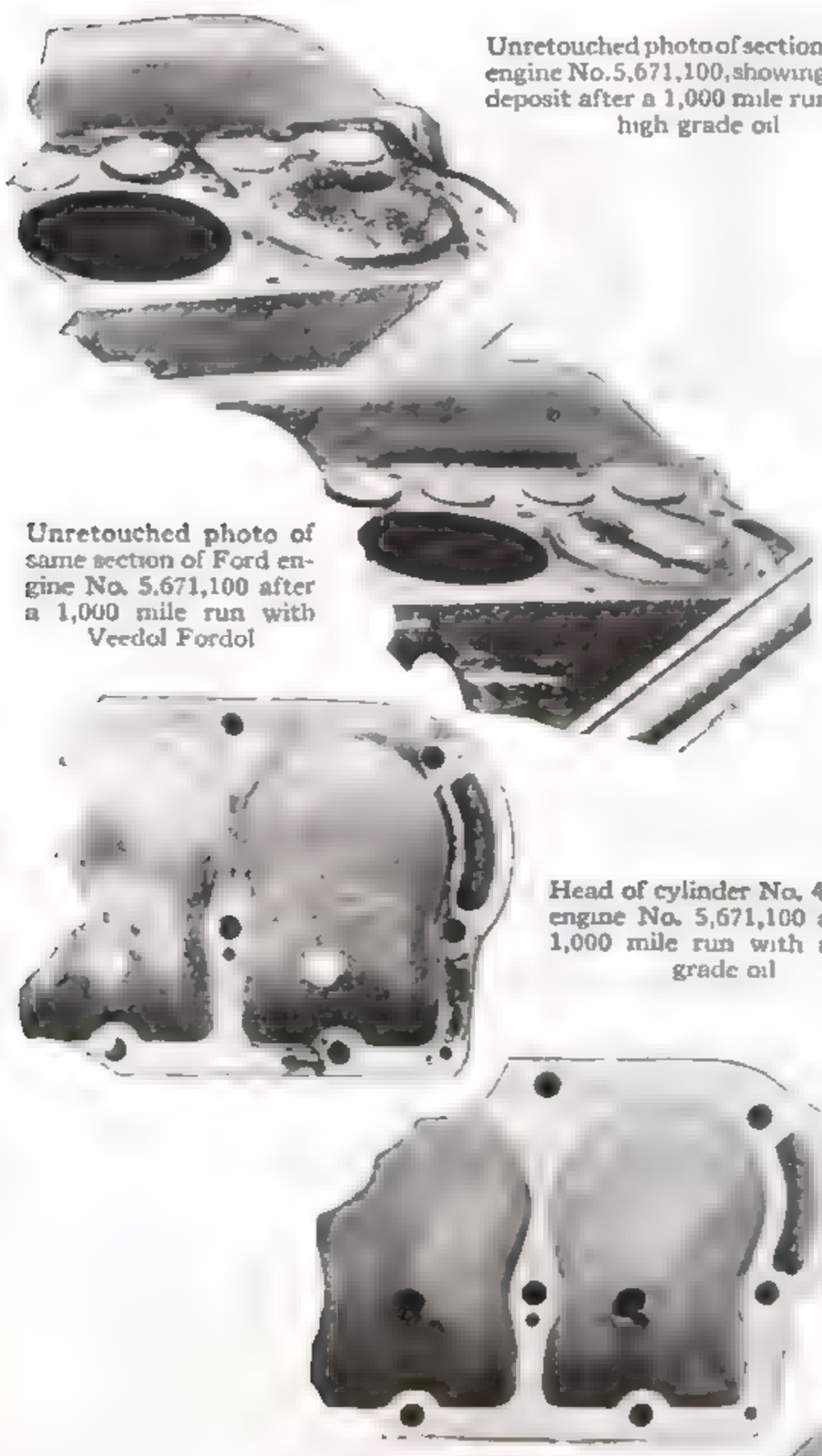
In November, 1921, Tide Water engineers announced that laboratory and refinery experiments were over. Veedol Fordol was ready for the test of the road.

Thousands of miles were covered in tests carefully checked by Tide Water engineers in country lanes and New York streets. A large corporation put Fordol to test in its fleet of 750 Ford cars of all types. A nationally known taxi company using Ford chassis, with special bodies, gave Fordol gruelling traffic tests.

The combined results confirmed to the last detail the 8 economies in Ford operation established by Tide Water engineers. Fordol was ready for the public! At last a Ford lubricant that actually mastered *all* of the lubricating problems of the Ford power plant!

You are not asked to buy Veedol Fordol on faith. Do as the owners of the fleet of 750 Fords did. Do as the taxi company did. Test it! Watch the results. Note the

Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs



Unretouched photo of section of Ford engine No. 5,671,100, showing carbon deposit after a 1,000 mile run with a high grade oil

Unretouched photo of same section of Ford engine No. 5,671,100 after a 1,000 mile run with Veedol Fordol

Head of cylinder No. 4, Ford engine No. 5,671,100 after a 1,000 mile run with a high grade oil

Head of cylinder No. 4, Ford engine No. 5,671,100 after a 1,000 mile run with Veedol Fordol

VEEDOL

Resists deadly heat and friction

economy oil for Fords

A 10% or greater saving in fuel consumption— oil consumption—reduction in carbon deposit

new economies you experience. You will realize quickly what a factor Fordol is in your motoring satisfaction.

The 8 economies of Fordol

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have repeatedly demonstrated that Fordol conservatively saves 10% on the gasoline consumption of a Ford car. Savings of from 25% to 33⅓% have been developed in a number of tests.

2—Eliminates costly "chatter"—Fordol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. So-called "chatter", a result of faulty lubricants, is *entirely eliminated* with Fordol.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—Tide Water engineers have definitely established savings in oil consumption of from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Fordol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon in the Ford engine cylinders. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Fordol possesses to a super-degree the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction. Thermometer readings prove that it definitely reduces engine temperatures even under extreme operating conditions.

6—Increased ability to coast—With average lubrication a Ford will only coast down steep hills because of internal friction in the transmission. With Fordol coasting is possible down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Tide Water engineers have proven that Fordol maintains its power seal and lubricating value longer than other oils. This means better combustion, more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Fordol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Fordol completely masters the lubricating problems of the Ford power plant, it reduces to a minimum the wear and tear on the motor and transmission. The result is a hitherto unknown freedom from engine vibration and repair bills in the operation of this popular car.

Veedol Fordol is on sale at all dealers' who display the orange and black Veedol sign.

TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION, 11 Broadway, New York

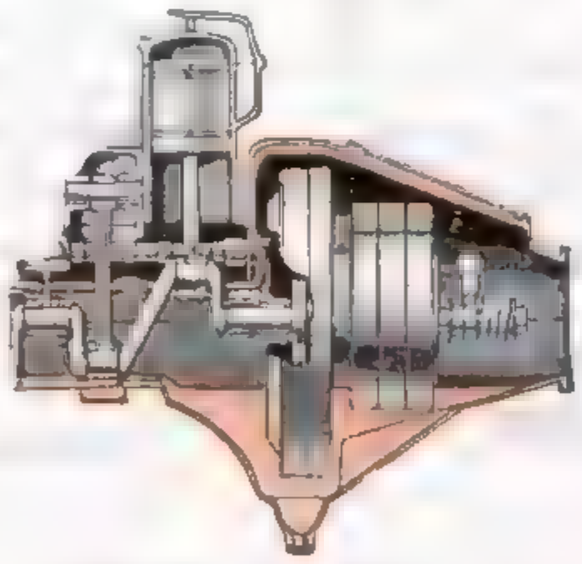
Veedol oils and greases are sold throughout the world.

4 of the 8 Economies of Veedol Fordol

10 to 25% saving in gasoline consumption with Veedol Fordol.

10 to 25% saving in oil consumption with Veedol Fordol.

10 to 25% reduction in carbon deposit with Veedol Fordol.



Brake and transmission "chatter" *entirely eliminated* with Veedol Fordol.

FORDOL

The new economy oil for Fords

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation,
11 Broadway, New York.

Gentlemen:

Please send me free booklets checked below:

☐ "The New Economy Oil for Fords."

☐ "101 Economies for the Motorist."

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Ingersolls have come to be known as "sensible watches." Your dealer can show you a complete line, from $1.50 to $9.

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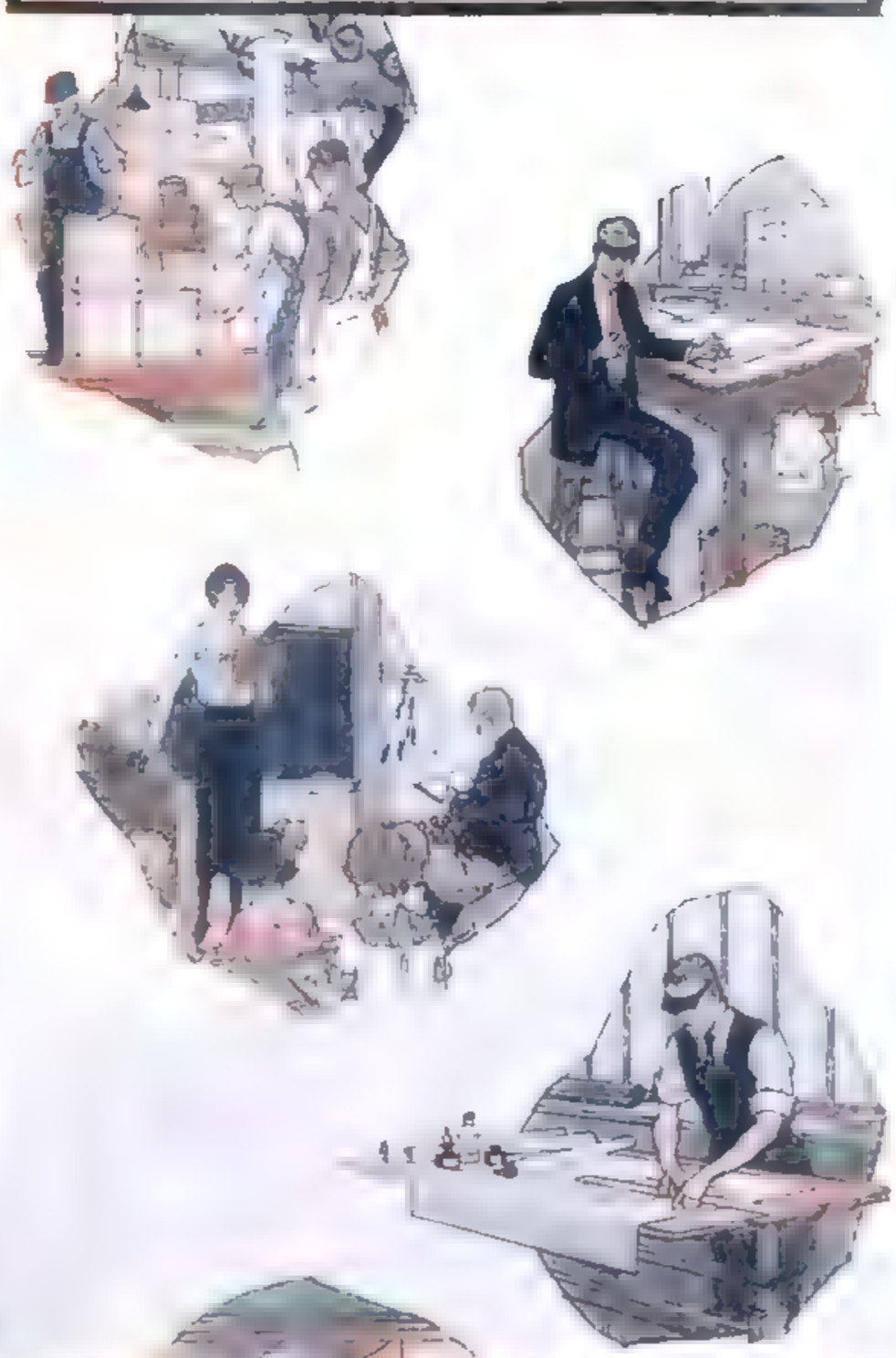

Ingersoll

"SENSIBLE WATCHES"

WANTED IMMEDIATELY

(Continued from Page 14)

"An agent for a German outfit. You can't have it, son, so don't let your mouth water. It's as good as shipped now."

"Do you know where I could go to look for more?"

The old man eyed him humorously.

"Have you got anything of a nose, my boy?"

"I can smell copra."

"All right, smell for it! Take a walk the length of the water front. I don't know that there's any here, but if there is that's the way you'll find it. And good luck to you!"

It seemed a ridiculous suggestion, but Jimmy, walking away, could think of none better. It was getting on towards five o'clock, this was Saturday, copra bade fair to experience a rising market promptly, and his one thousand tons, supposing he could find it, must be moving in stevedores' tubs by Sunday noon if it was to be shipped in time. Someone had told him once that there were six senses, including common sense, and that more men became great through using them than became famous through developing high-powered brains. Well, common sense told him to follow the old warehouseman's advice, and his sense of smell might do the rest. He followed, sniffing.

Along the water front there was nothing. He turned in towards China Basin—a district of grimy factories, run-down shops, rotting wharves and ignoble cousins of the dignified maritime trades. Ahead were the wharves where hay came down in towering mountains on flatboats from the rivers; around him were sand and gravel barges; in view the reeking dumps where a great city's reeking garbage was transferred, reeking, to reeking scows. There odors aplenty! But Jimmy had smelled copra in other surroundings, and his mission was a deadly serious one; he smelled it now.

His head went up like a hunting dog's, and his muscles tensed as he came to a standstill. Three old hulks lay alongside an ancient wharf. The first one he passed; at the second he hesitated; towards the third one he turned confidently. Its bow bore the faded name William P. Sterritt.

"Hello, aboard!" he shouted.

A tousled red head came up over the side.

"Phwat the devil? Hello yourself!"

"Is this the Billings Company copra you've got aboard?"

"It is not! Why?"

"Then it's the Asia Corporation's?"

"Is it? Why don't you come aboard and rest your hands and face?"

"Haven't time now. Who owns your copra?"

"Are you the census taker, maybe?"

"No. I'm with Mardewell & Kane. I'm looking around."

"The hell you are! Well, if you can't be sociable, go and have words with Mr. Scaiff, if you happen to know who he is."

"Luke Scaiff Company? Yes, I know. How much have you?"

"Twelve hundred tons, I think it is."

"All right! Thanks! So long!"

"You're a suddent young feller, then! So long to yourself, and the next time you come to talk to a gentleman bring a cigar in your breeches pocket!"

Jimmy promised cheerfully, but he went away with his heart sinking. Luke Scaiff! That would be the head of the firm that was Stephen Kane's most deadly rival. Jimmy was not unaware of the fact that Scaiff had been one of the local men intrusted, in recent times, with commissions from Lewisohn & Johns, of London. He was perfectly familiar with Mr. Scaiff's reputation as a shrewd broker, an expert on the state of the market, a close bargainer and a difficult man to catch napping.

Here was certainly a place where there were going to be a thousand-odd ways to spill the beans—or, to be exact, the copra—and only three or four, perhaps, to save them. Well, he might be a fool, but he was certainly going to rush in irrespective of what angels, being doubtless wiser, would have done in like circumstances.

Lucy Nagle jumped up, her face woebegone, as he reëntered the office half an hour later.

"I caught Mr. Gray, the shipping agent, at the Olympic Club," she said. "But he wouldn't listen to me. He said you could reach him Monday night at his home, and not before."

"Would he tell you where he was going to be in the meantime?"

Lucy's eyes filled with tears of humiliation and chagrin.

"No. Honestly, I tried, Jimmy. But he was in a hurry—said his party was waiting for him in a car. He hung up on me."

"Drat him!" said Jimmy. "But don't you care, Lucy. You did all you could, so you might as well call it a day."

"Did you have any luck?"

"I've found the copra. But I don't know whether it was a lucky find or not. That's what I've still got to determine. I'll tell you Monday morning."

"There's nothing more I can do?"

"Not a thing! You've certainly been a peach!"

He hustled her away; he simply couldn't stand the strain of appearing carefree and cheerful before her any longer. When she was gone he turned with fingers that trembled to the market pages of the daily paper he rescued from a waste-paper basket. Copra was quoted at three and a quarter, and no takers. Just about the bottom, in short, and the market as dead as a herring! Could he hope that it would remain in that condition until he had garnered his thousand tons?

With a voice that shook in spite of himself he called the residence of Mr. Luke Scaiff. A servant answered. Mr. Scaiff was going out—probably had already gone. He would see. Who was calling? Very good, Mr. Gimp!

A considerable delay. Jimmy found himself shaking like a leaf. If he had had to speak at that moment he would have cried. With a violent rush of anger at himself he steadied down. This was an excellent time to grow up. It was his chance to show that he was worthy to be a junior clerk for Stephen Kane.

He took several deep breaths, throwing back his shoulders. Then he heard a voice he had heard before. When he replied he spoke like a captain of finance.

"This is Mr. Whims, Mr. Scaiff. Junior in Mardewell & Kane's office."

"All right, my boy. My theater party is waiting for me. What is it?"

"Mr. Scaiff, you have twelve hundred tons of copra in Channel Street, on the William P. Sterritt."

"How the deuce did Steve Kane know I had? Well, what about it?"

Jimmy said to himself, "Steady in the line there!" and into the telephone, "My firm has a commission to buy a small amount of copra."

"How small an amount? Do you think you're ordering spool thread at the Emporium?"

"No, Mr. Scaiff. We will take one thousand tons or your whole lot."

"You will, eh? Who are you buying for?"

"I can't say, Mr. Scaiff."

"Won't, you mean! You have been well taught by old Pete Mortenson. Well, what next?"

It was plain that he was going to give Jimmy no help. But it also seemed plain that he hadn't heard the news of the Australian strike yet. Jimmy decided on a bold offensive.

"I'll tell you what next, Mr. Scaiff. We will take your copra just as it lies, at four cents."

"Oh, you will?" Scaiff appeared to be considering. "I'll think it over. You look me up Monday."

"I'm buying tonight, Mr. Scaiff."

"Tonight? Not from me, then."

"All right, sir. Sorry. Good-by!"

For just a breath Jimmy's heart stood still—stock-still. Would Scaiff hang up and hurry away? Would he call the bluff? If he did ——

"Wait a minute, there, young Lochinvar! Can you be at the theater lobby when I get there? Columbia—say 8:15?"

"I can if necessary."

"Well, you can just tell Pete Mortenson that it's necessary all right! Your name is Scrims?"

"Whims."

"Where's Mortenson? Or the boss? Or Lind?"

"They're—around. They left this little commission for me to attend to."

"Oh, they did! Um-m-m! How careless of them! All right. Columbia lobby at 8:15."

"I'll be there."

Jimmy hung up—and sat down. There was perspiration on his forehead and his hands felt cold; but so far at least he had won.

Presently he surveyed himself—looked at the ship's clock on the wall. He had three-quarters of an hour, and he looked like a deck hand, for the dust of the water front and the grime of Channel Street were upon him. He took the cablegram from Lewisohn & Johns, and the decoded message, put them in his pocket and walked out, locking the big doors carefully. A Greek on Kearney Street made him shining and spotless—and left him eight dollars and seventy cents with which to buy some eighty thousand dollars' worth of the meat of the coconut. A second Greek on Ellis Street heartened him with food and handed him back sufficient small change to make his total seven dollars and ninety cents. Five minutes later he was in the lobby of the Columbia Theater. He caught a glimpse of the face of Luke Scaiff in a limousine that was waiting its turn in a long line to drop its passengers. And just inside the lobby door, as though waiting for someone and being full of news, was E. H. Morris, of the Brown-Morris Company, and a close friend of Luke Scaiff's.

Jimmy thought fast—moved faster.

If Mr. Morris had heard the Australian news he would as certainly tell Luke Scaiff as Luke Scaiff would then and thereupon break off all negotiations for copra. He jumped for a telephone in an idle box office—obtained permission to use it. He called Lucy Nagle's number as soon as he could find it; was lucky in getting an immediate connection.

"Lucy," he said distinctly—desperately, "don't ask questions. I'm going to call Mr. Morris, the importer, here. Talk to him about copra. Keep him talking. Tell him Mr. Kane told you to. No, I can't give you any more now. Hold the phone!"

With his cap stuffed into a pocket Jimmy stepped into the lobby.

"Aren't you Mr. Morris, of the Brown-Morris Company?" he inquired of that gentleman.

"Yes."

"Someone wants to talk to you on our telephone, here in the office. This way, please!"

Outside, with the tail of his eye, Jimmy saw Luke Scaiff handing two ladies from the limousine. Morris hesitated.

"Are you sure it's for me?"

"Yes, sir. Right this way."

Grumbling and puzzled, Morris followed. He took up the telephone receiver—and Jimmy slammed the door on him.

"I'm Mr. Whims, Mr. Scaiff," he said, turning then to face the broker in the lobby. "I've come on that copra commission."

Scaiff stopped at the door, handing two of his tickets to his wife. The ladies passed on.

"Oh, you're Whims? Yes, I remember seeing you on the Street. Well, now, Whims, this is going to take us about thirty seconds, and no more. What's the tearing rush for copra?"

"I don't know anything about a tearing rush," Jimmy said with a grin. "The office can make money by shipping before the middle of next week and wants to start loading tomorrow."

"Loading what?"

"Copra."

"Don't be smart, son! What are you going to load into?"

"A vessel."

Scaiff frowned, then laughed.

"Pete Mortenson could make a sphinx out of Tennyson's babbling brook," he said. "Well, now, I don't like to be hurried. Monday morning ——"

"Nothing doing!" Jimmy took him up with a rush. "It's tonight or we'll wait till we can pick up what we want cheap."

"Cheap is good. You'll wait for some time for copra to go lower than it is now."

"Exactly! That's why I'm authorized to offer you four cents, Mr. Scaiff—three-quarters above market."

"I'm afraid old Pete Mortenson has a colored person concealed somewhere in the kindling. If I knew what it was all about ——"

Jimmy played his next card carelessly.

"Why, I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Scaiff," he said. "Mr. Kane is playing in a golf match, and Mr. Mortenson and Mr. Dodds are out of town somewhere. You can figure

Watch This Column

Look Out for "The Storm"

I SHIVERED with the hero and the heroine when they struggled through the blizzard in "The Storm," and involuntarily I dodged when the avalanche swept down the mountainside and abruptly blocked their further progress.

I held my breath when they were racing through the forest fire and groaned at each burst of flame, at each crackling branch that whirled through the tempest of fire and threatened them both with death.

That great picture is a tumult of the elements and an uproar of human emotions. All through it I was gripping the arms of my chair and breathing like a porpoise. When Nature quieted down and my emotions subsided, I felt as if I myself had passed through those thrilling experiences.

Langdon McCormick, who wrote "The Storm," said to me that the Universal picture realizes all the possibilities of his play and he sincerely congratulates every one associated with its production.

Tell the manager of your favorite theatre what you have read about it. Tell him you *must* see it. And don't forget, that you will never see the best there is in moving-pictures until you see the UNIVERSALS scheduled for future release.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

KIL-NOCK

Stops Bearing Knocks

Install Kil-Nocks—get 50,000 miles road travel without "taking up" bearings. No shims, no adjusting, no worry; never even an examination. Kil-Nocks outlast the motor.

Quickly installed—merely take out [illegible] bearing bolts and insert Kil-Nocks. Automatic Connecting Rod Bearing Adjusters [illegible] less than having old-fashioned bearings taken up [illegible]

Used by big fleet operators, salesmen, car owners everywhere.

If your dealer can't supply write us. Insist on getting the genuine [illegible] can not separate. Free literature [illegible]

Ramsey Accessories Mfg. Corp., Sole U. S. Distributors, 1300 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

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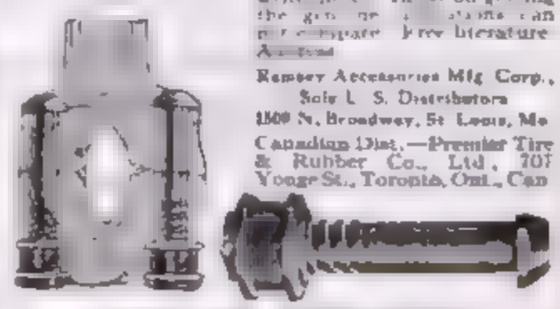
Complete Set of Eight, $5.

[illegible] for Fords, [illegible] and [illegible]



KIL-NOCK

Trade Mark Registered

Stops Motor Connecting Rod Bearing Knocks. Manufactured by Kil-Nock Company, Inc., Davenport, Ia.

How Pretty Teeth

affect the smile—teeth freed from film

See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.

The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are clouded in that way.

The tooth attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

Must be combated

Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant. In late years two effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

It goes further

Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect.

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which also acts in other essential ways. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 856

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 167, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family.

What you will see

Send this coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then read the scientific reasons for the other good effects. It will mean a new era in teeth cleaning.

for yourself that they wouldn't leave an order to a junior clerk if they thought anything of it, can't you?"

That, as a matter of fact, was one of the things in Scaiff's mind. The other was that he had bought this twelve hundred tons of copra, lying there for months in the Sterritt eating up money and paying no interest, on order from the London house of Lewisohn & Johns. He had tried a little game on them in the matter of price, thinking them well able to stand it, and they had immediately become unreasonable and had dropped him as their San Francisco correspondent. The whole deal had hurt; now he was inclined to get it off his chest—and perhaps his conscience—by wiping the incident out at one stroke.

"You want a thousand tons, you say?" he asked Jimmy.

"Yes."

"Taking it as it lies—aboard the Sterritt?"

"Sure! All you will have to do is notify your watchman to release it to me so I can tow out into the stream to discharge."

"I'll deal if you will take the whole cargo."

Jimmy gave an excellent imitation of a thoughtful agent.

"It's more than we want, but—well, yes."

"At four and a quarter cents."

"Sold!" Jimmy cried, so loudly that several in the crowded lobby turned to look. And E. H. Morris, standing in the box-office door, was one of them. He started towards the pair.

Scaiff, meantime, had caught his breath. He had expected haggling and a lowered price. But his recovery was rapid.

"I don't know you, Whims," he said, "and this whole transaction is a little irregular. You can have the copra on those terms and at that price, but you'll have to give me an advance of five thousand before I release the stuff to you."

"That's satisfactory to me," Jimmy said carelessly. "I'll have a check at your house before noon tomorrow."

E. H. Morris stood at Scaiff's shoulder.

"Hello, Luke," he said. "When did you get back?"

"Hello, Eddie. This afternoon late."

"Haven't been at the office then, or on the Street?"

"No. What's up?"

"Only just enough to hand you a pleasant evening. There's a strike on the Sydney water front and no copra to move to European ports. Somebody from Mardewell & Kane was just calling me here to see if I had any. It's going to be worth lacs of rupees —— What's the matter, Luke?"

Scaiff was turning slowly towards the spot where Jimmy had stood. But Jimmy was at that moment half a block away, leaning weakly against a building.

"Five thousand smacks!" he was saying aloud. "Well, it looks as though there'd be a bank robbery in San Francisco yet tonight. I wonder where a fellow goes to buy nitroglycerin!"

IV

TWELVE hundred tons of copra bought one second ahead of a skyrocketing market may have been a fair afternoon's work for one amateur operator, but Jimmy wasn't through yet. Alternating between the exaltation of high hopes and the despair of black misgivings, he boarded a ferry car and went again to Pier 25. The pier shed was closed, the vessel lying dark and still. Jimmy thumped lustily on the big sheet-iron doors, and a sleepy voice within demanded profanely to know where the fire was.

"Message for Captain Lasker!" Jimmy shouted.

"Who from?"

"The King of Sweden!" Jimmy cried in exasperation.

The door from the watchman's stall between the big ports was opened a crack, and Jimmy had his toe in it before the surly guardian could speak.

"Who d'you say wants the captain?"

"An export house with cargo enough to fill his ship! If you keep me here arguing for another two seconds, my friend, you'll be looking for a job too. That's better! Now, go to bed again. I'll stir them up aboard."

He did not wait for more of the man's grumbling catechism, but ran through the echoing shed and out on the pier. A gangplank ran to the rail; a man stood at its ship end.

"What's all the row about?" he asked gruffly.

"I have to see Captain Lasker."

"Well, come aboard and use your eyes."

"Are you the captain?"

"I am."

"Mardewell & Kane Company wants to ship a thousand tons of copra with you this trip to Copenhagen, captain, and I can't find your agent in the city."

"Well, you needn't bother to, either, lad. We sail Tuesday night for Havre, and I wouldn't stow a thousand tons of grease atop my hold load for the old Harry himself."

"Will you tell me whether you have room for a thousand tons?"

"A thousand tons of Babbitt metal lying in cases there on the pier by seven tomorrow morning—yes. But not for copra that takes as much room as a balloon would and that smells clean through to the twentieth chapter of Proverbs in the ship's Bible! Besides, the stuff isn't here."

"But if your agents were interested in the proposition ——"

"I'd make it interesting for anybody that offered to interest them in copra!"

"I'm afraid I'm going to be your victim, then, captain," Jimmy said, grinning. "If they'll listen to a gilt-edged offer ——"

"What the devil are you running loose at nine o'clock Saturday night trying to ruin an old man's voyage for him for, you young scamp? And who is wanting copra out of San Francisco for Copenhagen when he can get it given to him direct from Sydney?"

Jimmy stepped close to the captain and looked him in the eye.

"Captain," he said, "you're the sort of man who would give a young fellow a chance, I'll bet. I've got my chance, and you can help me. Will you let me take two minutes to tell the story?"

"Come up to the cabin," Captain Lasker grunted, and led the way.

When Jimmy Whims left the Algonquin an hour later he was warmed internally with a nip of Scotch and such a smoked-herring-and-toasted-cheese sandwich as he had never dreamed of, and warmed as to his spirits by assurances of the friendship of Captain Lasker.

"Lads with backbone enough to tackle a stiff proposition and carry it through are as scarce as good navigators nowadays, son," he had said. "You get your bill of lading from Gray & Co., and I'll load your damned copra if I have to carry part of it in my own cabin. What's more, I think I've got dirty tarpaulins enough to protect my deep cargo, and that will save you something."

"I'll make you glad some day you did this, captain," Jimmy said earnestly. "I know you think I can't get my copra here and discharged in time ——"

"If you hustle, you may. But you've got to find Marshall Gray, and that looks like a man's-size job, my young friend. Also I'm sailing Tuesday night if I have to do it with your old tub lashed alongside. So keep that in your eye!"

Jimmy's mother was sitting up for him at home.

"There's a young lady from the office been calling you all evening, Jimmy," she said. "Miss Nagle, is it? Her number's on the shelf."

"I couldn't go to sleep till I heard the news," the girl said when he reached her. "What's happened?"

"Well, we've found the copra and the ship to carry it. All we have to do now is to raise five thousand dollars by noon tomorrow, locate Marshall Gray and book the cargo, tow the William P. Sterritt up from Channel Street, find stevedores and gear to discharge and get the whole thing finished and the copra loaded by Tuesday night. Aside from that you might say the money is in the bank to the credit of Mardewell & Kane."

"Listen, Jimmy!"

"I'll listen to you every time you say it that way."

"Let me help tomorrow. Couldn't I stay at the office and do telephoning and ——"

"Could you?" Jimmy cried. "But it's too much to ask of you!"

"All settled then. What time in the morning?"

"I'm starting early. You can be there any time ——"

"I'll be there at eight. Good night."

Jimmy went to bed with a feeling that it wouldn't be a bad old world if he could

(Continued on Page 66

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CURTIS COMPANIES' SERVICE BUREAU
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only get the sea chest off his frame. Scaiff's five thousand was a real nightmare, and it was not helped by the fact that there was still the shipping agent for the Algonquin to be located. Rounding up two gangs of stevedores with their foremen and their gear, and transshipping the copra, and hiring a tug to tow her out to Pier 25, and getting the thousand tons checked out of the Sterritt—— Jimmy wished that Stephen Kane were nearer, or that old Peter Mortenson would suddenly appear. But the job was his; the work was cut out for him, and he was going through with it!

He was at the offices before eight, full of breakfast and putting up a confident front. It was barely possible that he could locate one of the bankers with whom Mardewell & Kane did a not insignificant business, and from them get a check or a guaranty for Scaiff, or even ——

Then Jimmy let loose a loud and pealing whoop of joy. He went spinning about the empty offices like a wild Indian, dancing a *cachucha* of his own devising.

"Heaven helps the working classes!" he cried. "J. B. Josser may have a crooked face and the soul of a burglar, but he is a sweet and smiling saint!" He picked up from his desk the check he had collected the day before and flourished it. "Five thousand, two hundred, thirty-four, seventy-two!" he chortled. "And more good to me than a million!" He sat down, contemplating the bit of paper. "Now, Mardewell & Kane," he said thoughtfully, "just which one of the penitentiary offenses do we commit to use this young fortune?"

Then Lucy Nagle walked in. Jimmy's impulse was to leap up and kiss her, but he shook hands quite formally instead.

"Did you ever do any forging in your time, Lucy?" he demanded point-blank.

The girl stared at him.

"Me?"

"Well, you couldn't possibly learn any younger. Listen to the plot."

"But only Mr. Kane and Mr. Mortenson are authorized to sign firm checks," she protested when he was through.

"All right," Jimmy retorted, unabashed, "I guess we can write better than Mr. Mortenson can. He makes signs like hen tracks!"

Lucy had scruples, but Jimmy overbore them. On a typewriter, operated by Jimmy Whims with one finger and considerable lost motion, the name of Luke Scaiff and the amount of the check were made out on a blank found in the storeroom. Lucy did the actual forging. The name of the firm was stamped in place over her signature with a stamp used for marking incoming mail, and some fine work was required to protect the check from being legended with the statement that it had been "Received and Opened May 27 by ——" But they contrived the iniquitous performance and turned out a job that any handwriting expert in the land would have spotted as a forgery at twenty paces! This, however, Jimmy assured the girl, would come later.

"You'll get ten years as the innocent tool, and I'll get twenty for putting you up to it," he declared, chuckling. "But never mind—they feed prisoners well in California. Now would you mind taking this out to Mr. Scaiff's house? I'm afraid he'd back out of the deal if I went."

"I'd just as soon be hung for a sheep as a forger," Lucy misquoted gamely. "What do I tell Mr. Scaiff?"

"Tell him that we want a note from him releasing the William P. Sterritt to us for three days. And take it to the Channel Street wharf. I'll be there when you come."

"He won't try to wriggle out, will he?"

During the commission of their common crime of forgery Jimmy had told her the tale of the Columbia Theater lobby and E. H. Morris.

"No. He may be smooth, but he's on the Street, and he won't go back on his word. I'm not worried about that."

"And you are going to try to locate Mr. Gray? But even if you do, can you find anyone to start loading copra on Sunday?"

"If I don't I'll steal a shovel and borrow an ash can and carry it aboard the Algonquin myself, by hand. It's too late to quit now."

Lucy left him.

"I hope I'm not a liar as well as a check kiter," Jimmy mused. "Gray is playing golf, Kane is playing golf—the Scotchman who invented the game certainly wasn't an importing and exporting broker or he would have had a heart! Piedmont, six, two hundred. Yes'm. . . . Thanks!"

With some difficulty Jimmy persuaded the servant at the Gray residence to call her mistress to the telephone. But Mrs. Gray was a poor Samaritan.

"Mr. Gray is taking a holiday," she said with some asperity, "and I shan't help you spoil it for him. He is out of town and won't be back until Monday."

"But this is an emergency, Mrs. Gray. I won't spoil his holiday ——"

"I guess you can wait until tomorrow," she said, and rang off.

Jimmy said a word and sat back, thinking. Perhaps, seeing that Captain Lasker was disposed to be friendly and helpful, his hand might be forced a little. If the William P. Sterritt lay alongside the Algonquin, and stevedores were there ready to begin loading, the old man would not refuse the cargo, leaving the formality of the actual signing of the bill of lading until the morrow. Jimmy hated to take this advantage, if advantage it was, but he was growing desperate. A little shamefacedly he went to the waterfront once more, seeking his acquaintance, Matt Gobey, an official of the new stevedores' organization known along the front as the Blue Book Association. Gobey was lounging in the stevedores' hall, reading the Sunday papers and smoking a reposeful pipe. Jimmy explained what he required. Gobey took out his pipe and spit.

"Mike Lacey is down at Pier 15 right now, wrangling with Bull Carroll about some lighterage job," Gobey said. "Mike's meaner than a mate, but he's a good stevedore foreman, and I think ten dollars might soften his heart. And maybe you'll be wanting Carroll himself to tow your old tub down from Channel Street."

"I hadn't thought of him," Jimmy said. "And I haven't much cash on me."

"What the this and that kind of a firm have you got that gives you an overtime job to get done and doesn't slip you a little talking money?" Gobey growled. "How much do you need?"

"I don't know how much I'll need, but I know how much I have—a little over seven dollars."

"Ain't you the babe in the woods, though? Here, here's two tens. Give 'em to me next week. Oh, take your thanks to Pier 15! You'll need 'em there."

Jimmy ran. He found Mike Lacey and Bull Carroll, the tugboat captain, in a fever of rage at one another, and when he briskly presented himself and his requests they turned on him and in chorus promised him many rich and rare treats, including a ducking in the gray waters of the Bay. But presently the stevedore foreman remembered that he hated Carroll's internal organisms, which he himself thereupon declared, and he flew to Jimmy's defense.

"Put your tongue in your cheek, you slab-sided old ferry deck hand, you!" he snarled at Carroll. "The kid wants a job done and I'm going to do it. What's more, if you say two more words to him or one more to me I'll knock your ugly head over between your shoulders and get a Rowley tug for him myself. D'you want his towage or don't you?—and make it short and sweet!"

"I was going to do the job for him all the time, you shark fisherman, you!" Carroll rejoined angrily. "And if there's anybody gets his misshapen face punched it'll be a graduated muck shoveler! Get on off the dock and get yourself some stevedores, will you? I'll have this hulk alongside the Williamson freighter before you've got the sleep out of your pig eyes, you see if I don't!"

Discreetly Jimmy pulled out one of Gobey's ten-dollar bills. Guilelessly he inquired which one of the blustering twain could change it. Innocently, when Carroll accommodated him, he passed a five to each.

"Have you gear for discharging the copra, Mr. Lacey?" he inquired.

"I have not! What do you think I am? But I'll get it for you. There's more than that coming to me from the Pacific Stevedore and Ballast Company, so let your mind be easy. Just keep this tugboat hand moving and we'll start loading into your offshore bottom for you by one o'clock with two gangs. That for you, Mister Swab Carrol!" And he strode away.

"The old jellyfish!" Captain Carroll chuckled, watching him off the pier. "I knew how to handle him, me boy. If it hadn't been for me treating him rough he'd been arguin' here till the moon changed. Now, where's your owner's order for moving the copra hulk?"

"I'll have it aboard her when you get there," Jimmy replied. "My—er—assistant is at Mr. Scaiff's home now."

It would be after twelve before the William P. Sterritt would be fast alongside the haughty Algonquin, ready to pour her noisome cargo into the larger vessel's hold, and Jimmy hurried down to have speech with Captain Lasker and prepare him for the worst. But the captain was ashore and would not return until noon. So back to the office went Jimmy, bent on a desperate effort to locate Gray, the Algonquin's agent.

Lucy came in and found him at it. He had called every golf and country club within a radius of thirty miles of the city, with no results save negative ones. Now he was trying to stir up someone who would know where Mr. Gray's subordinates were. He learned the names of two; but there, again, he stalled. They could not be located.

"Nobody needs to pass a Sunday closing law in this town!" he grunted disgustedly.

Lucy laughed at his joke and sobered at sight of his face.

"I couldn't answer any question Mr. Scaiff asked me about the copra deal, Jimmy," she said, "so he gave me the order for his watchman without an argument. But I think he was sorry I showed up with the check."

"Did you take it aboard the William P. Sterritt?"

"Yes. The watchman wanted to get lunch for me and keep me there. He's a lonesome soul."

"Which reminds me that I owe him a cigar," Jimmy said.

The big ship's clock struck eight bells. Twelve o'clock!

"If I wired Mr. Kane now it wouldn't do me much good," Jimmy said thoughtfully. "I couldn't get a reply probably before this evening. Do you happen to belong to any of the Monterey clubs where he would be playing this golf tournament of his, Lucy?"

"It might be in the Sunday papers," she suggested.

Jimmy jumped halfway to the front door, giving the girl's shoulder a grateful squeeze as he passed. He was back in a moment with an armful of Sunday supplement. They waded into the mass—came up, gasping and spluttering presently with the sports sheets.

"Del Monte Hotel would reach him," Jimmy decided, after a hasty survey, and he put in a long-distance call.

Lucy Nagle turned idly to the shipping news—ran down the columns. The telephone bell jangled and Monterey came on the wire to say that Mr. Kane was a guest there but had gone out with friends to lunch. Was there any message?

"Do you know where he can be reached by telephone?"

"No. But he will be back from the afternoon play about six o'clock, probably."

"It might as well be week after next," Jimmy answered. "Thank you. I'll call this evening if I still need him."

He replaced the telephone receiver and sat back dejectedly. No shipping agent, no ship! No ship, no copra deal! No copra deal ——

Lucy Nagle emitted a gasp.

"Jimmy!" she cried. "Do you suppose this would help any? I mean, if Mr. Gray is really out of the city and we can't reach him. Isn't that the same as though—well, here is what I mean." She straightened the paper out and read:

"Owing to the absence from the city of H. B. Smithson, agent for the Red Belt Cargo Line, who is in Washington in connection with the Shipping Board's hearings on sailors' wages, Capt. Asa Wetherell, of the Red Belt freighter Macedonian, is acting as agent for his own vessel, and yesterday accepted from the Hawaiian Fruit Company two thousand cases of ——"

Jimmy frowned.

"Will you read that last part again? Does it say ——"

Lucy read.

Jimmy Whims came suddenly from his chair with such a bound that it went over backwards, and he leaped across to where prim mouselike little Lucy Nagle sat. Without warning and without consideration, aiming point-blank, Jimmy shot at her a resounding kiss. His trajectory was poor, or his range faulty or something, and it was not much of a kiss, but it sufficed.

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This box contains

Milk Chocolate and Nougat
Chocolate Creme de Menthe
Chipped Molasses and Chocolate
Supreme Jordan Almonds
Glace Honey Nougat
Milk Chocolate Maple Cream Walnut
Chocolate Maple Nougat
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Clustered Filberts in Milk Chocolate
Chocolate Cream Milk Chocolate
Chocolate and Nut Flake
Filbert and Cream Milk Chocolate
Chocolate Peppermint Pattie
French Caramel
Strawberries in Cream, Chocolate Dipped
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THE Johnston Choice Box offers her a delicate and flattering attention, as well as an assortment of supreme confections.

It shows a higher regard for her pleasure, by enabling her to choose, in a novel and interesting way, the kinds she really likes best.

Give her the Johnston Choice Box. Let her select with you her favorite kinds. It is the extra effort to please that she appreciates. The little touch that gives you distinction in her eyes, and enhances your reputation for knowing what is just right in such matters.

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There is as much difference in candy as in anything else you buy. For example, as chocolate coating costs more than centers, makers are often tempted to thin it. A Johnston chocolate is known the world over by its extra *thick*, rich coating.

Again, we make our own syrups and cream fondants. We use only the highest grades of pure Cuban cane sugar—even finer than ordinary sugar—and accept only whole nuts and fruits for our centers.

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The Choice Box contains 22 of the finest chocolates and confections we have learned to make in 74 years of fine candy making. It also has a little booklet—the Johnston Choice Book—in colors, showing how these 22 varieties are combined in six other popular Johnston boxes. Each piece of candy in the Choice Box is plainly identified by name. Under each piece you will find its name and from the Choice Book you may select the package containing that and other pieces you like best. The booklet shows you how to get the kinds you actually want, instead of whatever may be handed to you.

If any dealer cannot supply the Choice Box, use the coupon. Fill in the dealer's name, but send no money.

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Please send me a one-pound Johnston Choice Box. I enclose no money but agree to pay the postman $1.25 when he calls.

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from the time the seed is planted until smoked in the pipe, tell why *aged-in-the-wood tobacco* is better—

"There's nothing better in the world for pipe-smoking than Velvet's Burley leaf grown in Kentucky's limestone soil."

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"In buying tobacco for Velvet, we pass up all but Class A Burley heart-leaf. It pays to get the right start."

Leaf Buyer

"The smartest chemist can't improve on nature. It takes two years' ageing in wooden hogsheads to make tobacco mild and mellow."

Chemist

"I'd just as soon eat a green apple as to smoke tobacco that hasn't been aged in the wood."

Warehouseman

"We're mighty careful in making Velvet—but we can't [illegible] in mildness and mellowness. Nature has got to put 'em there."

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"I've smoked 'em all, and believe me, aged-in-the-wood Velvet is mildest and mellowest."

A Smoker of Velvet Tobacco

"All I know is that ageing in the wood makes Velvet the fastest growing brand."

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"When I talk to a smoker, I explain Velvet's two years' ageing in the wood. Then his good old pipe does the rest."

Tobacco Salesman

Velvet

the aged in the wood smoking tobacco.

© 1922 Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

(Continued from Page 66)

Before the astounded girl could recover her balance or her wits he was gone, shouting almost hysterical thanks.

Lucy sat for some time with her mouth in a straight line and her eyes flashing fire. Then she laughed—and examined her cheek in the small mirror of a vanity case.

"If that Jimmy Whims had stayed here one second longer," she mused half aloud, "he would most certainly have been slapped! I wonder if I'm sorry he didn't stay?"

AT A FEW minutes before ten o'clock on Monday morning a red-faced dock watchman bawled the name of Jimmy Whims so that Pier 25 echoed with it above the clatter of winches and the scream of blocks and the shrilling of whistles. Jimmy stepped to the side of the Algonquin and looked down.

"Who's dead?" he asked impatiently.

He was drawn, heavy lidded, and covered from top to toe with the dust and grime of copra loading. He was coatless, and one sleeve of his shirt had been almost ripped away when a hatch tender had seized him to save him from a descending tub of the grease. His cap sat over one ear and his cravat knot was under the other.

For almost twenty-four hours he had been aboard, first convincing Captain Lasker that, under any maritime law you pleased, it was up to the master in the absence of the ship's agent to receive the cargo offered him; next getting Stevedore Foreman Mike Lacey and his gangs started at the actual discharging of the copra; and thereafter, with all his senses alert, checking the tubs as they came whirling from the Sterritt's odoriferous hold and descended plummetwise into the gaping hatches of the Algonquin.

Many things had happened to cause delay. Mainly they were due to the settled conviction of everyone involved save Jimmy himself that what he was attempting couldn't be done. He shuddered to think in what he had involved the office of Mardewell & Kane in the way of promises to pay unheard-of bonuses and bribes for haste. By dint of an enthusiasm and conviction that he himself had to struggle to create within, Jimmy had at last fired them with zeal and confidence. When the night crews came on shy a hatch tender and a winch hand Captain Lasker had loaned an engineer and tended hatch himself, with a profane expertness that made the longshoremen stare and jump to keep up with him. Now things were moving. The job would be finished. Jimmy knew he had put it over. And here was some jackass, probably from the office, wanting to talk to him over the telephone! That was the dock watchman's message.

Jimmy ran down the gangplank and into the tiny office in the shed. Mary Winslow, the telephone operator, was talking.

"I came down with Mr. Lind to get out some work," she said, "and we found Miss Nagle here. Mr. Lind can't get anything out of her about this order you are filling. Mr. Lind wants you to come in and explain."

"Oh, he does, does he?" Jimmy snapped. "Thanks for the information, Miss Winslow, but please tell Mr. Lind that I'm as full of business as a cranberry merchant and I can't come."

"I'll put you on his telephone ——"

"No, you won't, Miss Winslow," Jimmy interrupted. "I'm too busy to argue. Good-by!"

He hung up and ran for the deck. Half an hour afterwards Boris Lind, head of the foreign department of Mardewell & Kane, appeared on the deck, clothed in great dignity and with a flannel rag around his throat.

"What the deuce are you up to here, Whims?" he demanded sharply.

"I'm shipping a thousand tons of copra," Jimmy said shortly.

"But under whose authority? To whom? For whom? Where did you get it? Does Mr. Kane know ——"

"Look out!" Jimmy screamed, grabbing the haughty Mr. Lind by the arm and jerking him halfway across the deck. "You pretty nearly lost an ear that time, Mr. Lind! Now I can't stop to tell you everything. I am buying for Lewisohn & Johns, in London. The rest is as mixed up as the rice situation."

The mention of the name of the London house filled Lind with benevolent ideas.

"Ah, Lewisohn & Johns, eh? Very good, Whims! You have certainly done nobly. Now you just let me take over this enterprise for you and I'll straighten out ——"

"Yesterday and the day before, Mr. Lind," Jimmy said, with one eye on the cometing copra tubs above him, "you could have straightened out more things than there are items in the customs house lists. Today you are as useful to me as a state senator!

"The kindest thing you can do is to go away from here and stay gone. The Algonquin sails tomorrow afternoon, and if I keep on the job she'll carry our copra with her to Copenhagen. Good-by—and mind your step on that gangplank!"

Boris Lind went thence haughtily. Jimmy continued to check copra tubs. At a few minutes before twelve came another telephone call.

"Tell 'em to go to Tophet!" Jimmy cried.

Hang an office, anyway! Didn't an office have any imagination?

He checked interminable tubs with fingers that shook. He forgot Mardewell & Kane.

But twenty minutes later he remembered it again. A familiar voice sounded behind him:

"Well, Whims, they tell me that you've gone into business for yourself. Congratulations!"

He spun about faced Stephen Kane Beyond his employer was a stout gentleman in golf trousers, waving his arms in emphasis of a speech he was delivering into the burning ears of Captain Lasker. Beyond them again—timid, worried, but throwing a smile of encouragement to Jimmy as he looked her way—was Lucy Nagle.

The stout man in the knickerbockers was shrill and very indignant.

"But I tell you, you chuckle-headed schooner master, that I'm agent for the Williamson line, not you! Where in tarnation did you get the idea that because I happened to have my back turned for twenty minutes ——"

"Oh, wait a shake, Gray!" Stephen Kane interrupted with a wry smile. "Let me get my end of this straight first." He turned to Jimmy Whims again. "Now, young man, maybe you'll take time enough from your important duties to explain a little. This morning my friend Gray here, who was playing golf with me, happened to remember that someone from Mardewell & Kane was trying to get him to receive a cargo booking for the Algonquin. Then the papers came down and I read that I was shipping copra to Copenhagen. Copra! Mardewell & Kane! What about that?"

Jimmy, automatically checking as he spoke, replied with a somewhat unsteady voice:

"It's correct, Mr. Kane."

"But you must be out of your mind! What gave you the idea?"

"A cablegram that came in Saturday noon."

"Cablegram? Lind didn't tell me that."

"Mr. Lind didn't know about it."

"Then who decoded it?"

"Miss Nagle and I did."

Stephen Kane wiped his forehead and then laughed.

"I'll wake up presently and find I've gone to sleep on the fourteenth fairway, under those cypresses, I suppose. If you are sober will you please tell me who sent the cablegram?"

Jimmy crossed to his coat that hung in the lee of a lifeboat and silently handed the message and the decoded translation to his employer. Marshall Gray came up, spluttering.

"This isn't taking care of me any!" he cried in exasperation. "Captain Lasker tells me that he moved on the representation of this young snipe that Mardewell & Kane ——"

Steve Kane looked up from the cablegram, smiling.

"Gray," he said, "when you and I go off playing golf tournaments and the house catches fire we don't expect our people to wire us for authority before they call the fire department, do we? I should say not!"

He glanced at the cablegram again and suddenly released a great laugh.

"Gentlemen," he continued, "Mr. James Whims is the accredited representative of Mardewell & Kane. Anything he says now, or has said, any promises or guaranties he has made, any contracts he has signed or moneys he has undertaken to pay—in short, any business he has transacted or orders he has given of any kind, nature, sort or description, Mardewell & Kane stand behind to the last word! Now, Gray, go cool your head with a wet towel—and next time stay home and attend to business."

He turned to Jimmy.

"I thought you were a junior clerk in our house, Jimmy," he said, "but I find you've been the whole firm. Will you tell me one thing? With the market suddenly going skyward, what did you pay for your copra?"

"Four and a quarter."

"Great suffering snakes! Who gave it away at that price now?"

"Mr. Scaiff."

"Scaiff? Not Luke —— Good Lord! Marshall, do you hear that? Oh, my sainted aunt! Jimmy, you're promoted! Your salary went up last Saturday, without any of us knowing it. You can have a year's leave of absence and a trip to Europe! Copra from Luke Scaiff to fill a Lewisohn & Johns order! Jimmy, name your own reward!"

Jimmy colored.

"I'd like to get off pretty soon to go to lunch, Mr. Kane," he said. "And—if Miss Nagle would go ——"

"Oh, I'd forgotten Miss Nagle. Come here, Lucy. Are you in this plot too?"

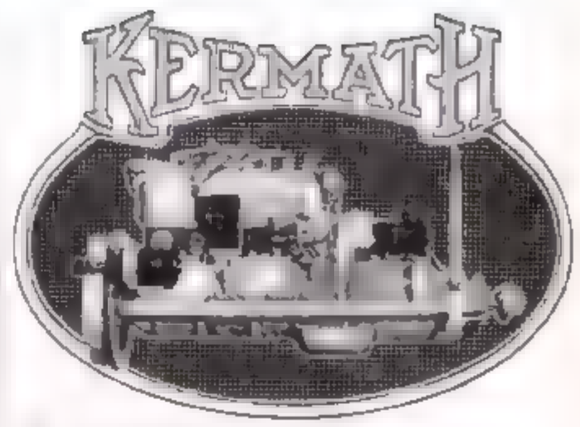
Lucy, coloring and confused, stepped forward a little. She would have answered, but Jimmy forestalled her.

"I couldn't have done it at all if it hadn't been for her," he declared emphatically. "She furnished the brains and I only did the leg work."

"Jimmy Whims!" Lucy cried reprovingly.

Stephen Kane was taking off his coat. He seized Jimmy's checking sheets and pencil. He gave Jimmy a gentle shove.

"Clear off the deck and argue about it somewhere else. I guess I haven't forgotten how to check copra tubs. Take these two child prodigies up town in your car, Gray—I'm going to be busy this afternoon. I've played long enough. Oh, get out, you fourteen-handicap duffer, you! Fore, there—and tomorrow I'm going to have you with me when I give Luke Scaiff the grand razoo! Shoo, now!"



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P E E R

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It is our sincere belief that nothing short of the most costly custom-built creations can compare with the beauty of the new Peerless eight-cylinder motor car.

The body design itself is one of unusual grace and exceptionally fine proportions. The car is longer and lower. The wheels are smaller, the tires larger. The fenders are exceedingly attractive. The radiator and hood present an extremely pleasing aspect.

The degree of riding smoothness is so pronounced, by reason of the longer wheelbase—now 128 inches—and the new equipment with extra-long semi-elliptic springs, that it will induce you, we believe, to say this is the most comfortable car you have ever ridden in.

The driver finds himself in a position of greatest ease, whence he steers, shifts gears, starts and stops with the very minimum of exertion.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the new Peerless road-behavior is its smoothness—a lack of chattering and bumping and sideway bound to delight the motorist who has always sought such comfort and always fallen short of finding it.

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The power, the speed, the ductility for which the Peerless eight-cylinder engine has long been famous, are enhanced by carefully worked out engineering improvements. Engine design is cleaner. All parts are easy to get at.

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Both axles are Timken, the front with roller-bearings not only on the wheel spindles, but in the steering pivots as well, to increase steering-ease still further; and the rear of the semi floating type, with 15½ x 2½ inch brakes—a size scientifically proportioned to the weight and power of the car.

It is easy to appreciate all we say of riding comfort when it is known that the front springs are 41 inches long and the rear springs 60 inches long. The shackle bolts have the unusually large diameter of ¾ inch, which means almost no wear at a point ordinarily slighted in engineering.

Open cars carry the Peerless permanent top, equipped with dome light. The side-curtains fit so snugly that they give the practical advantages of a closed car.

In the closed car types, the doors and windows are unusually wide, the hardware reminds you of fine jeweler's plate, and every accessory of comfort is provided.

Maximum strength in the chassis frame is assured by side bars measuring 7⅜ inches at their greatest depth. Rigid cross-members, and stout tubular cross-members at both ends, obviate the weaving that inevitably results in body squeaks and rattles.

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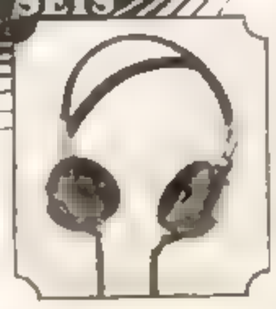

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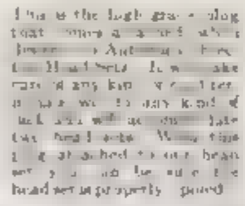

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BY PARABLES

(Continued from Page 17)

were moving from some town to another place and they had a fight. And then he was in the Army and got his foot shot and married mamma"—Egbert mentioned the two events in the same tone of woe—"but he can still do lots of things. He can bend right over backward and put his head between his knees. Only, you won't tell? Not even Eth Ross?"

I repeated my oath and Egbert demonstrated his skill by walking on his hands across the floor. He seemed really made of some other stuff than mere flesh. His arm, when I took it to lead him back to the house, was hard as wood under the velvet sleeve. His mother never gave birthday parties for him and I had to ask when he would be thirteen.

"June," said Egbert wearily. "Don't it take an awful time to grow up though, Joe?"

I fed him on the landing of the stairs in a fine privacy. Parents were wandering in to reclaim their offspring and soon came Mr. Ross, a jolly, long, black-haired man, from whom Ethan got his remarkable face. He stood by the front door talking horses with my uncle, and Egbert studied him closely for a little.

"Mamma says Eth'll never be as good-looking as his father was," he said, then gave his odd gasp as his mother and father appeared in the vestibule.

Mrs. Howland's coming did something to speed my guests. The little girls eyed her black silk robes and the mantle of fringed cloth that covered her shoulders. She scattered awe. There was no reason for this, as she smiled about genially in the parlor, asked various children how their families did and rested graciously by the fireplace discussing the weather with my uncle. The crowd thinned. Mr. Ross accepted a cigar and lounged in a chair with Ethan on its arm. I went to talk to them after a vain effort to get Egbert chatting again. His lovely mother's approach had frozen him. He stood in the bow window, silent, beside his silent father. Mr. Ross pulled my ear and began to tease me about my violin lessons.

"I hear all the dogs leave home when you start practicin', bud."

"It's awful," said Ethan cordially.

"Play a piece," Mr. Ross suggested. "I ain't heard any fiddlin' since God knows when."

My merciful mother saved me. "I don't think that would make anyone happier," she said, and smiled at Mr. Howland. "Don't you play?"

"Don't he play?" Ross laughed. "My—my saints, you ought to hear him! Go on and play some, Johnny. I ain't heard you since—why, since the war!"

I stared. I had never heard, until today, that John Howland did anything save manage his wife's farm. Mrs. Howland straightened the jet-strewn bonnet on her fair hair and lifted her chin a trifle.

"John hardly ever plays, Ned," she told Ross, but her husband crossed the room slowly to the piano, where my violin lay cased.

"I'll see what I can do," he said, and it struck me that I had never heard him speak before in the ten years I'd lived in Ohio.

He opened the case and looked at the violin, a good instrument, the gift of a wealthy aunt in Boston. I wished, instead of committing idle music, he'd double backward and put his gray head between his lean legs. My uncle wandered off and picked Egbert up.

"You've a talented family," he told Mrs. Howland. "Who taught this chap to walk a slack rope without a pole?"

Mr. Howland glanced at Egbert and then at his wife. He swung the bow over the strings suddenly and began to play. His wife drew herself up, smiling quietly, and listened to Money Musk, jauntily rendered, so that I wanted to whistle, and Mr. Ross, farmer fashion, patted the rug with a boot. My uncle twisted his mustaches. My father, by the piano, stared at Mrs. Howland so queerly that he kept my gaze until the gay air stopped.

"Why, you're as good as ever you was!" Mr. Ross cried. "My, Emmie, d'you mind him playin' that when the men had a dance after Gettysburg and I couldn't do nothin' but set round account of my leg bein' wounded up?" Mrs. Howland nodded gravely, playing with her glazed gloves. The great farmer went on: "What was it you played at my weddin', Johnny"—he laughed, stroking Ethan's head on his shoulder—"and made all the wimmenfolks cry?"

Howland put the bow on the strings. My modern sons shudder when I put the plate on the phonograph. Howland began Mignon's song. I had heard my mother hum it. She brightened and flushed, just as when the church choir happened to get through an anthem correctly. Mr. Ross nodded and stroked Ethan's head again.

"That's it," he said when the slow air ceased. "And my, how the wimmen bawled! Let's see, Emmie, you married Johnny right a week after that, didn't you?"

"August 10, 1863," Howland stated. He closed the violin in its case and went back to the window curtains. Then he seemed to examine Ethan and said gently, in his level hushed voice: "That boy favors you, Ned."

Mrs. Howland spoke with amiable deliberation: "You shouldn't flatter Ned. Ethan's much nicer looking than Ned ever was. And we must start home. Thank Mrs. Henry, Egbert, and go get your coat."

I watched this family get into the polished surrey and yelled good-by to Egbert. He sat beside the driver. Beside his wife in the rear seat Howland looked frail and shabby.

"My Lord," said Mr. Ross, "Emmie's a caution! You wouldn't think she ever run barefoot and climbed a tree."

"She's really very wealthy," my mother informed my uncle. "It's the biggest farm in the county except Mr. Ross' place. And she's most genteel."

"So are icebergs," said my uncle, shivering. "I've caught cold."

"I think she's a holy terror," I observed. "She don't let Eggs come to town but to school, and he ain't let do nothin'. Can't go barefoot summers, or swim, or ——"

"She's very charitable," said my father precisely.

Mr. Ross laughed. "Don't that begin at home? It ain't any way to raise a boy like she does Eggs. And namin' a boy Egbert is courtin' hell-fire. Come on home, Eth, you crawlin' serpent."

He gathered in four others of his sons from the front steps, where they were playing jackstones, and drove his wagon into the dusk of Poplar Street.

"Humph," said my uncle, "there's an old affair."

"Ross was a great beau in his day, they tell me," my mother smiled. "All the little girls fight over Ethan now. I suppose it was an affair."

"What's an affair?" I asked, and was ordered to go wash my hands for supper.

In bed I made great plans. We must certainly have a circus, preferably in the meadow behind the Ross orchard. People would admire Egbert in red tights manufactured from winter underclothes—red flannel was still deemed a specific against rheumatism—and I could balance on the horse, Ahab, who in good-natured hours would pretend to be dead. This vision mingled with my dreams. I was teaching Frisky to walk the slack rope when something hit me in the stomach sharply and brought me wide awake. My stomach distinctly hurt and, as I rubbed it, externally; but there was nothing in my room, filled with moonshine. There was no noise except my curtains flapping lazily. I wondered and slept again. My mother shook me to life when the April sun was well up.

"There's no bread in the house, Joe. Do get dressed and run over to the bakery and get a loaf, dear."

I moaned and began to dress when she had left me. But I stopped. On the pit of my stomach there was, painful and plain, a really notable bruise. I pondered this miracle all the way to the Vanois bakery on the square. There was no excuse for that bruise in Nature. I hadn't been in a fight for weeks and I could remember no chance knock the day before.

Certainly something had hit me while I lay defenseless and snoring.

Mrs. Vanois was just coming in from service at the chapel and greeted me gallantly in her easy, ornamental English. Though he had lived thirty years in Zerbetta, her stupid Gascon husband still limped in speech. The ironic trim woman did all the business of the shop. Its Sunday trade was a convenience and a scandal to Sabbatarian Zerbetta. Mrs. Vanois was the local news carrier. People somewhat feared her tongue. She gave me a hot sugared roll and smiled.

"Pierre had all night a stomach ache and could not go to church, so I make sure that you had a nice party, Joseph. And I hear that John Howland played the violin and how his wife scolded him all the way home, then!"

"Who told you?" I grinned.

"Sheehan, the new boy that drove them home. I saw him but right now. Sarnijeu," said Mrs. Vanois, "a woman that! One would wonder that she can go driving, like the Empress Eugénie, to make her call on Mrs. Ross. And Mrs. Ross must laugh to remember how that one ran after Ross when he came home from Gettysburg—so handsome in his blue clothes."

"Oh," I said, chewing my roll, "was Mrs. Howland in love with Mr. Ross?"

"Ha! And why do you think she married a hired man the week after Ross married his wife but that she wanted not to have herself laughed at?" I had no thoughts on the point. Mrs. Vanois made a bow in the pink string of my wrapped loaf and nodded. "Certainly. A hired man who had not been three weeks on her father's lands and still lame from the war. Well, she was proud, and that is the way things go when a girl is proud; and I am sorry for her husband. *Mais,*" she said, "*c'est un Tzigane, ce pauvre —*"

"Huh?"

"I have sometimes thought Howland was a —a Gypsy—as you say."

"But he comes to our church," I objected.

"Why not? Gypsies are Christians like all the world. And there is your bread, then."

I found my tall father striding up and down the porch for air and singing Marching Through Georgia off key.

"Rubbish!" he said. "Mrs. Vanois lets her imagination run off with her. He's no Gypsy. Mr. Howland's from New Hampshire. He told me so once." He sat down on the steps and took me on his lap. I dreaded an explosion of ethics, but he patted me and asked: "Do you think that Egbert—Eggs—is—well—very happy at home?"

"Dunno how he would be, papa. He ain't let do nothin'. And his sisters are just as bossy as his mother is. They look just like Mrs. Howland," I assured him, "an' act just like she does—sniffy. And I don't know what for. They ain't any richer'n the Rosses."

"Ah," he said, frowning, "it isn't that—altogether. Well, run and get your hair brushed, son."

I was perfecting my hair with a damp comb and stepping about to admire my freckled image in the glass when I trod on something and twisted my ankle viciously. It was a bit of loose brick. It had a string tied to its angles, and my breath sank as I read the message scribbled on the bit of yellow paper attached:

"Dear Jo, I have run off. Good-by."

It wasn't Ethan Ross' hand or any script that I knew. I hid the thing among my collars and went down to breakfast. Zerbetta was mainly Presbyterian. Pete Vanois was my only particular friend outside the fold. I looked about the cream-painted pews for some missing face. All the Rosses and Lowes were in order. Columbus Sims was quite as usual. Everyone I liked was there, and his mother had accounted for Pete Vanois. Then my uncle whispered, asking me where Mrs. Howland sat, and I saw the Howland pew empty. A large question entered my brain, and got its answer in the late afternoon when my mother came to find me in the carriage house with her face oddly flushed. Father was striding about the library when I stumbled in, but Mrs. Howland sat stiffly smiling in a deep chair, a veil pulled down over her eyes.

"Joe," said my father, "when did you see Eggs last?"

"Yesterday afternoon," I gabbled.

"You see?" he said to the still woman. "And really, Mrs. Howland, I don't see why you should think that Joe ——"

"Egbert used to talk about him," she retorted. "That was all. I suppose," she went on, "that I'll have to tell the police now. You'd better go tell Judge Lowe, John."

(Continued on Page 75)

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Cover Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary as Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins contain 75 per cent natural fruit sugar.

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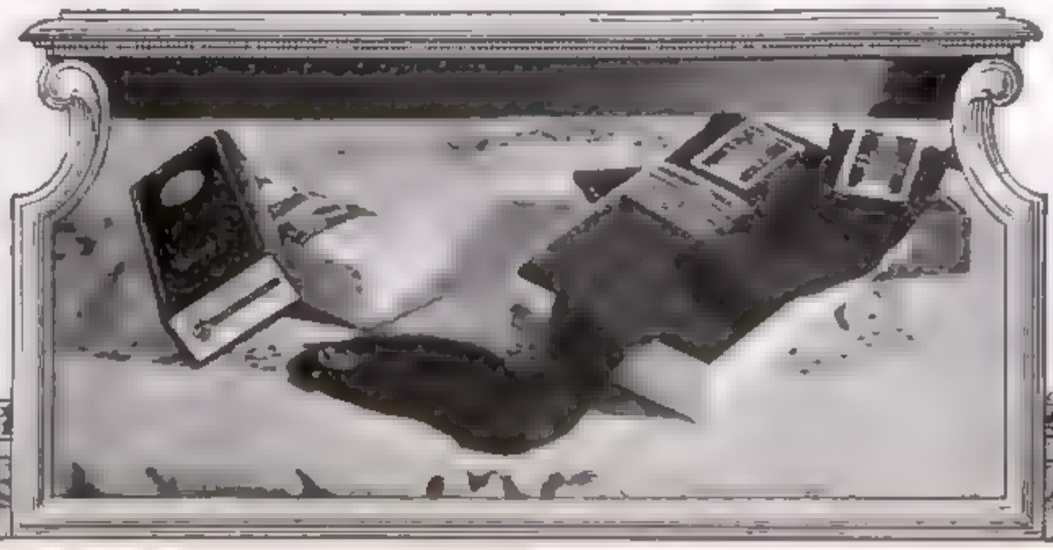

(Continued from Page 72)

I spun about. Howland was standing by my father's desk, in a shadow. He did not move at once, and my father spoke:

"I think you're making a mistake, Mrs. Howland. The child wouldn't run away without taking some clothes. You say he took some rolls from the kitchen? It's a fine day. He may have simply run off for a day in the woods. I think you're ——"

"He's gone," said Howland thickly, and stepped forward. "I knew he would. I told you he would." He panted, then laughed aloud. "I told you so!"

"Joe," my father commanded, "run along and shut the door."

The news shot along the county. The town frothed with it. I hugged my small secret until a month had passed, and then Ethan Ross, my confessor, shrewdly advised me to keep my mouth shut.

"You don't know nothin' more than anyone else to start off with, and your father's likely to wallop you for not tellin' him."

"He never wallops me, and you know it!"

"Well, he'd give you the Book o' Lamentations to learn, an' that's hellisher," said Ethan, and reverted to our belief. "I bet Eggs is in a circus, havin' a high old time, huh? But, say, ain't it funny how all the women keep sayin' he ought to be caught and fetched home?"

Mrs. Vanois was the only woman defender of Egbert Howland's flight. "You treat a boy like a doll and let him do nothing like a boy—and then!"

My mother never talked of the matter to me. But the women of Zerbetta sighed, generally. Mrs. Howland was wronged; she was a mother; she had lavished raiment and care on the runaway; she was a lady; she offended no female standard; she visited the sick and afflicted. So Egbert was a bad boy.

As it leaked into common knowledge that she thought Howland a silent accessory it was remembered that he had been her father's farm hand, that he had played the violin for hire at dances and weddings in 1863. He had always been disregarded. He became an offense to the matrons of Poplar Street and West Avenue. Men took sides with Egbert and drawled, when the subject came up, that Mrs. Howland was to blame for "raisin' the boy thataway." Mrs. Howland was proud; pride had taken a fall. They laughed a little. Egbert would come home when he got tired tramping. And, they said, Mrs. Howland wasn't losing any sleep. Indeed she seemed quite unchanged. She gave her usual tea parties at the big house east of town. She allowed the more prosperous youths to come calling on the pretty, prim daughters, and the oldest was married in the autumn to a young lawyer in Toledo. My father officiated, of course, and came home in the nervous state that passed for bad temper with him.

"I don't think your father quite likes the way Mrs. Howland treats her husband," my mother told me privately, "and I never have. Oh, we stopped at the post office. There's a letter for you from Ralph."

I was in a hurry for dinner and slipped my uncle's note into my pocket, forgot it and read it only when I pulled it out next day with my pocketknife.

"FORT MYER, September 20, 1885.

"*Dear Joe:* I ought to write this to your dad instead of you. But the Howland boy was a friend of yours and your dad writes me that the kid was not as happy at home as he might be. So here goes. There was a circus in Washington all last week, Corliss Bros. I did not happen to go until Saturday night and it was pretty poor. But along toward the end the ringmaster announced that someone would walk the slack rope without a pole and a little fellow came out. He did it mighty well and everyone was worried because he was so young and they did not have a net up to catch him in case he fell. I was sitting way back from the ring and I could not see his face, but he looked a good deal like your friend except that he had yellow hair. The ringmaster called him some Italian name, of course, but it might be the Howland kid for all that. I would not send any boy back to Zerbetta for love or money, but a circus is a pretty rough life. You had better take a good think before you do anything. Your dear dad is a preacher and he would have to tell the Howlands if I wrote him. So I leave it to you."

I spent an afternoon of random brooding, guilty and sentimental by turns. I had no sense of escape when I left Zerbetta for holidays in the East, and I came back joyfully. The tranquil county seemed, to me, a paradise of trees and fields with the little river straying from pool to pool for summer swims. I wondered why my mother went away smiling on swift flights to her Boston kin and why my father never grumbled at journeys to conferences or Grand Army meetings. But I could see the torture of Egbert Howland's life, muffled in silly decorum at the big farm outside town. And now he lived in the torrid glitter of a traveling circus, surrounded by bands and trick horses, the associate of clowns, the peer of elephants. I loitered in the square, considering, until chilly twilight, afraid to go home with this mystery clouding my brow. My mother was less guileless than my father. I sat on the post-office steps. There had been frost lately and boys had shoved together piled leaf for fires that made the dusk romantic with roaming smoke and sparks that dashed up to die among the maple boughs. Lads whistled in the shadow and sometimes there blew a sound of blended laughter on the free cold air.

Then John Howland came riding to the steps on a dark mare and nodded to me as he walked past into the post office. I took my breath once, got up and followed him when he came out again. The silent man turned, a foot in the stirrup, and looked at me.

"S'posin'," I mumbled, "I—I got to know where Eggs is?"

"Sonny likes you," said Howland. "If you tell on him, Joe Henry, I'll break every bone in you. You hear?"

He spoke without raising his husky, dull voice, but he took his foot from the stirrup. His spur clicked on the curb and he put his hands on my wrists. As we stood his palms seemed to heat like rock made painful with summer sun.

"I wasn't goin' to tell anyone," I gasped. "I ain't ever told anyone you were in a circus—nothin'. I shan't tell."

"You're a good boy," he said. "I'm much obliged."

After that he gave me a curious special nod when we happened to meet. Because I knew that he'd wandered, perhaps, I thought him strange, riding his wife's fine horses and shyly nodding his curly gray head to the loud-voiced, burly men about the square. Once that winter he played the violin at Judge Lowe's after a dinner party. My father asked him to play and sent for my instrument.

"Really," said my mother, coming home thrilled, "he ought to be in concerts. And what do you suppose he was doing in France, Bob?"

"Did he say he'd been in France?" I inquired.

"Yes. Judge Lowe asked him where he learned to play. Bob," mother alleged, "she's dreadful to him. Why, tonight she really looked at him as though she'd like to murder him while he was playing. And how rude she was to Mrs. Ross! I think she really must have been in love with Mr. Ross when she was a girl. She ——"

Here my mother considered my extensive ears and altered the subject.

Once, in midwinter, Ethan Ross encountered Howland in the feed store, and the bulked man asked the handsome boy how his father was. "All right," said Ethan. And Howland answered: "He's a lucky fellow. You tell him I said so." This was spoken in public, and the news of it got swiftly back to Mrs. Howland.

"Ha!" said Mrs. Vanois, at the bakery. "These good ladies! Therèse Connelly tells me that there was a scene to be heard in the kitchen and down to the barns! And at last this poor man tells her he is sick of it and she can go to hell. Then the girls cry and this fine lady must say she is sorry and Howland goes off to the barn and practices the violin. And Ross, he is a lucky one to have not married her. That poor Howland!"

His hired men reported that Howland spent more and more time playing the violin in the barn as spring came on. He played one evening at the Grand Army rooms on the square. The old songs of the war welled out from the open windows. I sat on a hydrant and listened amazedly. I spoke to him next day in church, but Howland had been lectured overnight, I think. He hardly nodded.

He never addressed me until we met at the post office one July afternoon. The place was empty. I was fitting the key into

(Continued on Page 77)

Hotel Sherman, Chicago, home of the College Inn, a restaurant famous the world over for its excellent cuisine

From a World-Famed Restaurant

THE College Inn of the Hotel Sherman is internationally famous for its cuisine. For many years it has been the Chicago rendezvous of those who know and appreciate fine cooking.

College Inn chefs, masters of culinary art, make College Inn dishes *creations par excellence*. And now these unrivalled specialties are available for use in every home. Even though you live a thousand miles from Chicago, you may now serve on your table the same delicious dishes that have made the College Inn world-famous.

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TO SERVE IN THE HOME

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The ease with which College Inn Cooked Food may be served makes it a boon to the housewife. Simply place an unopened can in boiling water and leave for twenty minutes. Then open and serve, piping hot, and you will have a dish identical in flavor and seasoning with those served in the College Inn—prepared by the same chefs in spotlessly clean kitchens.

Send for Trial Assortment

Within a few months we expect to have College Inn Cooked Food on sale in leading groceries and food specialty shops throughout the United States. Until then we are prepared to supply lovers of good cooking direct. We do not ask you to send money in advance. Simply indicate on the coupon the number of dishes desired, and pay the postman for them when they arrive, plus the small parcel post charge. Your money will be promptly refunded if you aren't entirely pleased.

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The Hotel Sherman invites correspondence from retailers of the better class. We intend that College Inn Cooked Food shall eventually be sold only by retail stores. If you wish to be the first to sell these specialties in your locality, do not delay. Write us today for complete information regarding College Inn Cooked Food. Bear in mind that it is practically without competition.

Hotel Sherman Company
Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

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Chicken à la Creole	60	Pea Soup St. Germain	20
Paprika Chicken	70	Puree Mongol Pea Soup	20
Chicken Salad	75	Cream of Tomato Soup	20
Sliced Beef à la Deutsch	50	Chicken Noodle Soup	20
Paprika Veal Stew	45	Chicken Cream Soup	20
Welsh Rarebit	40	Spaghetti Italienne	20
Sauce Creole	30	Candied Sweet Potatoes	20
Cream of Asparagus Soup	20	Carrots Creole	25

(No. 1 cans, containing two generous portions)

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It is the avowed determination of the Kahn Tailoring Studios to *preserve* this species for the American people. Hundreds of veteran tailors, the very cream of the old school *tailoring profession*, are passing their fine art on to a newer generation so that it shall not die.

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Please stop a moment and *realize* that a *Kahn Suit* is studied *individually* as a distinct *artistic unit*—that it is exclusive and *individual*, from cutter to presser, made solely and absolutely for *just one man* and minutely fashioned to *just one measurement*. Real art can never be standardized.

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OF INDIANAPOLIS
MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES
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Continued from Page 75

our mail box when the man stopped behind me and said: "The circus'll be in Cypress next Saturday, Joe. It isn't coming here. Got money for a ticket?"

"Yes, sir. But I thought Eggs was with somethin' called Corliss ——"

"He's changed. This one's better. Don't say a word."

The posters announcing Salvani's Monster Circus were splashed on fences all over the town. Ethan Ross couldn't go Saturday afternoon. At five in the evening I harnessed Ahab to the buggy and set off with Ethan. Cypress was an even ten miles south of Zerbetta. Ethan and I cocked our bare feet on the dashboard and let the horse stroll in dignified leisure. Faster buggies rattled by us and sunset was purple when Howland rode up on his sweating mare. He pulled her alongside the buggy, nodded, and kept pace.

"Evening show's not till eight," he said. "I'll give you boys supper at the hotel." Then he didn't speak again until the spread of tents lay lavender above the petty town of Cypress. "Your dad come over, Eth?"

"No, sir."

"He's a lucky fellow. Don't either of you ever be a hired man for a lady. It wears you down." Our embarrassment did not disturb him. He looked back toward Zerbetta, hidden in a hot and colored haze. He smiled fleetly. "Lived here twenty-three years. A long time. When I was in France in '54 I met a man hadn't been outside of a town called Sens since they chopped off King Louis' head. Not since he was four."

"What was you doin' in France?" Ethan asked.

"Goin' places and seein' things, son."

He bought us dinner in the little hotel of Cypress and drank beer with his meal. We left his mare with Ahab in the shed behind the inn and walked to the gaudy circus ground in a host of Zerbettans. In the medley of chattering people among the lighted booths and side shows we lost Howland. He slipped away. I supposed him hunting Egbert and fancied that meeting. The air was choking with dust and pennyroyal. Inside the main tent we climbed high to the last tier of seats against the canvas and sat watching the green rows fill under the pulsing flares of gasoline lamps high under the roof. There was only one ring and when the procession passed round only two elephants appeared. "But," Ethan said, "there's not much to elephants. What you lookin' at, Joe?"

I was watching Howland seat himself close to the roped track. He wore a loose gray suit and he showed plainly, slouching as he smoked a cigar. His head turned as the performance began. I fancied him expertly judging the bareback riders, the bawling clowns, the men and women who slung their tinted tights from trapeze to trapeze, the Japanese tumblers and the glass swallower. Once, when a tumbler made a clumsy fall, I saw him shrug like Mrs. Vanois, and he applauded a green contortionist violently.

"Fine," said Ethan, "but I'd hate to make a livin' gettin' my belly dislocated. What they doin' now?"

The circus servants were yelling crossly as they raised two stanchions on either side of the ring. The booted ringmaster wiped his face and shouted his announcement in the long whine of weariness: "Signor Ambrosino, the boy wonder of two continents — speshul engagement — appeared before the Czar of Rooshia, King'v Italy, Queen Victoria—walks slack rope barehanded. Ladies'n gentlemen, take notice that no net's used in this ex'bition."

"It ain't so awful hard to do," someone drawled near us.

I grunted with excitement. The jointed poles were steadied and the supporting ropes pegged down. A clown cavorted on the tanbark, gesturing up at the loose wire thirty feet above his spinning white and red. The band began some ancient overture full of brazen clashes. Very suddenly, arrived from nowhere, a slim boy was climbing the ladder to the nearest end of the wire.

"Just a kid, ain't he?" Ethan murmured. He wore scarlet fleshings and a gold girdle. His curly hair was yellow and glittered under the flares as he stood poised on the peak, ready to march on the wire.

"My," said a woman, "he ain't big at all. They'd ought to have a net too."

This was the last act of the bill. People were rising and stretching. The band stopped its tumult and commenced a thunder of drums. The boy spread his scarlet arms and walked onto the wire, which steadied under his weight.

"Eggs Howland did just like that," said Ethan; "and just as good too."

But he stared with me, and applause broke out. A man got up just before us and hid the whole scene for a second. I was ready to bark my annoyance at him, drew breath for a "Say," when the crowd gave out a sound, a long hiss like surge sliding up sand, and a woman screamed. Against her scream John Howland shouted "Sonny! Sonny! The pole!" And his voice preceded all the other cries.

The nearest pole was bending in toward the ring. I think Howland leaped the track and got to the ropes before the rest. The scarlet boy stumbled and caught the sagging wire. My view was lost in the rise of uncounted bodies. I hammered someone's back. The tent became a heart of agony. Then the band brayed into Home, Sweet Home and I could see Egbert climb on the farther pole's top. He had pulled himself hand over hand up the wire. He stood, dominant and bowing. The ring and the fallen pole were hidden by people; half-naked performers waved towels to the boy, struggling out of their entrance; the ringmaster was shaking hands with Howland. I forget by what anguish Ethan and I made our way into the dressing tent at last, but I know that in the jam I heard people saying that this was the runaway Howland boy from Zerbetta.

He sat on a tin-plated trunk and the circus doctor was bandaging his ripped palms. The men and some women of his new monstrous world hung over him, swearing and sweating. His bleached hair was still dark at the roots. He stammered and grinned and rested his head on Howland's shoulder, but he saved Ethan and me from expulsion. When his friends drifted off at last he sighed: "Won't mamma find out?"

"Don't you mind, sonny," said Howland. "I'll look after that." He kissed the boy's ear, then sat looking at the ground awhile. When he lifted his face he spoke to me: "Your dad's a good preacher, Joe. My wife thinks mighty well of him. I see he isn't so sure she's a gold-plated Christian. You take my horse home and tell your dad if my wife says anything she'd better go read Saint Matthew. It's Chapter Twenty-five, I think. And you boys better start home."

The mare snuffled, annoyed by the dust behind the buggy as I drove Ahab through the moonlight. Ethan finally mounted her, and it was he who left her at the Howland barn, rousing no one. I raced upstairs and woke father. He listened quietly until I came to Howland's direction about Saint Matthew's Gospel; then he smiled.

"'Thou wicked and slothful servant,'" he quoted. "But I'm glad—even if it's cruel to—to Mrs. Howland—that he's gone with the boy. Go to bed, Joe."

By church time it was known all down Poplar Street that Howland had telegraphed his wife to send his violin to an address in Chicago.

I think I saw the truants once again in Koster and Bial's music hall when I was an undergraduate. There was an act called The Gypsy Gymnasts, in which a slim young fellow walked the slack rope while a man played airy music on the violin. Mrs. Howland divorced him for desertion in a year or two, and the ladies of Zerbetta pitied her, of course. But I seldom saw her, for she left my father's church when he preached a sermon on a text from Matthew, Chapter Twenty-five: "And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth." I remember his voice repeating the words. I listened to the sermon for a time, thinking about the Howlands happily astray somewhere. My mother rustled nervously at last as he said, "Sometimes our pride misuses the talent left in our care. We hide it in the earth, not to keep it safe but because we are afraid it may outshine ourselves. And then we are unprofitable servants, truly, fit to be cast into outer darkness."

I think it was a little after that second when Mrs. Howland walked down the aisle. But my recollections may be wrong. It is hard to retrace steps through the gay brushwood of that adolescent forest. Sometimes I saw the roots of the lurid flowers that blossomed shockingly in open hate and woe. Mostly I remember the strong wings that burst from the tangled thickets and shot away toward an unhampered sky.

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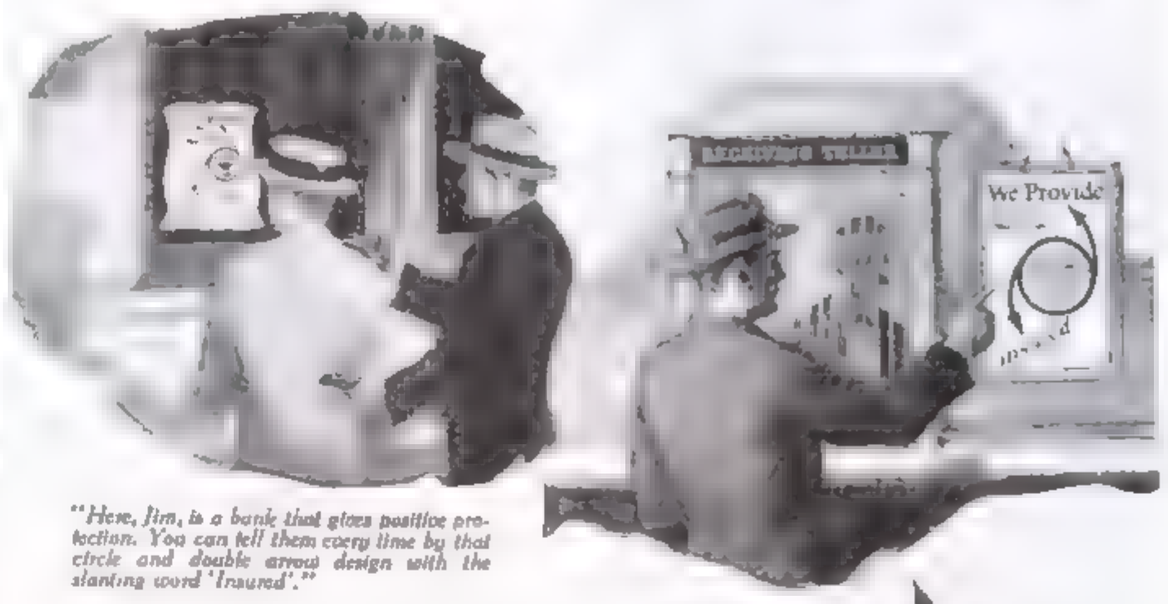

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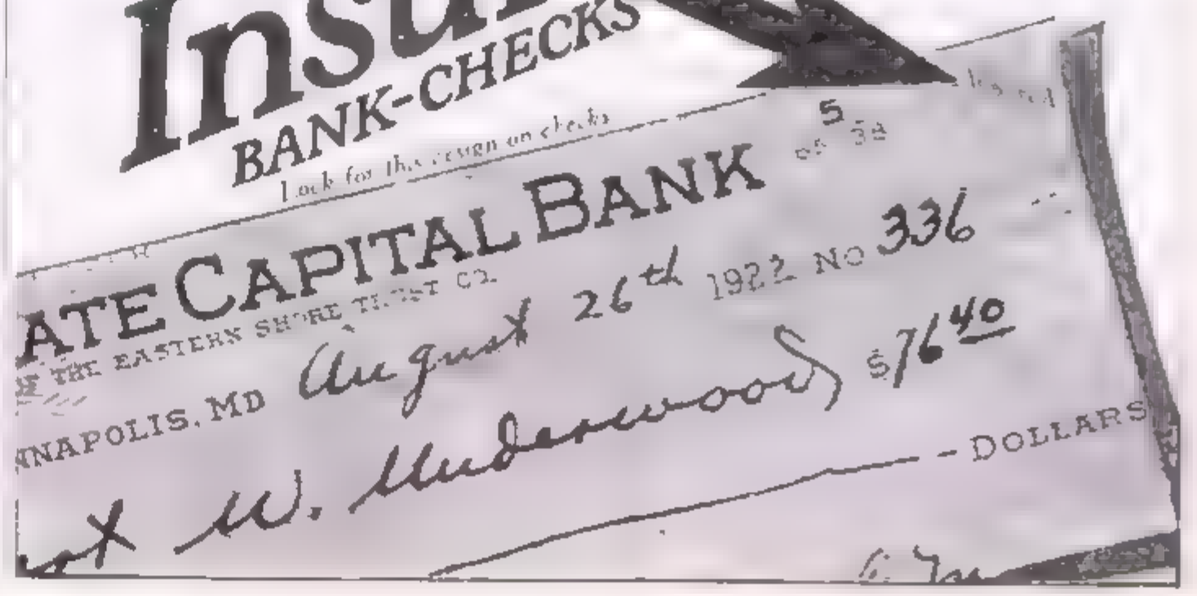

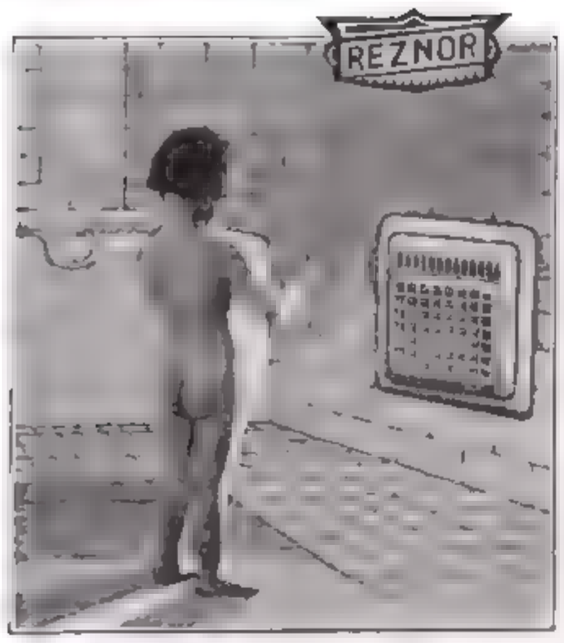

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A TWOSOME AT TUARA

(Continued from Page 7)

"Quite the contrary. A nine-hole course that will be about as sporty as one could wish. Three water hazards, jungle traps, natural bunkers—everything that is required."

"What do you want?" I says. "My application for the Tuara Country Club?"

Jem ain't listening.

"From Number Four tee there's a straight drive of three hundred and fifty yards, and ——"

"Well, you'll play by yourself," I butts in. "I may be down, but I ain't out enough to run around in this heat chasing a fool ball through the jungles."

"His majesty," says Hargis, "begins his lessons tomorrow. In a short time he will be a very passable player. He took a few shots today and his natural form is surprisingly good."

"How long do you expect to stay on this dump?"

"Forever, possibly," comes back Jem, "and I might as well keep myself occupied."

"What you going to do for balls? The few you got won't last so long."

But you can't crab his act.

"I have a dozen," says he, "and with a score of boys caddying there's not much chance of losing any of them."

The next morning Hargis gives Willieboy his first lesson out in front of our shack. Considering the weight this baby's carrying, he's not so slow. The whole tribe is out to see him wallop the pill. I had to laugh. They all looked so serious. In about an hour Willieboy is driving the ball straight as a string for a couple of hundred yards. He's a husky bird outside of his fat. His shoulders are about twice as wide as mine, and his arms are so long he can scratch his ankles without bending his knees. He ain't such a dumb head either. Hargis tips him a coupla times how to hold the clubs, to keep his feet still and his eyes on the ball, and in no time at all Willieboy is working like a clock.

"Excellent raw material," Hargis tells me. "I venture to say that in a few months he'll be playing par golf. He's a natural driver."

"A natural nut, you mean," says I. "You can take him back to England with you. He'll look great in knickers, having tea on the cricket grounds. What?"

"He could be made quite presentable." Jem don't see no jokes when he's talking golf or when he ain't.

A few days later I get up and take a walk through the village. There ain't no one in sight. Hargis ain't nowhere either. I get a little worried and start beating the island. In a little while I runs into the whole bunch about a mile away. All of 'em, men, women and children, are tearing down trees, pulling shrubbery and generally messing things up. Hargis is bossing the job.

"What's the big idea?" I says.

"Laying out the course," he explains. "In a few weeks we'll have it done. By next spring the greens ought to be in excellent shape."

"What do you mean, next spring?" I busts out. "I ain't going to hang around this dump that long, I'll tell the world."

"How, when and where are you going?" says Jem.

"I don't know," I tells him; "but if I can't think of anything else I'll rig up a sail and take a chance with the raft."

"Very interesting," said Hargis; "but his majesty tells me that the only land within a hundred miles of here is inhabited by cannibals who are particularly fond of white meat, Yankee style." Then he changes the subject. "See that clump of trees yonder?" I take a look.

"Number Six green is going to be just behind it and it will require an adroit mashie shot to get on it from here."

"Wouldn't it be hell," I sneers, "if a ship should heave in sight just when you get the course finished?"

"It would be annoying," he admits, "and I should hesitate about departing before playing over it. No, I should refuse to leave until ——"

"Squirrel food, right!" I says, and goes down to the beach to look for ships.

III

WELL, with all the natives hustling on the job, Hargis gets ahead fast with wrecking the island. The whole dump is filled with smoke from the trees they're burning down. Everybody's doing something but me, and Hargis is so dog tired when he gets in at night that we ain't got many words. He's got nothing on his mind but that golf pasture of his, and I ain't got nothing but the notion of getting off the island pronto. I'm so fed up on coconuts and goat's meat that I'm about ready to take a chance on the cannibals.

"The trouble with you," says Hargis, "is lack of interest. Why don't you take a fancy for something?"

I just grumble. Jem is all full of ideas.

"You're a prize-fight manager. Why don't you develop some of these boys?"

"Not me!" says I. "I ain't swapping wallops for fun. Besides, I'm too busy looking out for ships. How's Willieboy getting along?"

Hargis and the chief have been working out every morning.

"Wonderful!" says Jem. "Beautiful form! In a few months he'll be a Class-A player. Just has a natural instinct for the game. His drives are tremendous. A bit weak in his putting, but improving steadily. You know, we're to have our opening in the morning."

I have to hand it to him when I takes a look at the course next day. The take-offs had been made of pounded rock or coral or something, and was nice and smooth and flat. There was nine of 'em, and at the side of each was two grass baskets, one filled with water and the other with sand for the tees. There were some stumps and some low places on the fairways, but outside of that they were K. O. For flags they had red bird wings on the ends of poles. Hargis tells me that Willieboy had some loose heads around his shack that he had collected from some other tribe that he wanted to stick on the end of pikes and use for markers, but he was talked out of it.

"How do you like it?" asks Hargis.

"S B.," says I. "Sisn't bad."

Everybody, including the goats, was there on get-away day. Willieboy shoots first and hands the pill some wallop. It looks to me like that he hit the pin.

"Excellent!" says Hargis. "I believe your majesty is on the green in one."

Then Jem takes a swipe at the ball and alices it into one of the jungles at the side of the fairway. About thirty-five kids starts hunting for it, but they don't have no luck. In about half an hour they're ready to give up. Willieboy walks into the gang and rattles off something. The kids look scared, and bore into the brush with their hands and feet and teeth and everything.

"What you tell 'em?" I asks.

"Ball no come," says he, "head she go." He makes a swipe across his throat. "Plenty boy, not so plenty ball."

He wasn't bluffing either. I could see that. Finally this gal Helluwa picks up the ball under a big leaf and hands it to Hargis. You can see the way she looks at him that she's cuckoo about him. Then I sees something that ain't so good for Hargis. One of the young fellows—Lotto, we called him; his name sounded something like that wild game—gives Jem a dirty look and I see the baby's fingers tighten around his club. I make the play right off. This lad's nuts about Helluwa and for a dime he'd bounce a bat off Hargis' dome. The first chance I get I tips him.

"Lay off the brown flapper," says I. "She's got a steady."

Jem don't make me.

I tell him what I see.

"Ridiculous!" says he. "I've hardly noticed her."

"Maybe you ain't, but she's picked you for her beau. She follows you around with them lamps of hers, and the first thing you know your head will be nailed over Lotto's door."

Hargis refuses to get het up. He and Willieboy play around the course twice. Hargis wins with an eighty-three, but the chief comes in strong with an eighty-seven.

"Excellent, your majesty!" says Jem. "I'm sure you'll turn in an eighty next time."

Willieboy is pleased to death. That night there is a grand banquet at the village. You'd 'a' thought they'd won a war or something like that the way the stuff was put on. About the end of the blow-out I see this bird Lotto sneak out of the place. I didn't think much of it at first, but later on I kinda get worried and ease my way out of the crowd. I get to our shack just in time to see Lotto run out. He's got one of them wicker baskets in his hand and is beating it hot-foot toward the jungle. I go into the house, but I don't see nothing wrong at first. The golf layout is over in the corner as usual. Just as I gets ready to beat it back I notice that the flap of the ball pocket is open. I take one look and laugh.

Lotto has swiped all the golf balls!

IV

"WELL," says I when Hargis comes in a few minutes later, "the golf season's over."

He just gives me the eyebrow lift.

"Unless," I tells him, "you know some way to make golf balls out of coconuts or fish eggs."

"What do you mean?" he says, and turns pale.

"Lotto just drifts in," I inform him casual, "and drifts out again with your whole supply in a basket."

He rushes toward the bag and I never sees an Englishman so flabbergasted.

"By this time," I says, "he's dumped 'em all in the ocean."

"We must pursue!" shouts Hargis, and runs out of the place like a wild man. I follows him.

Jem wakes up the chief and slips him the bad news. If someone had started a massacre on the island there couldn't 'a' been as much excitement. In about five minutes the whole village is shouting and yelling and beating tom-toms and thrashing the island for Lotto. I figures there'll be something doing if they catch the bird, so I trails along with the posse.

In a couple of hours it's daylight, but not a sign of the kid. It's my idea that the baby has grabbed a canoe, dumped the loot into the ocean and hit out for some other island. We're just about ready to call it a day and go back to the village when we pipes Lotto around a bend standing knee high in the water. He's still carrying the wicker basket, and Willieboy and Hargis lead a grand rush toward him. Just as we get to the beach Lotto makes a motion like he's going to dump the balls and yells something. The chief and the rest of the gang comes to a full stop. The lad in the water and Willieboy do a lot of palavering and I make it that Lotto is getting ready to heave the balls in the ocean unless the boss comes clean on something.

Willieboy is willing enough, but this Lotto is a suspicious lad. He ain't satisfied until the chief gets down on his knees, crosses his hands and looks like he's praying. Swearing to tell the truth, the whole truth and so on, I figure. After he gets up Lotto comes ashore and hands the basket of balls to Hargis. Jem takes a quick count. They're all there.

Then we finds out what all the palavering was about. Lotto wanted the chief to keep Hargis away from his skirt and to teach him golf. He gets it into his head that Helluwa will fall for him hard if he can make a mean drive or sink a thirty-foot putt.

The next morning Hargis takes the young fellow on as per promise. There is only sticks enough for two, and Willieboy, after grouching around for a few minutes, beats it. Lotto's pretty rotten, slicing and topping everything he hit, and he didn't hit so many.

In the afternoon Jem plays with Willieboy. His majesty still has his morning grouch on. He digs into the bag for a ball and picks one out with nearly the whole top torn off. He gets into a rage.

"Who do?" he asked.

"Lotto topped one," Hargis tells him.

Willieboy didn't say anything—then. They kept playing. The chief was way off form. He topped one himself and dug a hole in the ball. He and Jem nearly bawled, but the worst was yet to come. On the fourth hole Willieboy sliced one into a tree and it stuck in the branches. About six kids started climbing up after it and one of them is about to get it when one of them big red birds swoops down, grabs the ball in its beak and beats it. I guess he figures it's a hard-boiled egg. I just sat down and laughed, but Hargis is real serious.

"That only leaves ten balls," he says, "and two of the others are pretty well worn. We must conserve them."

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

"Too many play," cuts in Willieboy.

Then he mumbles something that I don't get. It must 'a' been good, though. This gal Helluwa, who's sticking around—she never misses no games—jumps around and claps her hands.

"Too many play," says the chief again.

That don't mean nothing to me right then, but that evening I don't see Lotto about the village. I asked Willieboy.

"Him go," he says.

"Where?" I asks.

He just shrugs his shoulders. I got a suspicion.

"Did he take his head with him?"

"No use head where him go," says Willieboy.

I was kinda worried and tells Hargis about it.

"This bird don't think no more of cutting off a guy's top piece than you do of taking a bath. We'd better beat it while we're still in one chunk."

"I don't think he'll bother us," says Jem.

"You don't, eh?" I come back. "I'm not so sure. He's a nut about golf—worse than you are. He bumped off Lotto because the balls was getting scarce. What do you think he'll do when they is only a couple left? Split 'em with you?"

Hargis looks like he's thinking.

"Is the raft still down there?" he asks.

"Yeh," I says, "and it's about time to make a get-away."

Then I tells him an idea I got about rigging up a sail, but he ain't ready to beat it yet.

"I think you're unduly alarmed," he says. "Anyhow, this is the monsoon season and we haven't a chance of making land."

Well, another month goes by. Willieboy and Hargis play nearly every day, and once in a while I watch 'em. The chief's a real bearcat.

"Today he's just as good as I am," says Jem. "His drives will average fifty yards better than mine, and on the greens he's positively uncanny."

I ask him how the balls are holding out and he shakes his head.

"Not so good," says he. "We've got seven left, but only four of them are really in good shape. However, with care they ought to last for a long time yet. I've been experimenting with coconut milk."

"Making balls?"

"No, repairing them. If you let them lay in the milk for a couple of days and then take them out and harden them in the sun the cracks are tightened up a goodish bit."

For the next three or four weeks it rains off and on and they ain't much playing, but Willieboy puts the gang to work adding nine more holes to the course. By the time he gets done with the job the whole island is pretty nearly golf links. As soon as the weather settles down they begin playing every morning and afternoon to make up for lost games. In the evenings the chief drifts over to our shack to talk golf, and between him and Jem they nearly drive me nuts.

"You no play?" Willieboy says to me one night.

"Nix," I says. "I'm afraid it would go to my head."

"Maybe so," the chief comes back calm.

I don't know whether he made me or not, but I know what I'm talking about all right. They was eleven heads over Willieboy's door right after we landed, and they was twelve now. I didn't get very close to 'em, but if one of them wasn't Lotto's I'll eat a thousand coconuts right now. Slice my ball and I'll slice you was the slogan around Tuara.

At that it was funny listening to some of Willieboy's chatter. He had learned copra English from the traders. Hargis had taught him to spill golf English, including all the regulation cuss words.

"Well, chief," I would say, "how did you do today?"

"I make little birdies on Three hole. Miss easy putt on Five hole, damn! Stymie get me Seventeen, damn, hell!"

V

WE'RE on the island about six months when Willieboy shows up one night with Helluwa. She's all dolled up with a new waistband and with a red flower in her hair. She looks right neat. The chief puts his hand on Hargis' shoulder.

"You marry she, yes?"

Jem don't act surprised. He shakes his head, "No."

"No like?" asks Willieboy.

"Oh, yes," says Hargis. "I like her very much. Pretty girl, but I don't wish to be married."

That don't mean nothing to his majesty.

"I wish; she wish; you marry," and he beats it out.

I didn't like the looks in Willieboy's eyes. I could see that Hargis didn't either.

"That's what you get for teaching that cuckoo golf," says I. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," he comes back sober like; "but I'm not going to marry the lady."

"She's batty about you," I says. "You should 'a' seen that kid laugh and clap her hands when Willieboy tipped her that he was going to knock Lotto's block off. I think that gal figures you asked the chief to do it."

Then I spills something about the raft. Hargis looks real serious.

"I forgot to tell you," says he, "that I went down this morning to take a look at it. It wasn't there. It's been pulled up to the village, in back of his majesty's house. The canoes have been taken away too."

That sure got a rise outa me.

"And that isn't the worst," Jem tells me. "There's only two balls left. Willieboy suggested this afternoon that it would be a good idea to let him play by himself for a while."

"We're in a jam right," says I. "Well, there's only one thing to do: Marry the chocolate chicken or he'll bump us off for them two golf balls."

"Marry her yourself," comes back Jem real snappy.

"She's got rotten taste and wants you. She's nuts about golf champs. You'll have to do it."

"It's out of the question," says Hargis.

I'm beginning to get peevish.

"You can go through the motions, can't you? You don't have to live with her."

"I have my honor," says Jem, "and I intend to preserve it."

"I got my head," I shoots back, "and I intend to keep it. I don't want it preserved. The whole mess is your fault."

He ain't got no comeback to that.

"If you hadn't made that bird crazy about golf everything would be all right," I says. "Helluwa wouldn't have fallen for you and we wouldn't be in danger of losing our conks over two secondhand golf balls. It's up to you to square things."

"Yes," admits Hargis, "I suppose it is. I'll see what is to be done."

He beats it out of the shack. Believe me, I do some worrying while Jem is away, and it don't help none when I see that the two golf balls that is left is not in the bag no more.

We ain't got any kind of a weapon, and the raft and the canoes being cached our only chance is to swim for it unless Hargis is willing to marry Helluwa, and I'm betting he isn't. In about an hour Jem comes back. They ain't no sign of encouragement in his face

"Well," I bursts out, "do we keep our heads?"

"Perhaps," says he.

"Meaning what?" I asks.

"Meaning," he comes back, "we have a chance of our lives if I have any luck tomorrow on the links."

I don't make him.

"His majesty and I," explains Jem, "are to play eighteen holes of golf tomorrow. If I win we have the choice of taking raft or canoe, fixing up some sails and departing. If I lose I stay and marry Helluwa. You can do what you want. I suppose you'll leave."

I give him a disgusted look.

"You're a rotten supposer," says I. "I'm a sticker, kid. If we go we go together. If you have to stay here count me in. I'll pick me up a brown baby, move out in the second ward and settle down with the goats and the coconuts."

Hargis sticks out his hand.

"I rather thought you would say that."

I ain't got the clear of it all yet and asks for details.

"It's simple," says Hargis. "I appealed to his majesty's sportsmanship. He thinks he can beat me, and perhaps he can. He plays golf every bit as well as I do. I never saw anyone pick up the game so fast. If he wins he gets the balls and clubs and I get the girl. I'm convinced he would have killed me except for his daughter."

"And me too," I tells Hargis. It's a cinch Willieboy isn't going to leave any witnesses around in case a ship drops in.

"Think his promise is worth a damn?" I asks Jem.

He shrugs his shoulders.

"I do," he says, "because I have to. Our only chance of getting away is to give him the benefit of the doubt."

There's something else worrying me—Helluwa. Will she stand for Hargis beating it if he wins?

"She doesn't know anything about the bet," says he, "and I think the king's too much afraid of her to tell her."

Well, they ain't no use wondering, so we hit the hay. In the morning Hargis asks me if I'll go around the course with him.

"Sure as shooting!" I says. "I ain't going to take no chance of that gang pulling any dirty work on you. Give him the beating of his life," and I slaps him on the shoulder.

"I hope to," says Jem; "but don't forget that just now he's the champion of the South Seas. He has made the course in seventy-four, while the best I've done is seventy-six. As far as that goes, he's the champion of the world. I was before he defeated me. I must wrest the title from him."

"For Pete's sake," I yell, disgusted, "are you playing for a get-away or a medal score and a tin cup?"

"Both," says he. "I'm as much interested in regaining the championship as in escaping."

"She ain't such a bad looker," I flings at him.

He don't get it for a while.

"You're insulting," he says, and I lets it go at that.

VI

THE whole island turns out to see the championship of the world played at Tuara. Willieboy is dressed up in a new breech clout with his body all greased. Me and Helluwa are the score keepers. She carries a basket of pebbles and I got a coupla half coconut shells. We keep score by dropping a pebble in the shells for each stroke.

Willieboy starts out with a drive that goes down the tree alley straight as a string and lands right on the green. Helluwa knows what's going on right enough. She claps her hands and gives Hargis a look as if to say, "I got you, kid! Wedding bells tonight!" Jem's pretty good himself. He's serious, and you can see he's playing for blood. He makes a grand drive, too, but it don't go so far as the chief's. Well, to make a long hole short, Willieboy goes out in three. It takes Hargis four. He misses a dinky putt.

"Steady, old boy!" says I.

Helluwa is smiling all over. She figures she's as good as married already. When Willieboy grabs off the second hole she jumps and claps her hands.

Me, I start looking over the supply of chicken. I pipe one that ain't so bad and give her the eye. If I'm going tie up with one of these babies I figures I might as well get going early.

The game mosies on without a change. At the ninth hole Willieboy is still two to the good and going so great there don't seem to be no chance of catching him. Hargis don't say nothing, but goes about his business. Helluwa keeps shouting and yelling. On the tenth hole, a short pitch shot, the chief overdrives the pin. Hargis makes a two and Willieboy is only one up on him. That's all until the seventeenth, when Jem evens everything up by making a par-four hole in two.

Helluwa flies into a rage and screams and spits at Hargis. She acts so crazy that the rest of the gang begin yelling too. This kinda bothers Jem and he appeals to the chief.

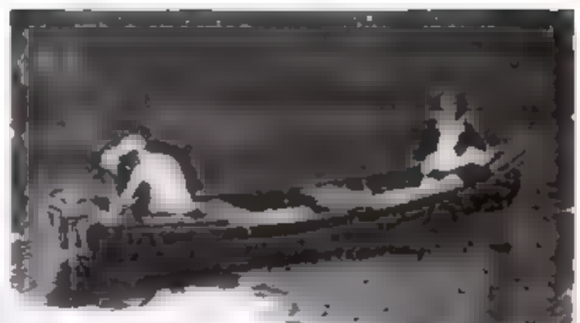
"The noise disturbs me," he says. "Will you have it stopped?"

Willieboy is a good sport. He raises his mitt, spills a few words and you can hear the waves a mile away. They halve the eighteenth hole and begin all over again. On the twenty-second hole they're still even. Helluwa accidentally spills the pebbles and the game stops while I go down the beach for another supply, a coupla hundred yards away.

I climb through some bushes and what I see then knocks me cuckoo. Out in the cove is a ship at anchor. I let loose a yell and start hot-footing back to grab Hargis when I look down on the beach and see a boatful of sailors. They're American gobs. They is an officer in charge and I run down to him.

"Who are you?" he asks.

I tell him, but he don't get excited.



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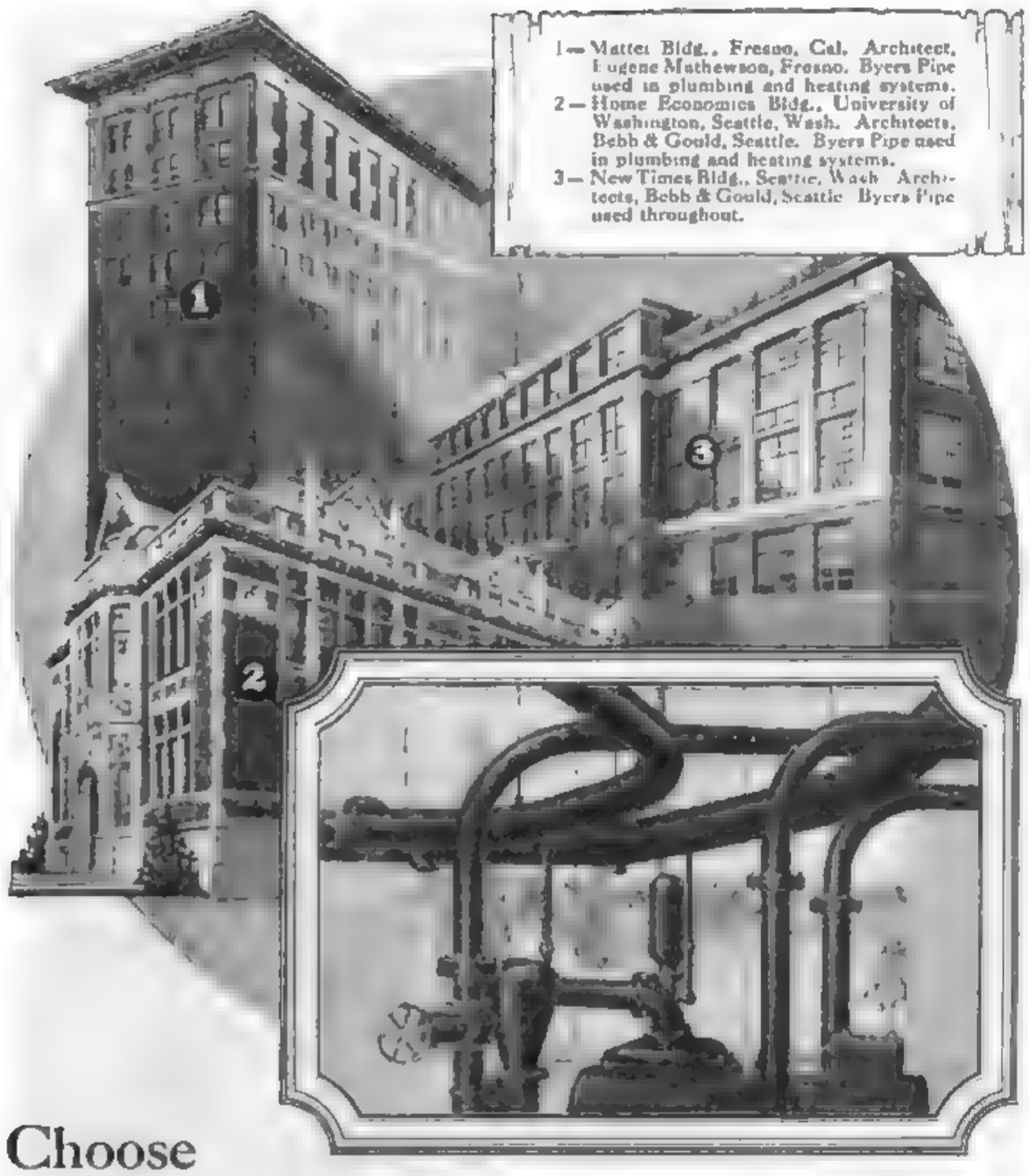
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"Is Jem Hargis on the island?" says he.

"Yeh," I tell him; "but he's busy playing golf."

The officer looks at me funny. He thinks I'm dippy.

"We've been looking for him for months at the request of the British Admirals," says he.

"Ain't nobody asked about me?" I want to know.

"I believe," he comes back, "something was said of another passenger. Are you sure Mr. Hargis is here?"

I motion and he and the lads follows. He can't make out whether I'm all nutty or just halfway.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" says he when he comes in sight of Jem and Willieboy leaning on their clubs. "What place is this, anyhow?"

"Tuara," I tells him. "This is the Tuara Country Club. Hargis laid out the course himself."

The officer walks up to Jem.

"I've been searching through these islands for you for weeks," says he.

Hargis doesn't bat an eye.

"Glad to meet you, commander," he said at last.

"Come on!" I butts in. "Let's go! What are we waiting for?"

"We must leave immediately," says this bird Holmes. "There is a storm coming and I must get out of the cove at once. Is there anything you wish to take with you?"

Willieboy, Helluwa and the rest are looking on pop-eyed all the time, but keeping their faces shut. Even the gal ain't got no words.

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to wait a few minutes," says Hargis. "We're even up on the twenty-second hole."

Holmes is kinda miffed. He looks up at the sky that is full of clouds and motions Jem to come on.

"A matter of honor is involved," says Hargis, "and I must ask you to wait."

The officer gets real angry.

"This is ridiculous!" he blurts out. "I can't endanger the ship for such utter nonsense."

"As you wish," says Jem. "You are not compelled to wait. Honor demands that I complete the game."

Holmes splutters.

"But you've got to come with me!" he yells.

Hargis gives him the eyebrow.

"Got to?" he says coldlike. "Am I under arrest?"

"No," mumbles the officer, "but ——"

"I'm at liberty to remain then if I wish," cuts in Jem.

"What the hell?" I hollers.

Hargis pays no attention to me. He turns to Willieboy.

"Drive, your majesty," says he.

Holmes is jumping around like a madman. It's beginning to get windy.

"I'll leave you," he yelps. "Of all the loonies in the world!" He starts away with his men.

"Just a minute!" says I.

"Come on!" I hisses in Hargis' ear.

"When I'm through!" he shoots back.

"You're through now," I says.

I pull back my arm and aim one at his jaw. It catches him at the point and he flops to the ground.

"All right, lads!" I yell to the sailors. "Grab hold!"

I give Holmes the wink and he grins. The lads pick up Hargis. He's out, cold.

Willieboy and the gang don't know what to make of the proceedings. Helluwa is the first to catch her breath and she begins yelling murder. She starts running toward us and some of the natives follow her, but only for a minute. A couple of the sailors raise their guns and they comes to a dead stop. Just as we get to the ship the monsoon busts loose. We have a devil of a time getting out of the cove, but we do.

I don't see Hargis again till an hour or so later.

"Where are my sticks?" he asks me.

Willieboy's got 'em, I tell him.

"Well," says Jem quietlike, "I suppose as champion of the world he's entitled to them, but I certainly should like to have ——"

"Helluwa," I grins.

"—— my mashie niblick," he finishes.

Sense and Nonsense

Timely Aid

AN OLD colored woman came into a Hollywood real-estate office the other day and was recognized as the tenant of a small house the value of which had become much enhanced by reason of a new studio building in that neighborhood.

"Look here, auntie, we are going to raise your rent this month," the agent remarked briskly.

"'Deed, an' Ahse glad to hear dat, sah," the old woman replied, ducking her head politely. "Mighty glad, fo' sho, case Ah des come in hyah terday ter tell yo' all dat Ah couldn't raise hit dis month."

The Captain's Title

WHEN the Prince of Wales reached Manila on his trip around the world Gen. Leonard Wood, Governor-General of the Philippines, gave a party for the prince and his company at Malacaan Palace, which is the American social headquarters.

Captain the Hon. Dudley North, who was equerry in waiting to the prince, was at the party, together with the rest of the imposing staff that accompanied the imperial boy on the trip. As the dance progressed an American colonel whose duty it was to provide partners for the English, make presentations, and so on, asked North what his official connection with the party was. He was informed.

Presently this colonel brought up a most beauteous American lady and introduced her, rolling off North's title sonorously: "Captain the Honorable Dudley North, equerry in waiting to his royal highness, the Prince of Wales."

They danced, and the lady made conversation. "And how long have you been in Manila?" she asked North.

"About thirteen hours," North told her.

The lady looked at him skeptically. "Why," she said, "I thought from what the colonel who introduced me said, you must have been here a very long time."

"Why?" asked North.

"Well," said the lady, "he told me you were the keeper of the aquarium, didn't he?"

A Job for a Still Hunter

AFTER Colonel Roosevelt was shot by the fanatic at Milwaukee in the 1912 campaign the managers of Woodrow Wilson, who was making speeches about the country also, became alarmed and sent to Texas for Bill McDonald, a famous ranger, to act as bodyguard for their candidate.

Bill came and during the remainder of the campaign toted two big guns right abaft Mr. Wilson every time he made a public appearance.

Bill liked the job, and remained in touch with the men who engaged him after Mr. Wilson was elected. The Mexican situation was most difficult in the early days of the Wilson Administration, and Huerta, then President of Mexico, was the source of most of the irritation.

One day Bill and Colonel House were talking about this phase of the Mexican situation and Bill said, "Do you want that feller Huerta?"

"Why, Bill?" asked Colonel House.

"Oh, if you want him I'll go and get him for you."

"Do you mean you would go down into Mexico and get him?"

"Sure."

"Go alone?"

"Oh, no. I'd take some of the boys with me; ten or fifteen, perhaps, and we'd get him."

"Wouldn't you want any soldiers—some of the Army?"

"Not on your life!" said Bill. "I wouldn't go on no such trip as that with guys that blow a horn before they commence shootin'."

Subtle Revenge

TWO colored bootblacks who have stands side by side on Hill Street in Los Angeles quarreled the other day.

"Ah'll get even wid dat guy yet," vowed the smaller of the two.

"Going to fight him, Sam?" he was asked.

"Naw! When he gets throo polishin' de nex' gent's shoes Ahse goin' ter say ter dat gent jus' as soon's he steps off de chair, 'Shine, sah, shine?'"

A HEINZ KITCHEN IS A PLEASANT PLACE

IT IS NOT ALONE the beautiful modern buildings with their flowering window-boxes, roof gardens and sunny, spotless kitchens that have made the "Home of the 57" a pleasant place. These are merely the material aspects of an institution that stands for service, good will, good living and pleasant working conditions.

Food products reflect in one way or another the atmosphere of the place where they are made.

The hundreds of bright, happy "Heinz girls" like the atmosphere of the Heinz kitchens.

So do the men.

This means more pride and care in workmanship and closer adherence to the ideals of the Company.

This spirit that pervades the Heinz establishment comes to you in the purity, quality and good taste of Heinz 57 Varieties.

©1922 H J H Co

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 Varieties

DU PONT

His visions have crowded the highways of commerce!

A NEW figure has come into the world's commerce . . . a new personality that year by year looms larger in importance as his helping hands reach deeper into the world's essential industries. He is the Chemical Engineer . . . and truly he is a strange min- gling of abilities . . . . coupling of the man of science with the manufac- turing expert . . . a chemist who has forsaken his test- tubes for the lathes and vats of the world's indus- trial plants.

This is the man who, more than any other, has crowded the highways of commerce, and in the past generation made the Zulu and the Eskimo brothers in the world's market-places. For it is he who has brought to the manufacturer's assistance, in a *practical* way, the chemist's slowly-won mastery over Nature's elemental substances.

It is he who, applying chemistry's discoveries, has made available new substances, new uses for long-used substances and uses for products that once were waste, and has invented processes less costly and less wasteful . . . . It is he who has intensified the world's production, lowered costs and driven the carriers of commerce to the far corners of the earth seeking the raw materials industry needs, or carrying to market its finished goods.

* * *

HOW the Chemical Engineer has quickened the pulse of com- merce is well illustrated by the history of the du Pont Company. For a century after its founding in 1802, the du Pont Company was a manufacturer of explosives . . . . nothing else.

But its founder, Eleuthère Irénée du Pont de Nemours, was him- self a chemist, and the making of explosives, even in his day, called for the services of the chemist. As dynamite was invented and other high explosives came into use, increasingly higher types of chemical knowledge were needed. So it was only natural that in the early years of this century the du Pont Company came to have a very extensive chemical staff.

It was a staff of Chemical Engineers, men who knew manufactur- ing as well as chemistry, and so in the course of research looking to the improvement of du Pont explosives, they came upon other products alike in their chemical structure, that might be manu- factured from the same or similar basic materials or by machinery and processes with which the du Pont Company was familiar.

And the results are sometimes surprising to those who look only at the products, which seem so unrelated, and do not consider the origin of these products. "For," says one, "what have dyes to do with explosives?" What indeed, except that the raw mate- rials from which explosives are made are the same that are needed for making dyes!

So, too, for the same reason, the du Pont Company came to make Pyralin for toilet articles and numerous other things; and Fabrikoid for upholstery, luggage, book bindings and half a hundred other uses—for these products contain many of the same raw materials.

Paints and Varnishes now carry the du Pont Oval, because this field of effort is also one in which the knowledge of the Chemical Engineer can be effectively applied.

The du Pont Oval also guarantees the purity and excellence of many chemicals, some of vital importance to industry, others invaluable in modern surgery and medicine.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc. *Wilmington, Del.*

TRADE DU PONT MARK

MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT, HOUSEWIFE AND POLITICIAN

(Continued from Page 9)

because we are too lazy to take the time to see that good men are given the backing they need to win.

"Politics has been too largely divorced from life. The contact between the professional politician and the average citizen has become too mechanical, too much a matter of routine, and leaders have grown too widely separated from the people from whom they receive their mandates. They have lost that sense of contact and interdependence with the people upon which the vitality of democratic government must rest, and have consequently become more and more thrown upon the mercy of various groups organized for the sole purpose of obtaining certain definite advantages for themselves and ready to use their concentrated political strength to reward or punish legislators as they accede or oppose these demands.

"I believe that one of the great contributions which women can and will make to our political life is to help restore these necessary contacts between the politicians and the citizens. Already there are thousands of women organized into groups whose main purpose is to inform themselves upon political conditions; to study legislative problems as they arise; to watch their representatives and executives and see that they actually do the job for which they have been elected; to back them up when they do right; and to see to it, when they do wrong, that this fact is brought before the voters when election day comes round again and is not obscured under a mass of stereotyped platitudes about the glorious achievements of the parties of Lincoln and Jefferson.

"Women are going to be on the job politically; they are going to function continuously, not only for a few weeks before election but day in and day out, year after year, in good times and in bad. And this is a new thing in politics. I remember the astonishment in Philadelphia at the state committee headquarters when we said we wanted money to carry on the work of the committee between elections. The old type of politicians could not understand it; they genuinely could not imagine what was to be done between elections nor see why headquarters should not be closed in the interregnum as it had always been.

"During the campaign before the primaries a woman said to me, 'I'm going to vote for your husband if I vote at all—but do you really think I ought to vote?'

"I thought she must be joking, but it turned out she was in earnest.

"In justification she said a thing which seemed to me very feeble—'What can one poor little vote do?'

"I had not believed that there were still people like that in the world—who wanted the right, but were too weak and spineless to see that it can be brought about only by the concerted action of thousands of individuals, and it is not only the right but the moral duty of every voter to exercise this power of choice."

Women in Politics

She had a few words to say on women in politics.

"Women," she said, "have been told for so long that they are the sentimental sex that some of the unthinking ones have almost come to believe it. But it is not true. Women are realists. They ask only one thing of a candidate: What he has to offer, and whether he has the ability and character to deliver the goods. And one great difference between men and women in politics is, as I said before, that after a candidate has been duly elected the women keep on wanting to know if he is delivering the goods. Hitherto voters have been content to be intensively organized for a few weeks during a campaign. They have worked in spurts, and after election day was over they have been satisfied to shut up headquarters, go home and think no more of politics until the next election day. Any business enterprise run on such a basis would not last a month.

"I am not one of those who believe that women have any better contribution to make politically than have the men; it is not a question of better or worse, but of all together lending a hand. And I believe that this combination of housewife and politician will render a real service to the state. Our great problem, I repeat, is to restore vitality to the individual vote; to regain for each one of us that direct, ardent interest in government that can come to us only when we realize that government affects us intimately and deeply, and that we, in turn, can affect it. The bosses are not so much to blame as we ourselves. It is our indifference which gives them their power. Our job is to see how we are governed, to make our representative form of institutions a genuinely democratic and vital thing by using to the full every bit of power which the direct primary accords to the individual voters. What our political life really needs is religion. That is simply another way of describing the profound belief in the possibility of democracy, upon which the whole theory of our representative government rests."

This, of course, brought us directly to the question of the direct primary and its power if properly used. And here again she spoke from her own personal experience.

"Pennsylvania," she said, "has so long been accustomed to have its primaries manipulated that many of the voters have come to believe that it is a mere form—which is, of course, exactly what the bosses are trying to make of it. During the campaign I found people everywhere who hardly realized that the primary is the legal method by which the voter is given the right to choose what man or men shall be leaders of the party and carry the standard for the party in the November elections. It cannot be insisted upon too often—leaders of the party are elected in the primaries. What the primary is for is to give the individual voter the chance to decide what man shall be the candidate of his party."

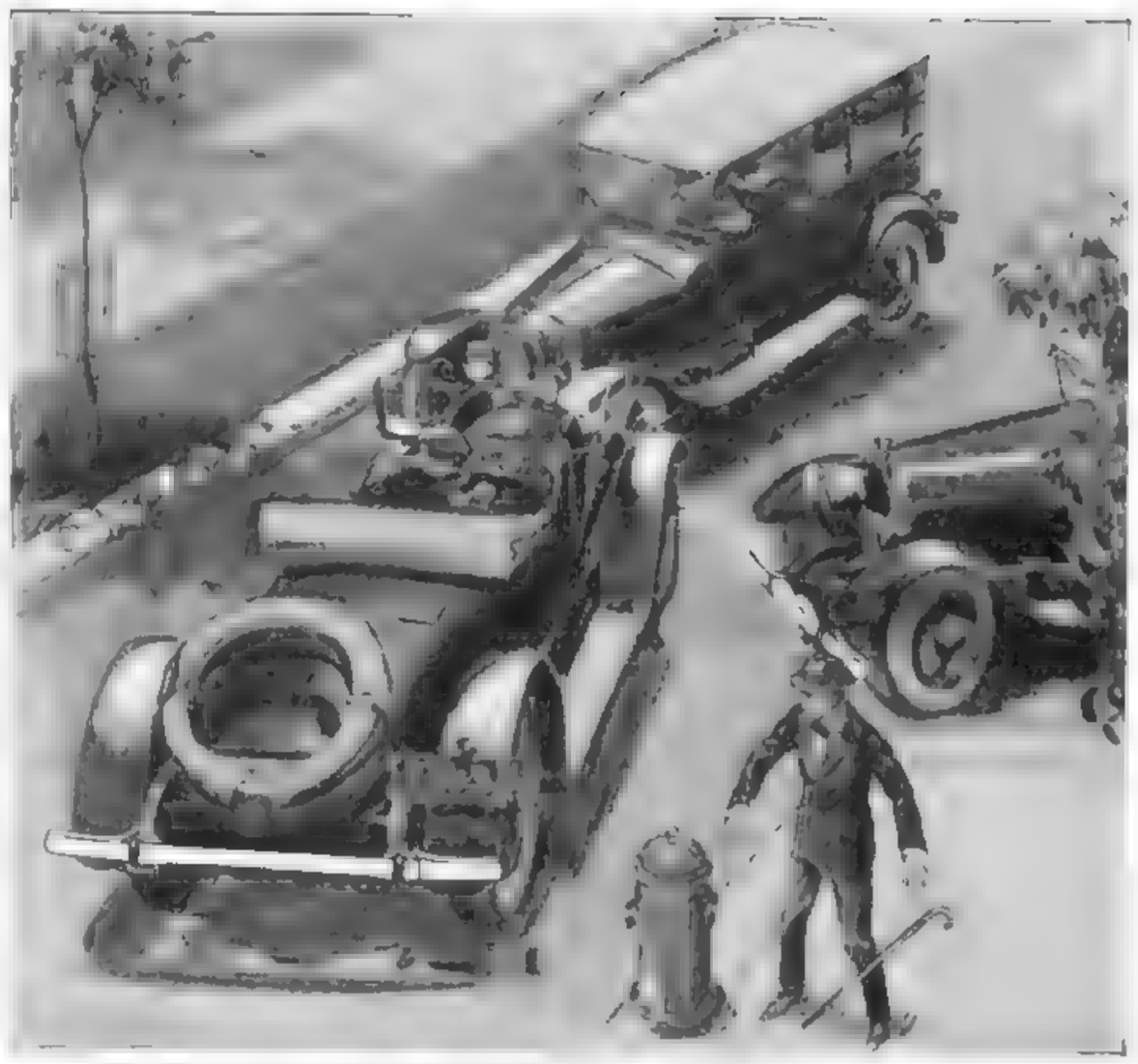
Indifference of Voters

"Agitation for the direct primary was due to the obvious fact that in a big country like ours representative government was becoming too mechanical. Representatives were getting too far away from the people they were supposed to represent, and the rank-and-file voter was in actual practice getting little more by his vote than the chance to play an automatic rôle. Too often he found himself with only the alternative of choosing between two men of straw in neither of whom he was interested; and about all he could do was dutifully to cast his vote for his party's candidate. To remedy this defect and to give the individual voter the opportunity to exercise free choice in the selection of a candidate the direct-primary laws were passed.

"Of course no political machinery is perfect or foolproof, and a direct primary cannot in itself solve all our troubles. People have to be intelligent about it, and go out and fight for what they want, and vote. There is always a certain percentage of votes which the machine can deliver for one reason or another; some are controlled by legitimate reasons, some the reverse. But one thing is certain: The percentage of votes which the bosses do control is actually very small, and what gives them their power is the indifference of the people who in thousands of cases care so little about how they are governed that they do not even take the trouble to go out and cast their votes. Take the case of the primary campaign in Pennsylvania for instance. There are three million two hundred thousand voters in the state. Of these, possibly one million, in round figures, are Democrats; the rest, two million two hundred thousand are Republicans. And yet out of those two million two hundred thousand Republicans only just over one million voted in the primary! And that in the hottest fight that the state has seen for years.

"More than half the Republicans didn't care enough to cast a vote either way. Is it any wonder that certain ideals of government for which our country was founded are endangered when faced by a negligence like that?"

It was inevitable, of course, that a sane, well-ordered, reasoning mind of this caliber should believe in organization and party



Careless Driver Cuts Corner - CRASH!

Car shoots out of side street! Driver on highway is too late to stop! A quick turn to the left—then, *crash* into the car coming in the opposite direction. But neither car is damaged. Both were Lyon-protected.

Lyon Spring Bumpers yield to every blow, like a spring. When struck, the Lyon-patented two-piece overlapping front bar and the open "looped-ends" absorb the shock completely instead of passing it on to the frame.

Lyon Spring Bumpers are guaranteed to take the full force of any blow at the rate of 15 miles an hour without injury to the car. Then, too, insurance companies grant reduced rates on Lyon-protected cars. This saving will often more than pay the cost of bumpers for *your* car.

Lyon Spring Bumpers are beautifully finished, remarkably strong and perfectly balanced. They can be quickly attached without drilling or altering the frame by the use of the Lyon-patented hook-bolt.

The Lyon trade-mark is on every genuine Lyon Spring Bumper. Accept no substitute.

Over a million in use. $10 to $25.

METAL STAMPING COMPANY

Long Island City New York

Canadian Licensee, B. J. Coghlin Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada

Lyon Straight Bar Bumper

Lyon Convex Bumper

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

BUDD
Michelin
STEEL WHEELS

Strength

People used to pay no particular attention to the wheels when buying a motor car. Wheels were simply—wheels. They were taken for granted.

Today it is recognized that this part of a motor car deserves more careful consideration.

Experience—often very bitter experience, too—has emphasized the folly of supporting a powerful and costly mechanism on an inferior foundation

Wheels stand between the motor car and the road. Often between the passengers and disaster. They, alone, bear the terrific shock and strain of side-swaying, whirling around corners and skidding into curbs.

Michelin Steel Wheels combine exceptional lightness, resilience and beauty with very unusual *strength*. They bring to motoring a pleasant new sense of confidence and security.

Dodge Brothers, Studebaker, Willys-Knight, Chalmers, Winton, Nash, Cleveland and Birmingham (Canada) are among those who have adopted Michelin Steel Wheels as standard or optional equipment.

BUDD WHEEL COMPANY
Philadelphia

machinery. Upon this phase of the subject she had this to say:

"I believe in the party system, and consequently in the political organization necessary to carry out the work of the party. If the World War taught us women one thing more than another it is that without organization no concerted action is possible. The conservation of food, the care of the wounded, the selling of Liberty Bonds, the marshaling of the vast industrial and civilian forces of the country behind the army and navy—all these were questions of organization. We women know perfectly well—if we give ourselves time to think—that no great political party can function without adequate machinery behind it. The organization itself is properly nothing more or less than the instrument by means of which the will of the people is brought into action and therefore it is essential, if women are to exert their full measure of influence, that they get down into the actual machinery of the party, that they become part of it. They must function from the inside if they are to have a chance to create it in their own image and according to their own ideals, and unless they do this they have no real right to criticize or object to what is being done. The so-called bad bosses who have brought discredit upon the name of politicians have done so by getting the necessary machinery of organization into their own hands, and have prostituted it to suit themselves; but in the last analysis the fault was not so much theirs as that of the voters who permitted them to do so."

Mrs. Pinchot has a saving sense of humor which helps her over the bad moments of her housewifely political career, and she displayed much wit in dealing with a certain gentleman of the machine camp, whose name shall not be mentioned here. This personage—let us disguise him by calling him Mr. Z—the bosses had honored by naming as their candidate in an effort to stem the strong tide setting toward Pinchot. Their selection of this gentleman was brusque. But they are a brusque lot, and that is putting it daintily. There had been internal points of dissension between the various machine chiefs; but they composed their private griefs and united upon a man who they were confident would not be too unpalatable to the public taste. And in the remaining hours of the last day, after they had settled upon Mr. Z, the other candidates were quietly withdrawn from the race—so quietly in fact that the candidates themselves did not know it, and one of them, at least, learned the news of his voluntary withdrawal quite accidentally from a newspaper man. There is something quite complete about that single small episode. It speaks volumes.

T. R.'s Tribute to Mr. Pinchot

After the chiefs had determined upon Mr. Z they flooded the voters with campaign literature dilating upon the virtues of their man, and they seemed to find a really enormous and mystical significance in the fact that he was good-natured and six feet four.

Upon this fact Mrs. Pinchot very justly exercised her keen woman's wit. She said in one of her speeches:

"They, the bosses, return again and again to the fact that Mr. Z is six feet four and good-natured. But I am entirely ready to believe that Mr. Z is good-natured, kind to the children, handy about the house and seventy-six inches high. Personally I might like a candidate to be less good-natured and more self-assertive, even if in so doing a few inches have to be sacrificed. Voters are told that Mr. Z is dry—as dry as the Desert of Sahara; that he has always been dry and always will remain dry; and yet we know how, in spite of his convictions, he very good-naturedly sponsored the Woner Bill, which licensed the saloons of the state.

"Mr. Z believes in women's political influence—now—and will back them up in every way; and yet he good-naturedly and with the utmost geniality blocked the bill that gave them the right to vote in 1916. One has the feeling that determination and backbone might be valuable assets in a governor. Good-natured Mr. Z might be genial and charming. Those are strictly domestic qualities and do not necessarily fit a man for public life."

All this is a very pretty wit, and it is not surprising that during the campaign in the primaries Mrs. Pinchot won golden opinions everywhere she went.

That night, at dinner, I sat beside Mr. Pinchot and we discussed Mark Twain and his vivid pictures of Nevada in the old mining days, the famous desperado, Slade, whom Twain described, the wild West and the tame West—in short, everything but politics. This is the portrait of Mrs. Pinchot, a sort of housewifely political profile, and it might seem as if her husband did not come into my picture; but he does; he does because he comes so strongly into Mrs. Pinchot's own landscape. By which I do not mean, and do not for a moment believe, that her political convictions are determined by or patterned upon those of her husband; her feeling goes deeper than that; but the two are in harmony. Mr. Pinchot hates governmental waste. He is a conservation man. Of his qualities Roosevelt wrote:

> He was counselor and assistant on most of the work connected with the internal affairs of the country. Taking into account the varied nature of the work he did, its vital importance to the nation and the fact that as regards much of it he was practically breaking new ground, and taking into account also his tireless energy and activity, his fearlessness, his complete disinterestedness, his single-minded devotion to the interests of the plain people, and his extraordinary efficiency, I believe it is but just to say that among the many, many public officials who under my Administration rendered literally invaluable service to the people of the United States, he, on the whole, stood first.

Nothing can be added to such a tribute.

I admired the noble proportions of the room in which we were dining, a fine spacious apartment paneled with huge old Dutch pictures, chiefly marines yellowed with age, the walls further embellished by various stuffed finny denizens of the deep very cunningly mounted on plaques painted to represent translucent sea waves, so that the fish, though dead as Pharaoh, seemed still alive and floating in their own native element in a kind of dreamy immortality.

Personal Impressions

"It was all her idea," said Mr. Pinchot, nodding down at his wife. "Originally this house was composed of many little cramped rooms, and the first thing my wife did was to break down the partition walls and let in light and air. In this particular room—originally two—the architects said she couldn't do it, for it involved removing partitions, beams and a central fireplace. But she did. And, of course, it's a vast improvement. She's revised and edited and altered this house practically beyond recognition."

"She didn't touch the big outer stone walls?" I queried, wondering if he saw the political symbolism in this small domestic episode.

"No," he shook his head humorously, "she has permitted them to stand. But she will never have done. As soon as one thing is finished, and I think we'll have peace, she breaks out in a fresh spot, and the hammering and revising begin anew."

It was during dinner that I decided definitely on the title of this sketch, and on the particular placement of the two words "housewife" and "politician." I was not, you see, altogether certain before I saw the subject of this sketch that "politician" would not stand first and "housewife" come trailing behind. It does sometimes happen that way, even in the best families, I am told. But it was borne in upon me that this was not true of Cornelia Bryce Pinchot; that she did not belong to that feverish, restless, ever-questing little group of so-called advanced thinkers, whose lives when soberly scrutinized and seen near to appear as sterile and arid wastes, peopled by certain stalking phantoms of self-conceit and exaggerated egotism. It is most evident that she is not at odds with her materials in this brief interlude we call life; that she has found such stuff as dreams are made of, and found it in husband, child, home, and in tying up those simple vital relationships to that other relationship which concerns itself with the government and destinies of all the rest of us who are not her family—a relationship commonly known as politics.

That night, in the third-story nursery, overflowing with broken-down hobby-horses and worn-out toys, I jotted down a few impressions of the previous hours. I transcribe them as they stand in their first rough draft:

"This Mrs. Gifford Pinchot is a red-headed woman in the prime of her vigor and energies, and with a perfectly astonishing vitality and magnetism. A charmer.

(Continued on Page 89)

Pumping station of sewage treatment plant for Calumet District, Chicago, Ill.

If rust should destroy these pipes!

CORROSION of these pipes would seriously interrupt their service to a great city. Therefore, they are made of "Armco" Ingot Iron. These monster discharge pipes are part of the recently completed Calumet sewage treatment plant of Chicago.

Sewage, in a large city, must be disposed of at all costs. Hence, the Calumet plant was planned large enough to provide for the city's growth until 1960. The plant cannot afford to shut down for replacements or repairs.

Therefore it was essential that only the best of materials be used in its construction—especially in the discharge pipes. For these pipes had to have a long life. They had to meet the attacks of all sorts of strong corrosives. They had to withstand the severest exposure to which a metal could be put.

Because these pipes would be tested so severely, "Armco" Ingot Iron was used in their construction.

"Armco" Ingot Iron is as pure an iron as can be made in commercial quantities. The rust-promoting impurities have been removed. This purity gives the iron a dense, uniform texture that resists rust.

For this reason "Armco" Ingot Iron is especially suitable for use in pipes, culverts, flumes, tanks, water-towers and other installations requiring a metal that will last. For additional information write to—

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO INGOT IRON
TRADE MARK
Resists Rust

"Armco" Ingot Iron
RESISTS RUST

The trade-mark "Armco" carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by the American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them. The trade-mark "Armco" is registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

SHEAFFER'S "Lifetime"

(TRADE MARK)

Facts

Our Special Iridium Tipped Pen Point Unconditionally Guaranteed Forever.

Makes Five Carbons Easier and Better than the Hardest Lead, yet Responds to Lightest touch.

Initial Purchase Price of a "Lifetime" is its Final Cost.

Creators and Manufacturers
OF
SHEAFFER'S
"Propel—Repel—Expel"
Pencil

Ladies Model T-85
"LIFETIME"
$10.00

All the qualities of the larger model with the addition of the 14k Solid Gold Band. Distinctively suited for the writing requirements of the business and social woman.

Acknowledged Perfection for both Teacher and Scholar

Model No. 8
"LIFETIME"
$8.75

Dispense with continuous buying and always have the best.

SHEAFFER'S
PENS—PENCILS
AT THE BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO
FORT MADISON, IOWA

SERVICE STATIONS—NEW YORK—CHICAGO—SAN FRANCISCO—KANSAS CITY—DENVER

(Continued from Page 86)

A realist. No sentimental, effusive gusher. She thinks. Probably has a number of ideas on a number of subjects which she's not disclosing to me; window shades down on that side of the house. Knows politics and women and men, and believes that all three must be brought together in order to function harmoniously. Has a strong moral bent and is keen on seeing to it that democracy is made safe for the world. Realizes that women can't turn the trick alone any more than can men. The keynote of her nature can be summed up in one word—integrity. Natural as rain. No poser. Just loves to function and to keep as many windows open to life as she possibly can. Is that her superb vitality? Hard to say; give it up."

I was about asleep by this time, it being around three A.M. and my own superb vitality needing a rest. I fell asleep wondering what the Indians would have called her if, instead of being Peter Cooper's great-granddaughter, destiny had placed her, with those coppery tresses and that bright, tireless vitality, as some chieftain's daughter in a wigwam. And when I wakened in the morning the Indian name for her was sitting up waiting for me in the foreground of my brain. I spoke it out loud—"Running Fire." That was her Indian name. That's what the big old beaked chiefs and the fat old wrinkled squaws and the stalwart young bucks and the slim Indian boys and girls would have called her had she been born an Indian maid—Running Fire.

The next morning, after a Gargantuan breakfast out on a dew-spangled lawn, with the sky made up like a coquette with white powder-puff clouds and trying archly to pretend that it had never rained buckets and pitchforks in the course of its entire career—under such benign influences we got down to the real beating heart of this whole problem of government: business costs, the thing that makes all the internal works go round. And here Mr. Pinchot managed to pry himself loose from a conference and sat in on the three-cornered discussion. But whether he spoke or she spoke or they both spoke in unison, as sometimes happened, my notes do not always reveal.

"One important thing for women to learn is that clean politics means a certain definite expenditure. It costs money to get a message over to the voters, to awaken their interest, to get them behind a program of good government, especially if the 'machine,' so called, is against it. Publicity is comparatively expensive—and publicity is the very essence of democracy. In Pennsylvania, for instance, one postal card alone to every voter in the state costs approximately eighty thousand dollars."

Campaign Contributions

"Women must learn to contribute, no matter how small the sum, for campaign funds as well as regular organization expenses, but after they have contributed there is no more important and valuable thing they can do for good government in America than to stand by and see that this money is economically and legitimately expended. There are legitimate campaign expenses and illegitimate campaign expenses, and women know as well as men that there are sinister influences often at work behind the huge campaign funds that are always unnecessary even when they are not actually evil.

"I believe in getting contributions, as far as possible, not from a small group, but from the rank and file of the voters, which will be another method of developing their interest in and sense of responsibility for the party; and above all, I believe in the fullest and most ruthless publicity—enforced by law on every smallest detail of campaign receipts and expenditures. Huge campaign expenses, raised as they have been in the past by a few big men inside the party, inevitably tend to give these donors undue influence in the party councils. Besides this there are all sorts of stereotyped campaign expenditures which have come, through long custom, to be regarded as necessary, but which I am convinced have no part in influencing the minds of the voters. For instance, in our own campaign we were told that it was absolutely necessary to have Pinchot buttons. Over and over again letters and telegrams kept coming in to the office clamoring for and demanding buttons; no campaign had apparently ever been waged without them. It was unheard of to try to do so. Now, to cover the state with Pinchot buttons alone would have meant an expenditure of ten thousand dollars. We steadily refused to do this and no one can ever make me believe that any votes were lost because of our attitude.

"Women have always been used to running their organizations on a very modest budget, and I believe their influence is going to make for a greater economy in campaign expenditures. I heard Mrs. Medill McCormick say in a speech once: 'Gentlemen, we women have a contribution to make to political life; we can organize a state campaign for what it costs you to run a municipal election, and a national campaign for less than it would cost you to organize a single state.'"

"The entire question of illegitimate expenditure," continued Mr. Pinchot, "when reduced to its final analysis, shows three main sources of leakage. First, the voters pay to have government work done—and it isn't done. Second, the voters pay to have government work done; it's necessary, important work; and it is so inefficiently done by lazy, negligent employes or those unfitted for the task that it has to be done all over again, and so the voters pay twice. Third, the voters pay when a man is appointed to a job which is a sinecure—where there's no real work to be done, but a place is made for a friend. The net result to the taxpayer of these three sources of leakage is of course an increase in the cost of government. Let's take some illustrations: An inspector put in where there is no job to inspect; tax collectors—they're a big source of improper expense, for they are paid a commission on the amount of taxes turned in, and very often their entire job may consist in reporting on a few large checks, the work of several hours, for which, being paid by a commission on the whole amount, they may often receive thousands of dollars.

"Take, for example, a manufacturing town where one man owns practically the whole place; he sends in his taxes by a single check. The tax collector in such a district has a fat job."

Avoidable Waste

"Another instance of waste: Various departments buying the same materials, variation in price up to 300 per cent, some departments paying three times as much as others; or hiring a clerk for a committee. The committee may actually need a clerk; very good—he is hired; but he is lazy, a friend of the administration; he doesn't show up, and so another has to be hired and the public pays for its service twice. Still another instance: In some states in which corrupt machines are in power the employes of certain departments, just before the elections, are told to go home and do campaigning, get votes—and their salaries go on just the same. This practice, in certain departments of machine-ridden states, has become almost an institution."

"And that," interjected Mrs. Pinchot, "is where the women will come out strong. For women are realists; they want efficiency and economy; the budget system has no terrors for them; they've spent their lives for centuries dealing with problems of expenditure and striving to make two and two stretch to five. They like to know what funds are spent for."

At this juncture the automobile arrived. The man who had been ordered to warn us exactly when the car must positively start broke in and mentioned firmly the time.

"Gracious!" cried Mrs. Pinchot. "You'll never make it! Don't stop to speak to the others, Jackson, speed! She's got to make that train!" They cried good-bys from the door.

It is reported that a hard-boiled machine boss of the opposite camp, after a chance encounter with the housewife-politician of this sketch, was so impressed by her sane clear-headedness, her most uncommon gift of common sense, and also, I doubt not, by her Running Fire charm, that he later declared: "If that Mrs. Pinchot were running for governor herself I'd vote for her all right, all right!" And friends who know both the candidate and his wife aver that the direct influence of Cornelia Bryce Pinchot upon the commonwealth of Pennsylvania will be no less than that of her husband; that the honors are easy, fifty-fifty on either side.

Well, isn't that about what we want fifty-fifty all the way through?

"Hurry up with that coconut fudge!"

Real home-made candy with all its buttery richness is made more tempting by using Baker's fresh, ripe coconut. The coconut adds its own delicate flavor—a flavor that everybody knows and likes.

Baker's Coconut in cans is the only ready-to-use coconut in which the natural moisture is retained. All the wholesome goodness which nature stores in the coconut—the goodness of the luxuriant, tropic sunshine—comes to you in the Baker can.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

A New Recipe for Coconut Fudge

3 cups sugar (preferably 1½ cups each light brown and white), 1⅜ cups milk, 2 squares grated chocolate, pinch of soda. Boil (stirring constantly) until small quantity dropped in cold water forms a firm mass. Set aside until bottom of pan is cold to the touch, then add teaspoon vanilla and butter size of walnut. Beat until creamy, adding one can Baker's Coconut. Continue beating until thick, turn into a buttered pan and cut into squares before it hardens.

(If Baker's Coconut in the blue can is used, thoroughly press out the milk and add to it enough sweet milk to make 1⅜ cups.)

Three Kinds

In Baker's blue can the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts grated and sealed up in the wholesome natural coconut milk.

In Baker's yellow can the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts shredded and sweetened and sealed up with its own delicious natural juices.

In Baker's blue cardboard container—the dry shredded meat of selected coconuts, carefully prepared for those who still prefer the old-fashioned, sugar-cured kind.

BAKER'S COCONUT

ALEMITE
lubricant
PURE SOLIDIFIED OIL

To load with Alemite Lubricant just place the top of the Alemite Compressor over the opening in the patented container and press down. No waste, no soiling of hands.

You May Risk $25 to Save 25c

There is no economy in using or allowing others to use "bargain-counter" lubricant on your car. Cheap "grease" often contains grit, soap and acids which destroy bearings and are almost as bad as no lubricant at all. We recommend and absolutely guarantee Alemite Lubricant. It is pure solidified oil with enough body to stay with the bearing and it is absolutely free from deleterious substances of any kind. Alemite Lubricant is packed in auto-loading containers for your convenience in filling the Alemite Compressor. Use this lubricant with the Alemite System if you lubricate your own car. Insist that the garage man use it, if he does the work for you. Sold in half-pound and five-pound containers by Alemite dealers everywhere. Also available in barrels, half-barrels and 100-lb. containers.

A Product of
THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois

Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

A GIRL WITH MONEY

(Continued from Page 11)

So now perhaps you can guess what was in Dell's mind when he went to New York, determined to get the thing over and out of the way. First he went to the bank, but found that old Amzi Allen was attending a convention of bankers in Chicago and wouldn't be back until the following week.

"I guess it's meant to be," thought Dell, a feeling of fatality taking possession of him.

He dined with himself in solitude, eating his food as though he were chewing the straw of his prison cell, and then, looking more mournful than many a condemned man, he bought a box of chocolates and rolled along Riverside Drive in a taxi until he came to a brownstone house with a griffin on each side of the steps.

Here Dell stopped the cab, and after a good long look at the moon and the stars and the other heavenly jewels of freedom he thoughtfully made his way up the steps and as thoughtfully rang the bell.

III

WITH the air of a man doing a clever bit of conjuring, the footman turned on a switch inside the entrance of a front room, and immediately a thousand lights seemed to be reflected in a thousand mirrors, each shedding its glow upon a family of furniture which looked as though it had made its money in the war and wanted everyone to know how rich it was. Dell picked out one of the most modest chairs—one with gold legs, and a coat of arms worked upon its tapestry—and had just seated himself when a step was heard in the hall, and a moment later in came Julie with the look that is generally reserved for Santa Claus.

"Why, Dell!" she said.

At her approach he had arisen, and she took both his hands and lifted her face with that impulsive gesture which says "You may kiss me if you like."

Dell shyly gave her the candy instead, but for all his shyness a rather strange reflection came to him. "Father would probably have kissed her," he thought.

Julie took her candy to one of the more important members of the royal furniture family—a sofa that slightly resembled a kneeling elephant with a howdah of gold and silk—and there she seated herself and patted the upholstery by her side.

"Come over here," she said, "and let's be comfortable. And tell me what you've been doing since I saw you last."

"Big ankles," Dell was thinking as he went over to the sofa. She was wearing a pair of shoes that were fastened across the insteps by a number of straps, and he noticed that her feet seemed to swell out in a series of puffy little bumps between these straps, as though the latter were too tight. "Well, that's all right," he tried to tell himself. "She could probably notice plenty of things about me too—puffy little bumps included—if she only half tried. And anyhow, it's a mean trick to call on a girl who's glad to see you and then begin criticizing her to yourself. I'll bet father never did that!"

"Dell, you look worried," she said.

He felt worried, too, but he didn't tell her so.

"Are you in town for long?" she asked.

"No-o-o. Not—not long."

"That's too bad. But I can hardly blame you for wanting to get back to that beautiful place of yours."

Drawing a full breath Dell took his first step into the water.

"I'm afraid that beautiful place of mine won't be mine much longer," he said.

"What do you mean?"

They looked at each other more closely then. She had grown stouter since Dell had seen her last—stouter and somehow more competent. Around the corners of her mouth was a hint of authority, and her eyes had a suspicion of something hard in their depths—the eyes of a girl who has seen too much, and heard too much, and has had her own way too long.

"I mean it was pretty badly balled up in my father's estate—and I'm afraid it will have to be sold before long."

"Oh, Dell!" said Julie in a lower voice. "I wouldn't let them sell it if I were you." She gave him a long glance, somewhat troubled, and then it might be said that she, too, took her first step into the water. "Listen," she said. "Can't I help you in some way? You know—I have heaps of money that mother left me, and I could easily lend you some. No one would ever know."

She looked at him shrewdly—or at least he imagined that she looked at him so. His glance strayed from her eyes to her hair, and although it was waved with well-nigh mechanical regularity he thought it looked damp and sticky and as though it wouldn't be pleasant to touch. On her forehead a little red spot had been covered with a dab of powder.

"Well," she asked somewhat breathlessly, "what do you say?"

"I think you're awfully kind about it, Julie—an awfully good sport. I don't know. I'll let you know within the next few days though."

"Do you know what you ought to do, Dell?" she continued, bending back and looking at him coquettishly with her head on one side, her hand on the cushion between them.

"No; tell me."

Her hand moved nearer to him, as though unconsciously following the pattern on the cushion. "You ought to marry and settle down," she said. "Really, you know, it's ridiculous for a bachelor to go on living in a place like that all by himself. Really it is, Dell."

Her voice had grown low, almost tender; and Dell seemed to feel himself slipping as though in a warm and druggy sea—a sea of damp little waves arranged with well-nigh mechanical regularity, scented with orange blossoms. "I wonder what father would do," he thought. In fact there's no telling what might have happened next if the graceful footman hadn't suddenly entered the room.

"Someone on the telephone—for Miss Schumann," he announced.

Dell didn't miss the look that Julie gave him.

"Tell them I'm not at home," she said.

"But—I beg your pardon, Miss Schumann ——"

"You've told them I'm in?"

"Yes, miss. I'm—I'm sorry."

She didn't speak aloud, but if ever a look said "Oh, you nit-wit!" it was Julie's look; and if ever an attitude expressed disdain for a great big fool of a man it was Julie's attitude when, excusing herself to Dell, she marched past the crestfallen footman, who after a moment's hesitation slowly turned and left the room with far less grace than he had entered it.

"She's boss, all right," thought Dell, and temporarily at least he made his way back to the shore and thanked his stars for being able to feel the good firm earth beneath his feet again. "Yes, I could imagine her laughing at anybody in front of the servants—and flipping her bustle, too, as she walked past them."

Other words of his father returned to him.

"'There isn't a thing in the shop that haan't got a price on it; and whatever you take you've got to pay the price.' Perhaps that's what I'd have to pay for Julie," he thought—"play second fiddle as long as I lived. I wonder if I could—if I had to."

At least it was a question that gave him something to think about.

"I'll wait till Mr. Allen gets back from Chicago," he finally decided. "Perhaps I can persuade him to let things run on as they are for a while longer. And if he won't, well, there's always Julie—and a few days, one way or the other, isn't going to make any particular difference that I can see."

When Julie returned Dell was back on his single chair again. She gave him a look which seemed to say "I'll bet you won't stay there long," and going to one of the nobility she lifted an unexpected cover and started a phonograph.

"Fox trot," she said. "Let's go."

"But I don't know the fox trot ——"

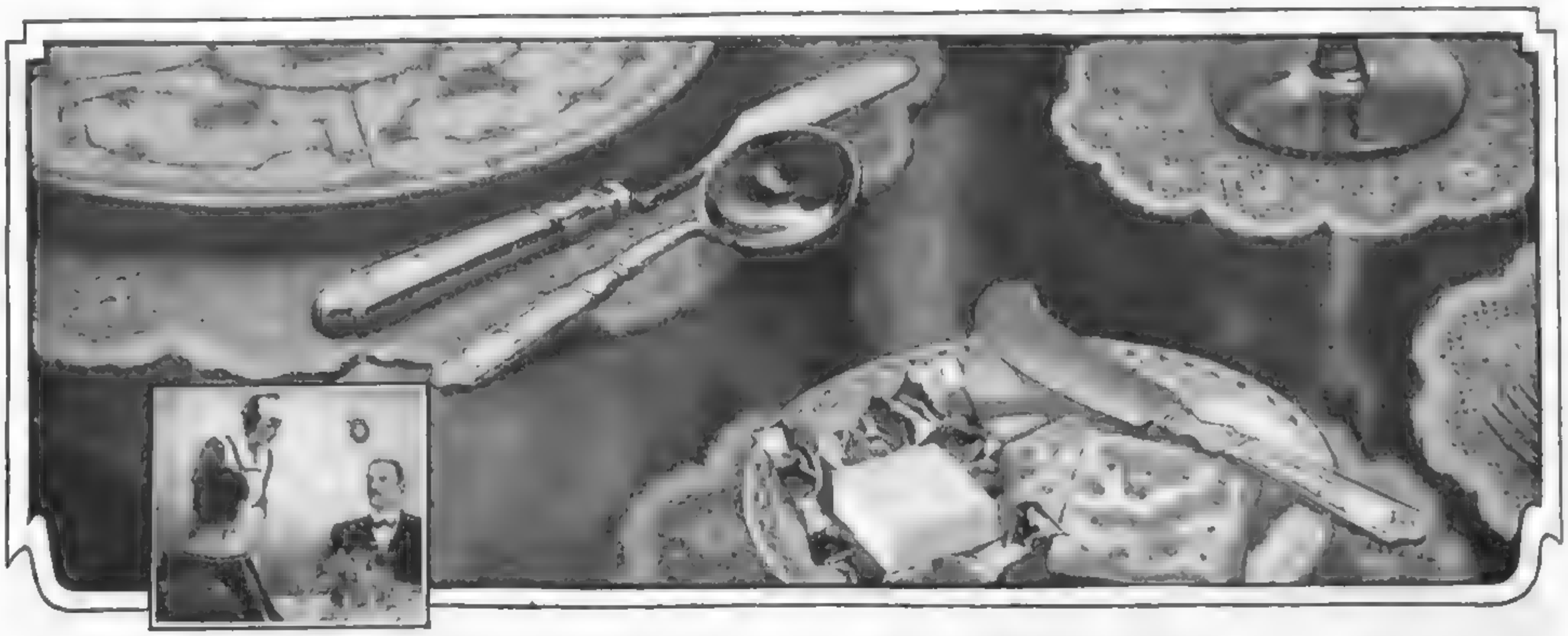
"Isn't that nice?" she beamed. "I'll teach you."

It was thus perhaps that Cleopatra beamed on Cæsar. 'Twas thus perhaps Saint Anthony was tempted long ago.

IV

IT WAS on a Wednesday that Dell had reached New York, and Amzi Allen wasn't expected back from Chicago until the early part of the following week. And it was on Friday that Dell received the

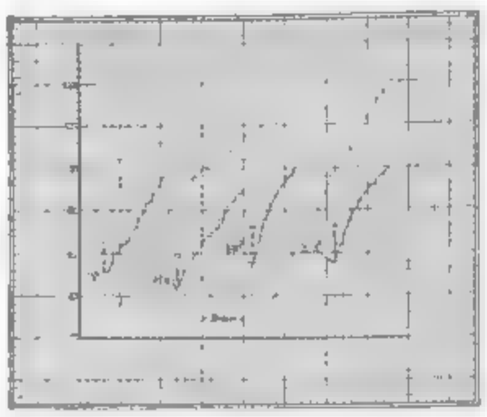
(Continued on Page 93)



FOUR TIMES MORE EFFECTIVE than any other food

The familiar little yeast cake now known to contain in abundance the vital element needed to release the nourishment from other foods

New experiments demonstrate the purity and strength of Fleischmann's Yeast



Remarkable feeding experiments were recently carried on under strict scientific regulations. Ninety-nine experimental white rats were fed good meals but lacking the water-soluble vitamin B. At once they began to lose weight and strength. Then Fleischmann's Yeast was added to their diet. They all ate the yeast greedily and soon reached normal weight. They maintained ideal growth and health as long as they ate Fleischmann's Yeast. You can see this on the scientist's chart. The dotted lines represent ideal growth and health—the plain heavy lines represent the growth and health of the rats when fed Fleischmann's Yeast.

No more striking testimony could be given of the wonderful qualities of Fleischmann's Yeast—a fresh food, always pure, always potent.

THE natural food that is four times more effective than any other in improving appetite and digestion! Just the familiar little yeast cake!

This is the food science has found acts like a spark plug—it makes the other foods work—sets free their energy and nourishment so that you get full benefit from what you eat.

Many actual feeding experiments with Fleischmann's Yeast have shown its value as a corrective food for both animals and man. As a result doctors and hospitals are recommending fresh yeast as an aid to all the processes of digestion—stomach and intestinal. They are prescribing it as a food which keeps the intestines active and normal.

Digestion kept strong and healthy

Thousands today are realizing that faulty eating is the cause of their digestive troubles. These people are now eating Fleischmann's Yeast daily and finding increased appetite, improved digestion, and a return of vigor.

Fleischmann's Yeast supplies abundantly the elements which increase the flow of the digestive juices and promote normal action of the liver.

Laxatives made unnecessary by this natural food

Countless numbers are now learning that laxatives are unnecessary. Of course we know they never remove the cause of the trouble, but often make it worse. They weaken the intestinal muscles. One physician says that the indiscriminate use of cathartics is probably one of the chief causes of sluggish intestines.

But now the problem is being solved. Fleischmann's Yeast, a natural corrective, increases the action of the intestines, keeps them healthy and regular.

There is no need for you to be a slave to laxatives. Just add this fresh food to your daily diet, and you will find that the need for laxatives gradually disappears. Be sure you get the little tin-foil package. This is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold.

Various ways of eating it

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day. You will grow fond of the distinctive taste. Nibble it plain from the cake, take it in water, milk, fruit-juices, or any liquid you like. Try it as a sandwich spread. It combines well with soups, sauces, and many familiar home dishes. You may get 6 cakes at a time if you prefer. They will keep fresh for two or three days if kept in a cool, dry place.

Send for free booklet telling you what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you. Use coupon, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 617, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Dept. 617, 701 Washington Street,
New York, N Y

Please send me free booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

is a natural corrective food

GUARANTEED *Silk Hosiery*

GUARANTEED
OUR ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE
THE REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS GUARANTEE EVERY PAIR OF HOSIERY TO GIVE YOU ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION.
IF IN YOUR OPINION ANY PAIR OF REAL SILK FASHIONED HOSIERY DOES NOT GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION IN EVERY WAY, OR DOES NOT GIVE YOU THE SERVICE YOU EXPECT, WE HEREBY AGREE TO REPLACE SAME ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, PROVIDING INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CARE OF SILK HOSIERY ARE FOLLOWED.
WE FURTHER GUARANTEE THAT EVERY PAIR OF THIS HOSIERY IS MADE OF 12-THREAD, GENUINE JAPANESE SILK WORM SILK.
THIS GUARANTEE WILL BE FOUND IN EVERY BOX OF GENUINE REAL SILK FASHIONED HOSIERY
Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
GUARANTEED

(Actual photographic reproduction of Guarantee in every box of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery)

A GUARANTEE of quality is the real proof of the service you are going to get.

Have you ever before bought silk hosiery *knowing in advance* that you are going to be absolutely satisfied?

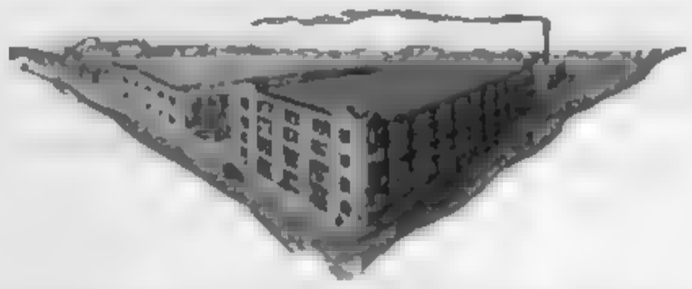
Such a guarantee on *silk hosiery* will astound you; but the unusual and unvarying quality of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery makes this guarantee possible.

Millions of satisfied customers have created so great a demand for our product that we have been forced to increase our capacity to 60,000 pairs daily

—our mills are running day and night.

Open the door to the Real Silk Representative

REAL SILK
FASHIONED HOSIERY
NEVER SOLD IN RETAIL STORES



REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, *Indianapolis, Indiana*
Branches in all principal cities

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REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS INDIANAPOLIS — REAL SILK — FROM MILL TO MILLIONS — TRADE MARK

For your protection every authorized Real Silk Representative wears this button on his lapel. This seal signifies silk stocking service.

Watch for our important announcement in next week's Saturday Evening Post.

(Continued from Page 90)

fateful night telegram from South Marleigh—a wire that had been sent to Rocky Beach and forwarded by Hutchins under a special-delivery stamp. The telegram read:

Your attempted excuses useless, though expected. Any man who would run away from an accident would try to prevaricate out of it. Unless you personally appear here this week, apologize and settle, vigorous proceedings will be instituted against you, both civil and criminal. This warning is final. S. WARNER,
10 Putnam Avenue.

"Absolutely crazy," thought Dell, frowning. "Does he think that those who shout the loudest mean the most?"

At first he decided to ignore it, but there was an exasperating prickling in the Warner telegram that finally got under his skin. He went to the telegraph desk at his hotel and composed a number of answers, his irritability rising at each attempt, but the one he liked the best was this:

I have nothing to add to my letter. If you start any sort of proceedings against me I shall start lunacy proceedings against you.
D. A. PARSONS.

He read it over and was wondering whether it was worth the trouble to send it when the operator chanced to look up and hold out her hand for the message.

"Send this—collect, please," said Dell.

That trick of sending it collect pleased him. Once when he woke in the night he thought about it and beamed to himself quite contentedly before he turned over in the darkness and went to sleep again.

The next day, Saturday, was one of those days on which poets write their masterpieces, and while Dell was having his breakfast he decided to get his car out of the garage and go for a ride.

"There's a good drive up the Albany Post Road," he thought, "then across the Hudson at Newburgh and back to the city by way of Tuxedo. And there's a nice run along the north shore of Long Island. Or—yes! Wait a minute! I wonder where South Marleigh is. I'd like to see that town, and especially the house where Mr. Warner lives! What an awfully good story it would make if Number Ten should turn out to be a sanitarium—and Mr. Warner happens to be a nut!"

At first he thought he would take Julie with him.

"Time enough for that, though," he told himself with just the least suspicion of a frown. Later he was glad he hadn't taken her, for at Litchfield, bouncing into an unseen water hole, he broke one of his rear springs. It was six o'clock before the nearest garage had made the repair and Dell was ready to continue his journey.

"I wonder if I'd better start back," he thought. "It's going to be dark before long. Same time, I'm so near to the place now that it seems a shame to go back without seeing it."

It was the next signboard that decided him. Among the other towns painted upon it was South Marleigh, and Dell hailed the name as though he had just met a friend in a far country.

"Sure, I'll go and have a look at it," he cheerfully told himself. "Number Ten, Putnam Avenue. When they see my car go past they'll little dream that I'm the boy who sent the telegram—collect."

At that he laughed aloud—the idea tickled him so—and five minutes later when he drove past a sign "You are now in the borough of South Marleigh. Drive Slow and See Our Town. Drive Fast and See Our Jail," Dell felt a warm, winy feeling running through him, and hadn't enjoyed himself so much for many a day.

It was a picturesque village, perched on the side of Mount Kahdena, its principal street bordered with a double line of elms and flanked with houses of the old colonial style, some of which had the square chimneys of a hundred years ago. And yet, by those signs which are clearer perhaps to the stranger than to the native, Dell caught a general sense of genteel poverty—a poverty reflected by many of the houses being in need of paint, the sidewalks unflagged, the church with some of the shingles missing from its steeple.

"Pretty, just the same," he thought, and catching a view between two of the houses he stopped his car and sat there longer than he knew, drinking in the panorama that lay below him. "Darned pretty," he sighed to himself at last.

A boy on a bicycle drew near, riding on the sidewalk and evidently trying to see how slowly he could do it. Dell asked him where Putnam Avenue was, and found that he had simply to turn down the next street and would find his destination at the bottom of the hill.

"Soon be there then," he thought as he made the indicated turn. "Let's see. This must be Putnam Avenue at the bottom of the hill, and I must keep my eye open for Number Ten. Confound it now, I wonder which way I ought to turn!"

To understand his problem you have only to picture to yourself the figure of an inverted T. Dell was riding down the stem of the T, and the crosspiece was Putnam Avenue. If Number Ten was to the right of the corner he wanted to turn that way; otherwise, to the left. At the bottom of the hill there were three houses in sight on Putnam Avenue, and Dell was straining his eyes on these to such an extent, trying to see the numbers on the doors, that he didn't notice that the hill down which he was riding suddenly took a much steeper dip and that his car was rolling down the incline faster and faster every moment. If there had been room enough he might have stopped it, but you must remember that he was near the bottom of the hill, and that he had to make a sharp right-angle turn with his car going nearly forty miles an hour and the curve banked on the wrong side of the road.

"Good night!" he suddenly gasped to himself when he saw that he couldn't swing in time. "I've got to take the fence!"

Fortunately it was a wooden fence, and the moment that Dell perceived that part of it had been newly repaired and painted a great light burst upon him.

"Yes!" he thought, pulling on the emergency brake with all his might. "And there's the fountain—with the girl's arm broken off! And there's the porch that hasn't been mended yet! It's Number Ten—it's there on the door—and here I go!"

There was a tearing splintering crash as the car went through the fence—a list to starboard that just managed to graze the statue and knock it off its perch—and then, like a battleship ramming its enemy, the car crashed into the veranda and sent its rotten wood flying in all directions as though a charge of dynamite had been let loose beneath it. One of the posts, smartly cracking forward, came down through the windshield, and though Dell tried to dodge it, it caught him over the head as neatly as though it were a blackjack in the hands of a highwayman.

"Hello!" thought Dell thickly, trying to throw off the confusion of impressions that had suddenly fallen upon him. "Is this—is this going to knock me out?"

Staring ahead of him, his hands clutched around the wheel, his teeth biting his tongue, he became conscious of the grim-faced woman who appeared in the doorway.

"This one isn't going to get away, Sibyl!" she seemed to be shouting through a roar of sound. "Bring me the big scissors, quick, so I can let the air out of his tires; and then run and get Mr. Manion just as fast as you can run!"

Dell tried to speak, but found he was making no sound. One last thought kept him straight for a few moments longer.

"Wait till she sees my number. Good night, baby! Going to the war."

At that he slowly slumped, his hands and his thoughts together slipping off the steering wheel, his spark plugs skipping, the lights growing dim, his motor all but stopping in the dark.

V

WHEN Dell began to notice things again he found that he was in a bedroom—a pleasant old-fashioned room with yellow wall paper and old mahogany furniture, and a little woven rug in front of each chair, and a larger one in front of the dresser, and a larger one still by the side of the bed. On the walls were a number of small pictures, some of them daguerreotypes, one showing a little girl wearing pleated pantalets, and another a dignified young gentleman who had more whiskers than most old men can grow nowadays, and who held in his hand a silk hat that was almost as long as a modern length of stovepipe. Which shows again how we have deteriorated of late years.

At the windows of this room were chintz curtains framing the same delectable view that Dell had seen from the street above, just before he had started down to visit Putnam Avenue. The bed on which he was lying had four fluted posts with puritanical

Let Winter Come!

Announcing the Big Step Forward in Heating

THE most startling invention in home heating ever placed before the American people is announced herewith. For small or moderate sized houses, especially those without cellars, whether new or old, for bungalows, farm houses, stores, garages, etc., the 'RadiO' Hot Water Radiator is:—

1. **The most economical in fuel consumption. (Smoke and gases are drawn into the fire and consumed.)**
2. **The most effective generator and distributor of uniform heat. (Supplies all the rooms with steady, healthful, hot-water heat.)**
3. **The simplest to operate and attend to. (Automatic fuel-feed relieves housewife of necessity of frequent firing. Burns hard coal, soft coal, coke—even wood.)**
4. **The most attractive and the most adaptable to the furnishing scheme of the modern home. (The open grate gives to the modest home the luxurious appearance of an open fireplace.)**

This Marvelous Heater

a. Gives to *every room* in the house its full share of hot-water heat—*at less cost than heating one room with a stove.*

b. Is a hot-water radiator, and open fire combined, easily installed (in any room having a chimney), and connected by small piping to ordinary hot-water radiators in adjoining rooms.

c. Has a fuel reservoir which holds the fuel for long periods, burns hard or soft coal, coke or wood, and feeds the fuel downward automatically into the fire, insuring a steady temperature of 70 degrees in all the rooms and relieving the housewife from the drudgery of frequent firing.

d. Is constructed on the downward draft principle of combustion, which means that all the smoke and the gases from the combustion chamber are consumed, thus assuring the greatest possible fuel-economy and absorption of heat units as well as the elimination of all smoke and coal gas nuisance.

e. Has an open hearth effect—a feature possessed by no other heater of its kind. Installed between bookcases or in an open fireplace, the 'RadiO' is as ornamental as it is practical.

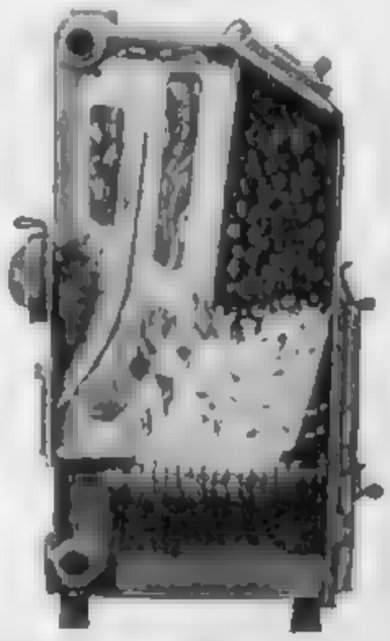
f. Is priced within the means of all.

CENTRAL RADIATOR COMPANY
41 East 42nd Street New York City
Subsidiary of
IRON PRODUCTS CORPORATION

A 'RadiO' Booklet Free

An illustrated booklet telling important facts about 'RadiO' Radiators, and the five sizes in which they come, will be sent you free of charge upon receipt of the attached coupon. Ask us any questions you wish about the necessary installation for your house, and send in the coupon at once! It is important!

To purchase a heater now without knowing the 'RadiO' would be to ignore the newest, most practical and most improved heater for the bungalow, farm or cottage home.



Fuel feeds automatically into the fire. "Downdraft" prevents escape of heat units in smoke and gases.

S. E. P.

MAIL THIS COUPON

CENTRAL RADIATOR COMPANY,
41 East 42nd Street, New York City

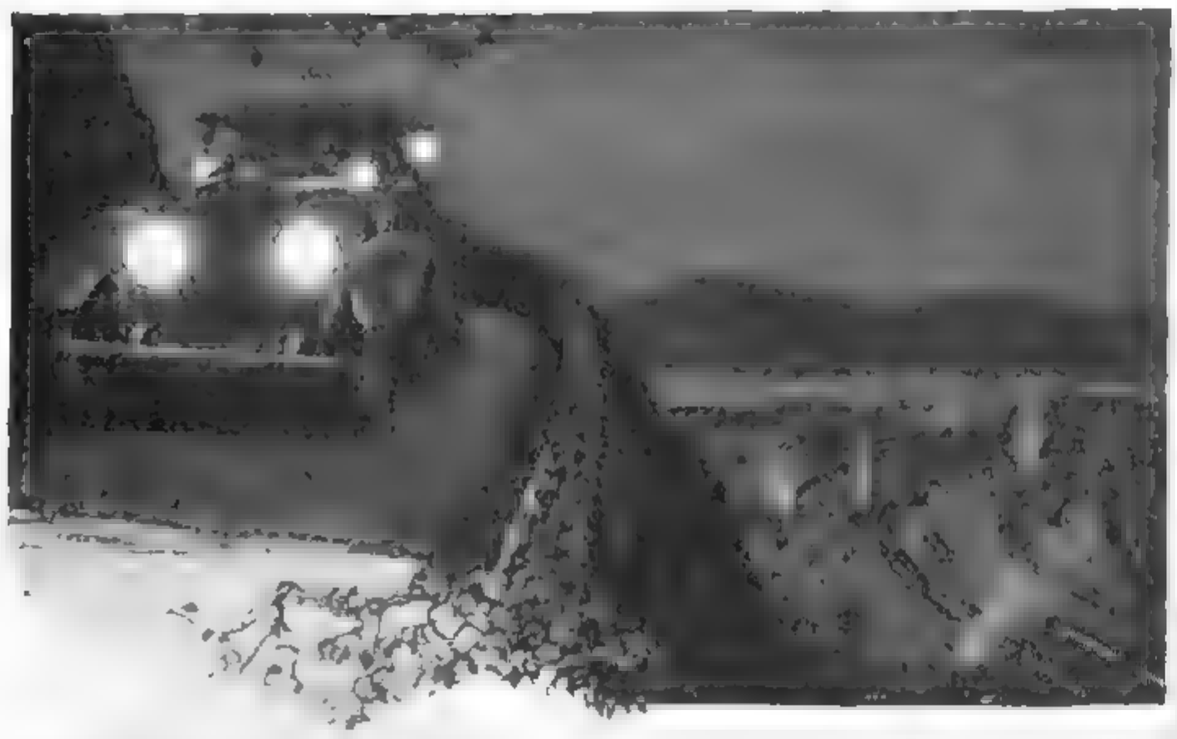
Please send me a free copy of your 'RadiO' booklet.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

DEALER _____



Westinghouse Batteries must make good!

The organization which has given the world the air brake and automatic railway signals cannot afford to disappoint you with a mediocre product, a half-way service or an ambiguous guarantee. Two battery designs—one quality:

WESTINGHOUSE STANDARD—The best battery Westinghouse can build! A type and size for every car. Oversize design. Quality constructed. Guaranteed—not only as to minimum months of service, but in terms of absolute satisfaction

WESTINGHOUSE "WUBCO" SPECIAL—For the lighter weight cars. Same quality as Westinghouse Standard, but designed to sell at a lower price Rubber case. The best battery you can buy for the money!

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO., Swissvale, Pa.

WESTINGHOUSE
BATTERIES

The Florsheim Shoe
NEW heavier type oxfords for Fall wear are now being displayed by Florsheim dealers—sturdy, smart looking low shoes for the man who dresses in keeping with the times.
Most styles $10
Full Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
Manufacturers
Chicago
The Florsheim SHOE

pineapples on the tops of the posts to take the place of the four apostles; and by the side of this bed, looking thoughtfully out of the window at the moment when Dell opened his eyes, was a girl in a blue-check gingham. Her eyes were blue, too—which may or may not have been artful of her—and her cheeks had something in them that reminded Dell of two slices of the first strawberry shortcake of the season. There was nothing confectionery about her eyes, though. They were deep, almost brooding, and when Dell first saw her she was looking through the window as though she were seeing visions, and was more disturbed than pleased with what she saw. Dell closed his eyes again and began to study this thing out.

"How is he now, Sibyl?" sounded a grim voice from downstairs.

Dimly then the whole thing began to come back to Dell—the car crashing through the fence, the toppling monument, the veranda pillar that snapped off short and caught him on the head.

"He's about the same, aunty," said the girl in the blue gingham.

"Hasn't come to yet?"

There was a moment's silence and something—something that would need a Conan Doyle to explain it properly—told Dell that Sibyl was looking at him, and wasn't looking in any hostile manner either.

"No; not yet," she said.

"Well, straighten up his room as quickly as you can, and come down here," said the grim voice from below. "I'm expecting Mr. Manion, and I want to get this parlor dusted before he comes."

He heard her moving around the room, humming to herself in the distance; and then she evidently drew nearer, for her humming sounded very near at hand. He was about to open one eye—just the merest fraction of an inch in order to see what she was doing—when he suddenly felt the cool friction of a damp towel upon his face.

"Momma must get her baby ready for company," she murmured to herself. "He's a very bad baby, but he's a pretty baby, and when Mr. Manion comes upstairs to see him, momma wants him to look nice."

"Great Scott! She's playing doll with me," thought Dell, keeping his eyes closed only with the greatest difficulty. "I wonder how long I've been here!"

"He's a funny little baby, but he's toot," murmured Sibyl. "He's got a funny little beard on his funny little chin, but he's just too tunning! Bzz-zzz-zzz!" Lightly, ever so lightly, he felt her finger tips running over his chin. "There. Now good-by, baby. Momma has to run away; she has her work to do."

The moment he heard her going down the stairs Dell's hand was on his chin. Yes, there could be no doubt about it; there was a fine young stubble there.

"Why, I must have been here for days!" he exclaimed to himself. When he tried to turn over he found that his ribs were bandaged, and when he touched the adhesive around his forehead he fairly winced with the pain. "I must have pulled my head back when I saw that post coming, and caught it on the forehead instead," he thought. "But talk about returning good for evil—the way they have taken me in here and looked after me, when I had nearly knocked their house down!"

At that his conscience began to stir at the telegram which he had sent collect from New York, and then his scalp began to tingle when he thought of how they must have stared at each other when they saw the number of his car.

"Of course they'll swear now that I was the one who did it before," he uneasily told himself, "and I'll never be able to convince them that I didn't, but —— Hello, that's the doorbell. Probably Mr. Manion coming to see the baby."

His head had begun to throb, and he closed his eyes to try to shut out some of the sparks that were floating in front of them. And so he lay when two pairs of footsteps climbed the stairs, one heavy and the other light, but the latter no less determined than the heavy pair. Tandem fashion, the heavy ones in the lead, these footsteps entered Dell's room and advanced to the side of the bed.

"Not a very engaging-looking character," said a man's voice. It was one of those voices which are sometimes known as fruity—a throaty, public voice, well-oiled and in good working order.

"Must be Mr. Manion," thought Dell, and was about to open his eyes when the fruity voice spoke again.

"A bad-shaped mouth," it continued. "A criminal's chin if ever there was one in this world—ah!"

It may have been the surprise of the terminal "ah!" which first caused Dell to forget to open his eyes. "Might as well hear it all," he thought then, and went on playing 'possum. This was, of course, a dangerous thing to do; we all know that listeners never hear any good of themselves.

"In fact," continued Mr. Manion, "I wouldn't be surprised if there was a reward out for him. Safe-cracking. Burglary. Something of that kind. As soon as he begins to get his strength back he must certainly be moved from here."

Dell was pleased then that he had kept his eyes shut.

"Oh, I don't know, Robert," said a woman's voice doubtfully—the grim voice which Dell had heard from downstairs a few minutes before. "Do you know, I've been wondering lately if he's quite right in his mind—coming and doing the same thing twice?" Her tone took on a worried quaver. "Now suppose at that trial he should plead insanity, would I get anything than for the damage he has caused me?"

"You certainly would," said Mr. Manion promptly. "You leave it to me, Susan. *Non compos mentis* is no defense in a case like this—ah! Never has been. Never will be. He was all right when he caused the damage—that's our contention—that's the only point that concerns us. At the very moment, mind you—*posterior hoc*, or *in extremis*, as the case may be. And with the attachments which I have already levied upon his automobile, together with the accessories thereto, you need have no fear whatever but that I shall make him pay—and pay right square up to the handle—for all the damage he has caused you!"

"Both times?"

"Both times. Beyond a doubt—or at least beyond a reasonable, a legal doubt. I have already prepared a separate summons for each occasion. And why two summonses, you may ask? Ha! In order to double the costs! You leave it to me, Susan. In consideration of his second offense I shall ask five thousand dollars' bail on the criminal charge. Perhaps ten. Then there's the letter he sent you. If I can trap him into swearing to the truth of that letter I'll have him up for perjury. As quick as that!" Snap! "And the telegram. Practically accusing you of insanity. Those are the things that weigh with the judge and the jury. You leave it to me, Susan. You leave it to me, and I'll teach this—I'll teach this insolent young puppy whether he can come into our peaceful village whenever the spirit urges him, and destroy our property and insult our womenkind with impunity—ah!"

"And his board here? You'll not forget that?"

There was a slight pause and then Aunt Susan added, "You know, Robert, every penny counts with me now—since—since I've been left alone."

"You leave it to me, Susan. You leave it all to me."

"I always have," said Aunt Susan in a gentler voice. "You know that, Robert."

"Well—you haven't been sorry for it, have you?"

There was a moment's silence, and then they moved away. Carefully opening his eyes Dell caught sight of them over the foot of the bed. He could see only their heads and shoulders, but he could see enough. Aunt Susan, at least for the moment, wasn't so old as Dell had thought she was. Mr. Manion was tall and thin—one of those sourish smilers whose age is hard to guess—thin-nosed, thin-lipped, and with something of the rooster in him, his bangs brushed up over his forehead like a comb, the same quick way of turning his head, the same quick glance of the eye. But what interested Dell more than anything else was the fact that Mr. Manion had his arms around Aunt Susan, and that Aunt Susan's head was resting on his shoulder.

"Do you know, Robert," Aunt Susan was half saying, half sighing, "we've had to wait so long—that at times I'm almost doubtful—whether we'll ever get married in this world—or have to wait till the next?"

"No, no," said Mr. Manion, hurriedly patting her shoulder. "It's all right, Susan. You leave it all to me."

(Continued on Page 97)

$2000. IN PRIZES

for a name to replace "Silvore"

196 Prizes Offered—First Prize, Value, $300

One hundred and ninety-six prizes are offered for a new name to replace "Silvore." In value, $2,000. The first prize is valued at $300.00, the second $200.00 and the third $100.00. $1,500.00 in prizes will be divided among the next 193 winners.

You can probably win one of these prizes. We want everybody to try—that is why we have offered such valuable prizes. You may make your own selection.

The following will tell you the reason why "Silvore" was originally chosen and the reason for making the change. The conditions are simple and easy; read this announcement through and our reasons why "Silvore" was chosen, what "Silvore" is, and then write us a letter telling us your choice of the new name. Do this now, before you forget.

Why "Silvore" Was Chosen

THE Seymour Manufacturing Company, for over 44 years producers of German Silver (called during the war Liberty Silver and now Nickel Silver), believed that the public neither understood the composition of this metal nor its various qualities and, therefore, by reason of its lack of knowledge, was susceptible to imposition.

It was further believed that by the adoption of a name descriptive of its properties and by the standardization of the quality of the metal marketed under that name, the public would be given proper protection.

The name selected (Silvore) was thereupon nationally advertised by the Seymour Manufacturing Company for several months, when its attention was directed by representatives of the industries most interested, (namely) jewelry and silverware, to the fact that this word was so similar phonetically to that of a precious metal as to make its use a danger rather than a safeguard to the public.

The Seymour Manufacturing Company now invites the public to suggest a suitable name—one that will protect public, dealer and manufacturer.

The Metal

Nickel Silver is an alloy of Nickel, Copper and Zinc (Spelter), the color and wearing qualities being dependent upon the percentage of Nickel therein and on the purity of the basic metals.

If cheaply compounded, deficient in Nickel and carelessly produced, it is but a few degrees removed from ordinary brass.

When containing not less than 10% of Nickel and compounded of the finest quality of Copper and Zinc (Spelter) it becomes a most dependable base for silver plated ware, being similar to the precious metal Silver in weight, texture and appearance. The metal Silver is largely used for plating on this base.

The metal marketed under the name which is finally accepted, will be guaranteed to *contain not less than 10%* of pure Nickel and to be painstakingly produced from the purest brands of Lake Copper and refined Zinc (Spelter).

The Prize Offer

The prizes for the contest will be 196 in number. In merchandise value they will aggregate $2,000. All the valuable ones will be silver plated articles, on a nickel silver base, made by our foremost American manufacturers of silver plated ware, and the first 6 prizes, ranging in value from $100 to $300, will be beautiful sets of flat or hollow-ware.

Successful contestants may make their own selections of this ware, as it is not our intention to specify brands. The following list of manufacturers whose products are eligible for selection is offered for consideration:

Gorham Manufacturing Company
Oneida Community, Ltd
S. F. & G. H. Rogers Company
Ontario Silver Company
McGlashan-Clarke Company, Ltd.
Franklin Silver Plate Co.
International Silver Company
R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Company
Canadian Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd
Alvin Silver Co.
Williams Bros. Mfg. Company
Albert Pick & Company
Van Bergh Silver Plate Company
Fairpoint Corporation
Benedict Manufacturing Company
Mulholland Bros., Inc.
Knickerbocker Silver Company
Jennings Silver Company
Middletown Silver Company
Homan Manufacturing Company
Colonial Silver Company
The Weidlich Bros. Mfg. Company
Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd

List of Prizes

No.		Value	Total Value
1	1st	$300	$300
1	2nd	200	200
1	3rd	100	100
5	4th	50	250
5	5th	30	150
10	6th	20	200
10	7th	10	100
20	8th	5	100
40	9th	2.50	100
100	10th	1	100

Conditions

The conditions imposed upon contestants are simple. They involve merely the choice of a suitable name and the writing of a short letter, not exceeding 100 words in length, explaining the reasons for the choice.

The name chosen—

1. Should not be descriptive of, nor synonymous with, nor a colorable imitation of, the name of any precious metal
2. Should begin with the letter "S."
3. Should be short and euphonious, such as "Seconic."

Special Note:

While the winning of a prize depends not only upon the value of the name suggested but, to an equal degree, upon the letter accompanying the suggestion, it shall be within the powers of the judges to select any name they may deem entitled to an award, irrespective of the accompanying letter. They shall likewise be empowered to award a prize for any letter irrespective of the name submitted. Any letter thus chosen shall entitle its author to an extra prize, amounting in value to $10.00.

In the event of a tie for any prize offered, the full value of the prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant; but a tie shall not exist if more than one person submits the name adjudged best unless the accompanying letters be adjudged of equal excellence.

Executives of the Seymour Manufacturing Company or Evans & Barnhill, Inc., shall not be eligible to a prize.

The Judges

As judges for the contest, the following gentlemen, outstanding in their respective realms of business, have courteously consented to serve:

G. H. Wilcox, President of the International Silver Company.
L. Wayland Smith, Treas. Oneida Community, Ltd.
E. H. Hofnagel, President of the American National Retail Jewelers' Association.
O. H. Niemeyer, President of the National Jewelers Board of Trade.
A. W. Erickson, President of the American Association of Advertising Agencies.

Note these Directions

You are limited to one suggestion, which should be printed plainly upon the coupon, along with your name and address, although the use of the coupon for the purpose is not obligatory. The letter explaining your reasons for selecting this name should be legibly written on one side of a sheet of paper and must not exceed 100 words in length. For information slips, giving details as to the metal, etc., apply to your jeweler. Replies must be received by the Seymour Manufacturing Company on or before September 15th, 1922.

Mail This Coupon

SEYMOUR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Seymour, Conn. Lock Box No. 451.

I suggest the following name for your metal which was formerly called "Silvore."

_____

Name_____

Street & No._____

City or Town_____

State_____

WHAT THE JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION SAYS:

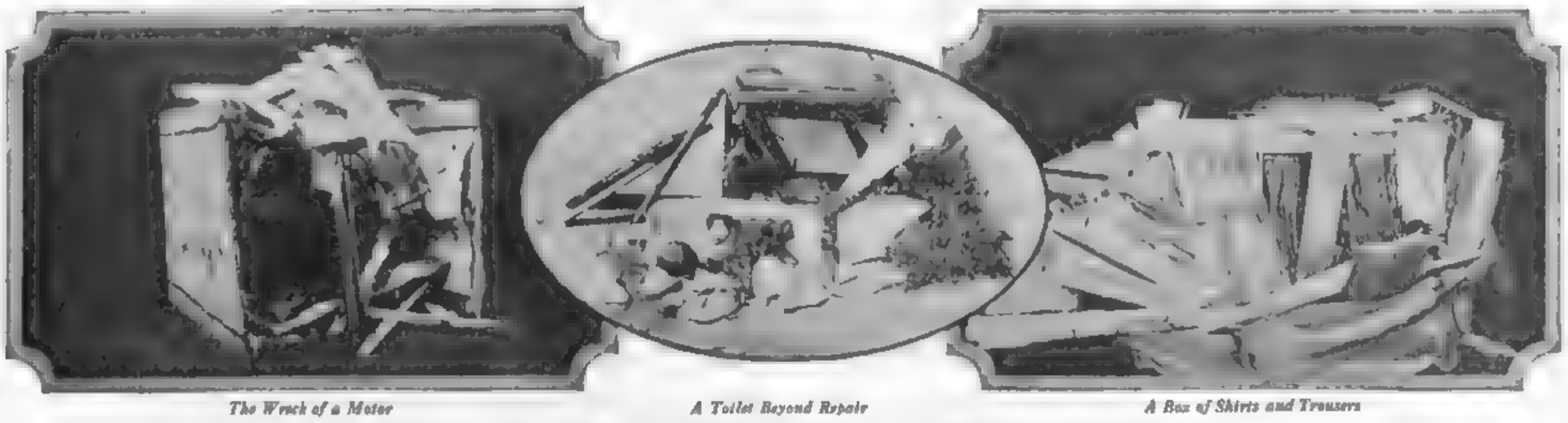
The Seymour Manufacturing Company,
Seymour, Connecticut.
Gentlemen:

As representatives of a number of jewelry trade organizations actively working in the interest of the good of our industry, we desire to express our appreciation of the public spirit of your voluntary decision to discontinue the use of the name "Silvore" which you had adopted for a certain metal that you produce. We are advised that after careful investigation you are convinced the majority of the statements of the jewelry and silverware trade were against the term "Silvore" might be used by unscrupulous dealers in misrepresenting purposes and have acted on your part to change such a name helps to establish a precedent which should be of great importance to us in our desire to protect the public against possible deception in the sale of jewelry and silver plated ware.

Therefore, it is the earnest desire of the undersigned and the associations which they represent, that the motives and spirit which prompted so fine an action by your company be thoroughly known and appreciated by the trade as a whole and by the public it serves.

Yours very truly,
JEWELERS' VIGILANCE COMMITTEE, Inc.
(Signed) Harry C. Carter, Chairman
GOOD & WELFARE COMMITTEE, NATIONAL JEWELERS BOARD OF TRADE
(Signed) P. J. Coffey, Chairman
STERLING SILVERWARE MANUFACTURERS' ASS'N
(Signed) Charles W. Harman, President

SEYMOUR MANUFACTURING CO., Seymour, Conn.



The Wreck of a Motor *A Toilet Beyond Repair* *A Box of Shirts and Trousers*

MUTE TESTIMONY ON THE NEED OF BETTER PACKING

The pictures above are three of a number of pictures sent to us by a superintendent of construction in Chile. In his letter he says:

"I read your advertisement on good packing in the May 6th issue of the Saturday Evening Post and I am taking the liberty of writing you to say that if the American shipper could take one look inside of a South American import customs house your business would equal the operations of the fabled Paul Bunyon of logging camp fame.

"To substantiate your statement concerning 'good packing, bad packing, and then American packing,' I am enclosing a number of pictures of packing of the third category which I hope will be of use to you.

"These pictures are of American goods that were received by the ———— Co. of ————, Chile, during their construction program."

"Accounts Unpaid—Waiting Adjustment"

SOMEWHERE a hundred or a thousand miles away a customer gets a shipment damaged in transit. He writes to you.

You blame the railroad. The railroads blame your packing. Your salesman gets into the argument. The credit and collection man winds up with a file of correspondence.

This all costs a lot of money—and good-will.

Nobody can afford it.

The railroads pay out a hundred million dollars a year shipment-damages.

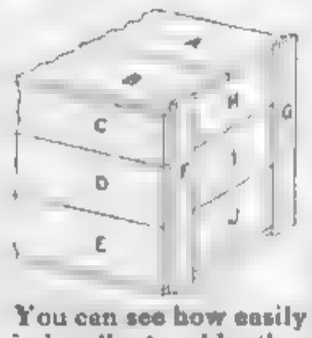
What must the total cost be to American business as a whole?

ENGINEERING science has come to the rescue. Applied to practical crate construction—the results of the research, discoveries, experiments, conducted over a period of years by the U.S. Forest Products Laboratories, the Weyerhaeuser organization, the railroads, and many big shippers.

Proper crate construction does not so much depend upon the amount of lumber used as the way in which the crate is built.

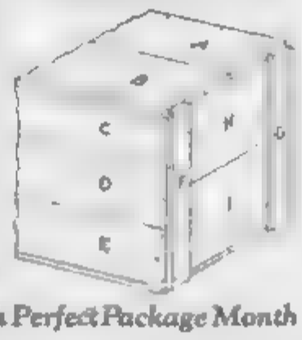
One manufacturer saves 350,000 feet of lumber in a single year. Another reduces shipping weight 30 pounds per machine. Another 28%, 30% and 50% in lumber on three different types of crate. Already the redesigning of crates is saving thousands of dollars every month.

Such manufacturers are finding, too, that the elimination of damage claims and the delivery of goods in uniformly better condition, speeds up collections and increases sales.



THE illustration opposite shows a Style 4 box with several features of bad construction. Note how the cleats, F and G, extend above and below the top and bottom surfaces. You can see how easily they can be torn off in handling and by the shifting of freight in transit. The illustration also shows poor nailing of cleats and side boards. Too few nails have been used, they are all on a line, and the nails on the side boards are driven into the *end* grain of the lumber. Such faults are by no means uncommon.

THE illustration below shows a Style 4 box properly made. The cleats are protected by being cut so they do not reach the top and bottom surfaces, and are properly nailed. The side boards, C, D and E, lap the cleats and so permit nailing into the *edge* grain of the lumber. The end of the box is made of only two boards, enabling breaking of joints between boards on end and side. Scientific construction, plus a few nails, makes this box vastly stronger than the one above.



Make Every Month Perfect Package Month

WE are now offering to industrial users of crating lumber the services of a practical crating engineer.

Without cost to you, we will send this man to your plant, to check up your crates, and with the co-operation of your shipping department to redesign your shipping containers to fit in each case the products to be packed.

Lumber is the standard material for shipping containers. For this purpose, this organization offers to factory and industrial buyers, from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber of uniform quality and in quantities adequate to any shipper's needs.

A BOOKLET, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of Weyerhaeuser engineers, will be sent on request to any manufacturer who uses crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle Street, Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Pacific Coast Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States

(Continued from Page 94)

Dell couldn't help noticing that he held her rather loosely, though; and that he looked more tired than pleased at having his fiancée's head upon his shoulder.

"You'll stay to dinner?" she asked.

"Well, yes-s-s," he said, as though considering. "I think I can."

"I'll hurry down, then, and make you a raisin pie." At that she kissed him. Robert received it on the cheek as though it weren't much in the way of entertainment, and when she started for the door he didn't follow her.

"Aren't you coming?" she asked.

"No-o," he said. "I think I'll stay a while and watch this customer here and—er—you might send Sibyl up with a pitcher of fresh water, if it wouldn't be too much trouble."

Aunt Susan went, and Dell noticed that Mr. Manion stood staring at the door with a frown as long as her footsteps were heard on the stairs. But then with a brisk manner he turned to the dresser, and after rearranging his tie he picked up a comb and began putting a very fine feather in his bangs. Dell didn't quite understand this at first, but all at once he saw the point.

"The double-dealing old flirt!" he thought. "He's primping up for Sibyl! The wicked old rascal! If he shouldn't be kicked for this!"

Sibyl, you may remember, had called Dell her baby; and there are very few men who are as jealous of their mothers as a very young son can be.

VI

A LIGHTER step now sounded on the stairs and a moment later Sibyl appeared with the pitcher of water.

"Well, well, well!" said Mr. Manion. "And how's my little lamb today?"

"All right," said the little lamb, coldly enough.

"If you're only feeling half as good as you look ——"

"Look out," said Sibyl, "you'll make me spill the water."

"Give me the pitcher then. I'll put it down."

He put it on the dresser with one hand, but with the other he held tight to his little lamb.

"You let me go!" said Sibyl, pulling away.

"No, no. I've only just got you. Why should I let you go so soon?"

"I'll call for aunty."

"It wouldn't pay you, my dear. She'd never forgive you—for stealing my affections, you know."

"I haven't stolen your old affections!" said Sibyl, still struggling to free her hand.

"Oh, yes, you have. And I'm going to prove it to you."

"How can you prove what isn't true?"

"I'll show you."

"No, you won't!"

"Yes, I will!"

It was at this point that Dell suddenly shouted—a cross between a scream, a groan and a roar of displeasure—a noble sound that brought the two in the room up standing. But it wasn't for them that Dell was shouting. His eyes now tightly closed, he sounded his note of alarm again and again, and was presently rewarded by hearing Aunt Susan come running into the room.

"For mercy's sake, what's the matter?" she cried.

"Oh, oh!" groaned Dell, opening his eyes at last and looking at Aunt Susan. "I've just had a nightmare—a dreadful nightmare!" He half arose and pointed a sepulchral finger. "I—I dreamed that he was trying to kiss her!"

The throw was too unexpected for Mr. Manion to duck it.

Aunt Susan looked at him, saw the dark red confession of his guilt, and stalked to the door.

"Robert!" she said.

Mr. Manion paused for a moment in indecision, but finally he did what man has done since time immemorial. He searched his mind for a little soft soap, and then he went to try to smooth over the lady.

VII

IN SPITE of the bandages around his forehead and ribs Dell lived a golden week for the next seven days; and as you have probably guessed, the alchemist who performed this miracle talked neither in tenor nor bass. Indeed she didn't even dream at first that any miracle was taking place.

"Listen," she whispered once that afternoon. "Did you—did you really dream it—or did you see him?"

"Well, let's say that I dreamed it," said Dell, smiling.

"I wonder!"

"You wonder? Why should you doubt it?"

"I don't know," said Sibyl at last with a helpless little gesture. "I suppose that's the worst of telling stories. When you once begin it nobody knows whether to believe you or not."

"Do you want me to tell you the truth?" asked Dell.

"Yes!"

"Always?"

"Ye-e-s."

"All right then. I saw him. And a few minutes before that I saw him kissing—someone else."

"He's engaged to aunty," said Sibyl.

"So I gathered," said Dell dryly.

"They've been engaged for a long time."

"Then why doesn't he marry her and let you alone? Your aunt's willing, isn't she?"

"Yes, aunty's willing, but—oh, well, maybe I'll tell you—sometime."

There was something in this provisional promise of the future that pleased Dell, though it would have been hard to tell you why, and if the bandages around his ribs had served the same purpose as the sheepskin over the shell of a drum Sibyl would have heard a gently crescending "Boom—boom—boom!"

"And now you've promised always to tell me the truth," she continued, "why did you send that awful letter and telegram to aunty?"

"I thought S. Warner was a man," Dell quickly interrupted. "It never occurred to me for a moment that it was a woman!"

"No matter who it was, why did you write like that after you had knocked our fence over and broken the porch the first time?"

"But I didn't do it the first time."

She gave him a hurt little look, and if her nose had been loose it would have tossed in the air, turned a somersault and have returned to its original place in her features, much as a somersaulting buckwheat cake returns to its place in the pan.

"It isn't a bit of use," she finally told him. "Three different people saw the number on your car, and one of them was Mrs. Salisbury herself."

"Mrs. Salisbury herself? Who's she?"

"She's the judge's wife."

"The judge's wife? You mean the judge who's going to try me?"

"Yes."

Dell whistled, and then moved by the earnestness of the two blue eyes that were on him he briefly told Sibyl just how it happened that he did it the second time, but not the first.

"It sounds true," she thoughtfully acknowledged, "the way you tell it. But I'm sure that nobody else will believe you—especially Mr. Manion and Aunt Susan. You see—Aunt Susan—well, she's awfully poor. We all are, here. She does dressmaking, and things like that, and she had to go into debt nearly a hundred dollars to repair the damage which you—which you or somebody else," she hastily amended—"did the first time."

She wasn't in the room much longer, but as long as she was there Dell's eyes never left her once.

"She believes me," he thought. "I'm sure she does. Yes, and she's prettier than I thought she was—graceful—sweet—like a bud of something—either an apple blossom or a rose. And she doesn't look wise that's the best of it—she doesn't look as though she's heard all the old army jokes, the way most girls look nowadays. Yes, sir, she's a perfect innocent little beauty, and I'm going to tell her so, too, before I'm many days older."

A somewhat disturbing doubt arose to bother him.

"I wonder if this is a bit of father working in me," he asked himself.

He thought it over for a minute or two, but at last he shook his head.

"No," he reflected. "I—I hardly think so. He told me to let them all alone except one—and for all I know, this may be the one."

As for Julie, the idea of marrying Julie had temporarily grown remote. There was time enough to think of that.

The next day Dell and Sibyl had another go at the question of damages.

"Look here," he said. "I've been thinking it over. If you will tell me from the

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bottom of your heart that you know I didn't do it I'll pay for the damage that was done the first time, and never mind who did it."

"But you'll have to tell aunty you did it."

"Why? As long as she gets the money what difference does it make who did it?"

"Oh, but it makes a difference to Aunt Susan! You've no idea how proud she is. You think she'd take anything as a sort of charity like that? I—guess—not!"

Dell didn't think much of it.

"And besides, you've got to apologize yet for that letter and telegram—especially the telegram. It came on the phone to the people next door, and they've got a party wire, and Aunt Susan doesn't like them, and everybody was laughing about it before night. It—it's pretty serious now, I can tell you."

Indeed she looked so sorry for him that the drum started up again, and Dell watched her in silence for a time as she worked around the room. "A bit of father again, maybe," he uneasily told himself. Her hair, he thought, seemed to have flecks of gold in it here and there; and her eyebrows, sloping down slightly toward the top of her nose, made Dell think how wonderful she would look in a Japanese costume, posed as Pitti-Sing and standing pensively against a cherry tree in full bloom.

"And she could easily get both her feet in one of my shoes," he told himself, "and I'll bet there isn't a nicer, neater pair of ankles anywhere on earth." To which he added a rather strange and slowly phrased reflection: "No, sir; you'd never catch her laughing at anybody in front of the servants; or flipping her little bustle as she walked past either!"

A few mornings later, his bedroom door open, he heard Aunt Susan scolding Sibyl downstairs. At least it began with a scolding, but Sibyl's aunt was one of those women who set themselves on fire with their own eloquence, and her remarks soon took the form of a dressing down that would have shaved the knots off a telephone pole.

"Be quiet!" Dell muttered once, and a few minutes later, more indignantly, he raised his voice and exclaimed, "You let that girl alone!" Even then he knew very well that he wouldn't be heard downstairs, but he was getting his steam up, and almost anything might have happened if Aunt Susan hadn't suddenly banged herself out of the back door while Sibyl came upstairs to straighten Dell's room.

"My, but she's a Tartar when she's started!" said Dell.

"Poor Aunt Sue!" said Sibyl softly.

Dell had expected to see her looking mutinous, possibly sulky, and certainly somewhat flustered. But she didn't. Her face was rather grave, it is true, and perhaps there was a little more cream on the strawberry shortcake than usual; but so far as expression was concerned her eyes reflected pity rather than wrath, and the corners of her mouth denoted gentle resignation more than red flags and revolutions.

"Poor Aunt Sue?" repeated Dell. "Why? What's the matter with her?"

Sibyl first gave him that glance which says, "I'm going to tell you something," and then she looked cautiously out of the window into the garden below. Evidently reassured she came closer to Dell and seated herself on the foot of the bed.

"It's Mr. Manion," she began. "She—she worries about him so."

"He's a nice one for anybody to worry about!" said Dell.

"Yes, I know. But you see—well—aunty's getting on, and I'm afraid that Mr. Manion is her very last chance."

"They're engaged, though; aren't they?"

"Yes," scoffed Sibyl. "Been engaged for nearly twenty years! Isn't that awful? But aunty was keeping house for grandfather and didn't like to leave him, and everybody thought that grandfather was rich, and Mr. Manion—well, Mr. Manion has the name of being fond of money. And when grandfather died two years ago and everybody found out that through unlucky investments he had lost everything he had ——"

"Then Mr Manion began to get cold feet. Is that it?"

"Yes," nodded Sibyl, pensively looking out of the window. "I'm 'fraid that's it."

Dell looked at her for a while, afraid to speak again for fear of disturbing the picture. The pure profile of her face was silhouetted against the mahogany of the highboy and reminded him of one of Raphael's Madonnas, her eyes deep and brooding as he had first seen them, her lips slightly parted, one of her hands curled—an unconscious object of beauty—in her lap. Quietly then she turned to Dell.

"I'd hate a man, myself, who only married for money, wouldn't you?" she asked.

Dell looked into her eyes. "He wouldn't be much of a man," said he.

"He wouldn't!" said Sibyl, tossing her head.

"Imagine a man going to his wife whenever he needed a little money!"

"No real man would do it," she warmly told him.

"Of course he wouldn't. Imagine how a man would feel when everybody gets to know that it's his wife who signs the checks and pays the bills."

"I should think he'd feel cheap."

"Cheap's the right word for it. Or what would you think of a man who was in a hole financially, and just married a girl with money in order to tide himself over?"

"I'd hate to tell you what I'd think of him!" she cried, more warmly than before.

"So would I. A poor man who marries a rich woman is going to get all that's coming to him."

"And deserves it too."

"You bet he does. I know, myself, I'm poor enough for anybody ——"

"So am I!"

"And I wouldn't marry a girl with money; no—not if she got down on her knees and begged!"

As you can see, Dell was strangely excited, but Sibyl didn't seem to notice it. Having exhausted the rich-wife question they talked of other things—what Dell's house looked like, what Sibyl liked for breakfast, whether the world was nicest at sunrise or sunset, what Sibyl would say if she ever caught Aunt Susan smoking a cigarette, what Aunt Sue would say if she ever caught Sibyl!

"A regular little chum," thought Dell. "A regular little queen. Now if Julie was only like that!" But Julie was as Julie was. Curiously enough, just as Dell was thinking this, Sibyl began to laugh. Dell thought her laughter was the sweetest music he had ever heard. "She's got me going, I guess," he thought with a rising sense of excitement. "Everything she does seems wonderful. I never felt this way about a girl before." And then came Banquo to his feast. "I wonder if that's how father used to be." He shook that off, however, and aloud he asked, "What are you laughing at, Sibyl?"

"I often laugh about it," she said, her eyes dancing. "You remember the first time you spoke in this room—how you told Aunt Sue you had a nightmare—that you dreamed you saw Mr. Manion—trying to kiss me?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, this is the thing that makes me laugh." At that her eyes didn't dance quite so quickly, and seating herself again she thoughtfully began smoothing the counterpane where it fell over the edge of the bed. "Ha, ha!" she suddenly laughed, as though to give herself courage. "Ha, ha, ha!" And then she hurriedly added, "Do you really think it would be a nightmare—ha, ha, ha!—for anybody to try to kiss me?"

How it happened Dell couldn't have told you. Perhaps their hands just chanced to find each other.

"A nightmare?" he asked. "No; I think it would be heaven."

"Don't!" she whispered, trying to draw her hand away.

"Please!" he murmured.

"No; you mustn't."

"Yes, I shall!"

But still she held away from him, though she was smiling, and from under her lashes she was giving him that look which every young man will some day see if he loves a good girl—that look which says "I like you. You know I like you. Perhaps later I might even love you. But there's a time for everything, you know; and I hardly think the time has come for this yet, do you?"

"Sibyl!" he said, and wondered if she heard it, so loudly beat the drum. But trust any girl for missing a syllable of anything said at a time like that!

"Mmm?" she asked.

"Bend down. I want to tell you something."

A terrible temptation for any young mademoiselle, it finally proved too much for this one.

(Continued on Page 100)

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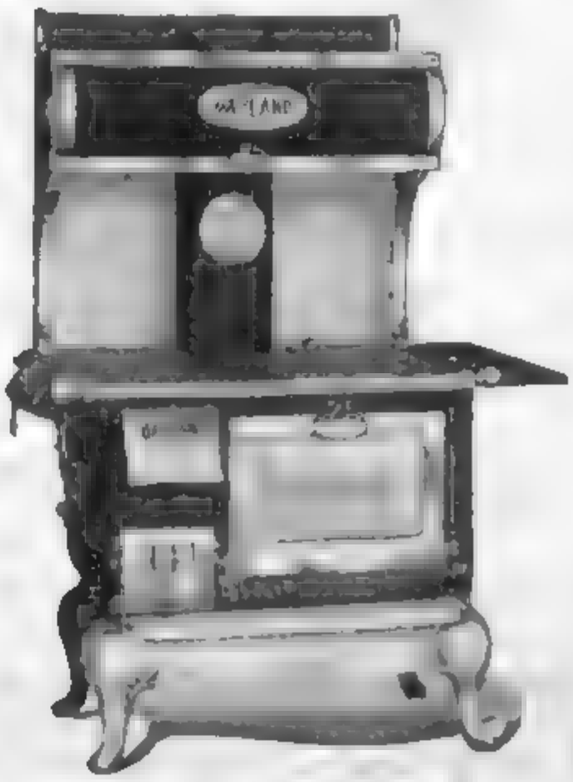

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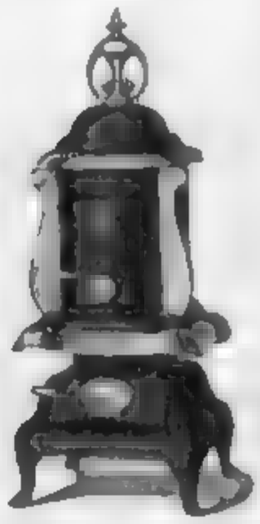

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(Continued from Page 98)

"I love you," whispered Dell, and even while he said it the thought arose to plague him, "I wonder if that's a bit of father too'" But this he answered with an emphasis that had something tense about it. "No! It isn't father! It's me! She's the most wonderful girl that ever lived, and fate's had to work like mad to bring us together, and nearly cracked my head open doing it! And if anybody thinks that I'm going to lose her now —"

Whereupon he checked himself, having something more important to do than hold soliloquies, and aloud he added, "I love you, Sibyl."

"Not yet," she said as though in alarm. "Somehow—oh, I don't know—I don't think it would be real if it happened so soon"

"You've been thinking about it then? That it might happen?"

She gave him a look which every man knows—that look which always baffles him, even while it makes him hope.

"Sibyl," he pleaded.

"Mmm?"

"Bend down again. Listen. I'm not rich. In fact, I'm going to be very poor. But I can earn a living somehow—and if you'll promise to marry me as soon as I get on my feet ——"

"Oh, no!" she said, her eyes very round.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—not yet," she hastily corrected herself. "I mean—oh, I don't know—it's hard to explain some things, but I think that one of the nicest parts of being married—is being won and I wouldn't want to have it over right away, before it's hardly started."

"All right," said Dell, beaming, "as long as you understand that you're going to be won, and that I'm the one who's going to do the winning! And now, if you'll please bend down once more ——"

"Why?" she asked.

Dell turned red but manfully stuck to his guns. "I'm going to kiss you."

"Oh, no!" she said, her eyes now rounder than ever, her cheeks as red as his.

"Well, of course," said Dell, trying to speak huffy, "if you don't want me to love you ——"

"Oh, but I ——" She almost said "Oh, but I do!" but caught herself in time. And just as her head was bending a little lower—and a little lower—her hand in Dell's again—just as the grand dramatic moment was drawing near, Aunt Susan appeared in the doorway, her head trembling a little, her arms akimbo, and her face looking as though it were cast of iron.

"Sibyl!" she exclaimed.

You ought to have seen the two others then—how quickly they fell apart.

"You go downstairs at once!" continued Aunt Susan.

"Just a moment, please ——" began Dell.

"You be quiet, sir. I'll attend to you!" cried Aunt Susan. "Sibyl! I want you to go down in the garden at once and get some beans for dinner!"

Aunt Susan's niece walked quietly, almost timidly, to the door; and a few moments later Dell heard her footsteps on the stairs.

"And now, young man," said Aunt Susan, turning to Dell as the tiger is said to turn upon its prey, "I want to have a few words with you, and don't you dare to speak to me until I've had my say!"

VIII

BEFORE Aunt Susan started speaking she roamed around the room, straightening the brush and comb on the dresser, stalking to the wardrobe and looking on the shelf for something that wasn't there. In her walk, Dell noticed, there was something stiff-kneed and yet slightly uncertain, the gait of one who isn't far from lurching a little; and in her eyes was a distinctly glassy stare.

"She's been drinking," thought Dell. "Perhaps she has some homemade wine, and whenever she feels particularly blue she takes a drop to brace her up. They say it gets as strong as brandy if you keep it long enough."

And truly, he thought, she almost had enough to make her seek forgetfulness—her father's death, his insolvent estate, years of drudgery instead of the independence she had expected, her fiance's cold feet, the damage to her property by the two cars. "And now perhaps she thinks that Sibyl and I—oh, well, I'll soon set her right on that!" he hurriedly added. He was interrupted by the voice of Aunt Susan, who had suddenly swung herself into speech.

"Now, Mr. Parsons," she began, "let's take things in their order. What about the damage to my property?"

"I'm awfully sorry the accidents happened," said Dell, "and of course I'm going to pay you for the damage they did."

"You mean both accidents?"

"Yes, of course."

Aunt Susan looked at him so fixedly with her head on one side that Dell's eyes weren't far from watering. "I've never seen a woman squiffy before," he thought. "Perhaps this is one of the reasons why Sibyl sometimes looks so sad."

"Mr. Parsons," said Aunt Susan, "how many cars do you own?"

"One."

"Then how do you account for the fact that the car which ran into my yard the first time was a red runabout? Mrs. Salisbury and the other witnesses have all told me so. So why should you try to pay for damages which you didn't do?"

"Do you mind if I tell you?" asked Dell.

"I want you to tell me."

"Then I think it's because you're such an awfully good sport—just about one of the finest I ever knew—keeping your end up, and looking after Sibyl, and asking no odds from anybody."

Aunt Susan's eyes softened. Indeed, she gave Dell a glance which alarmed him more than the stonier look with which she had regarded him up to that moment.

"Do you believe in Providence?" she suddenly asked him.

"Yes, indeed," said Dell.

"And so do I—and more so now than ever. When my father died," she continued, "everyone thought he was rich, but all that he left was some perfectly worthless oil stocks. His will and other papers were kept in a box at the savings bank in Danbury, and perhaps you can imagine how we felt when the box was opened."

"I know something about the way you felt," said Dell, half to himself.

"Mr. Parsons," Aunt Susan went on, her voice now trembling a little, "Providence sent the red runabout, but it wasn't strong enough to do the work—and then Providence sent you!"

"How do you mean?" asked Dell.

"You wait. I'll show you."

She went downstairs and when she returned she was carrying a tin box with a broken lock. It was a fine old box, dusty, dirty, its label discolored with age, and it was easy to see that Aunt Susan was proud of it from the manner in which she set it down on the bed.

Again Aunt Susan interrupted his thoughts.

"Last week," she said, "when you ran into the porch you tore up the floor near one of the cellar windows; and this morning when I went out to get some kindling for the kitchen fire I found this box underneath the wreckage."

Slowly, solemnly then, she opened it. There was a letter in it, and four packages—each package containing a block of tightly tied bonds. The letter was from a firm of brokers addressed to Benjamin Warner, of South Marleigh, stating that $100,000 of Northern Pacific and $100,000 of American Telephone & Telegraph bonds were being forwarded to him that day by registered mail.

"Poor dad," sighed Aunt Susan. "When he got these it was probably too late to carry them to the bank, so he put them in this box and took them down cellar, and opened that old window under the porch, and pushed the box out sideways as far as he could reach against the wall. If he had only told somebody! But no; he probably thought it would be safer if nobody knew but himself; had probably used the same hiding place before and didn't want anybody to know it. And that night—well, he always had a weak heart, but none of us ever thought it would take him as suddenly as it did."

"These are really valuable, too, aren't they?" asked Dell, examining one of the packages.

"Yes; I've just been out to telephone to the bank in Danbury, and they said that altogether, with back coupons and everything, they are worth nearly three hundred thousand dollars. Under father's will, half of that will come to me and half to Sibyl. And just to think! If it hadn't been for you we would never have found them! And the things I have thought about you, and the things I have said about

you, and all the time you were an agent of Providence—almost like an angel—right here in this house!"

Tears of gratitude were in her eyes, and now Dell knew why she had looked as she did when first she came in.

"Lit up? Yes!" he thought. "Who wouldn't be lit up to find a thing like that in an old black box?"

"If you only know how thankful I feel," continued Aunt Susan, "that you came down the hill and broke my porch again that day!"

"Oh, that's all right," said Dell, beginning to feel warm from so much praise. "You'd have found it some day, anyhow."

"No," she said, "we had already rented the house and were moving out next month. But you bet I'm not going to move out now," she cried with a touch of her old-time grimness, "and I'd like to see anybody try to get me out, lease or no lease, law or no law!"

"That's the way to talk!" said Dell. "I know if I lived here I wouldn't want to move."

His eyes roamed out to the delectable view and then he thought of Sibyl picking beans in the garden. Yes, there she was, in a nice little arbor of vines, shielded alike from the street and from the windows of the house downstairs, while by her side was Mr. Robert Manion, again trying to prove to her that she had stolen his heart away.

"Do you own everything in this garden, Miss Warner?" he asked, still looking out.

"Yes, of course," she said. "Why?"

"Everything," he repeated in a significant voice, "including this strange black object among the beans?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, and went to the window to see.

A few moments later she was going down the stairs with fire in her eye and wings on her ankles; and watching through the window Dell presently saw her pounce out upon Mr. Manion and tell him exactly what she thought about him—toward the end of which Mr. Manion shuddered and departed, looking like a dog with a can tied to his tail—a can which he was trying to draw as cautiously as possible so that it wouldn't rattle and jangle over the stones.

"Wait till he finds that he's just lost a one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar beauty!" gloated Dell.

But slowly another thought arose to plague him and strangle all his glee. Sibyl, too, had suddenly become rich. Sibyl, too, was an heiress.

"And I'm the boy," he told himself with a rising groan—"I'm the boy who told her that I would never marry a girl with money—not even if she got down on her knees and begged!"

IX

FOR the first time, then, Dell noticed a strange thing. In his excitement he had risen and walked to the window, and not a pain around his ribs said "Careful!" Not a twinge around his head said "Whoa!"

"I'm just about better, or at least I soon will be," he told himself, cautiously extending his arms and taking a full breath. "Of course I'll have to go slow for a while, but it seems to me if I took my time I could dress myself instead of staying in bed all day."

The dressing proceeded more easily than he had expected. Once when he forgot himself and gave his shoulders a twist to get his waistcoat on a flame seemed to shoot up and down his side, but it was soon extinguished and didn't come back. For one thing, his movements were more or less in tune with his thoughts—somber, slow and keeping time with the Dead March in Saul—and thoughts like that don't lead to snappy juggling with shepherd's plaid, and piqué collar and polka-dotted tie.

"No, sir," he finally said to himself, "even if I hadn't told Sibyl that I would never marry a girl with money, it wouldn't make any difference. I wouldn't do it anyhow. It would be bad enough with a girl like Julie, who could take care of herself—but to have to go to a kid like Sibyl every time a bill had to be paid—why, it would be worse than taking candy from a baby. It would be worse than stealing pennies from a child!"

In his bitterness he imagined snatches of conversation between himself and a wife who held the purse strings.

"Good morning, dear. H'm! The car needs a new tire. Will you please let me have $32.84? And oh, by the way, I shall need a new suit before long. Would you mind if I went to the tailor's this morning and had it charged to you?

"I'd shoot myself first!" thought Dell passionately. "One thing sure, I've got to get away from here as quickly as I can. It's going to be bad for Sibyl and bad for me if I don't. Perhaps I'd better wire Hutch to come and get me. I think I could make the journey all right then."

He quietly let himself out at the front without being heard by those at the back of the house, and half an hour later he had not only been shaved—which made him feel ten years younger and twenty years brighter—but he had also wired to Hutchins, and had discovered his car in the local garage, where it had been taken the morning after the accident.

It was badly battered around the edges, but its vital organs were intact. Its bumper was ripped from one of the springs, a fender was crumpled into a futuristic frenzy of Love's First Kiss, the top was dented, the windshield broken, a running board splintered; but when Dell turned the switch the engine began purring as sweetly as ever; and when he carefully took his place at the wheel and started the car around the block neither transmission nor differential shrieked a protest, and all four wheels ran true.

"Straighten her out as well as you can," he said to the garageman. "I shall be taking her away in the morning."

On his way back to Aunt Susan's he almost ran into Sibyl at the corner of Washington Street and Putnam Avenue. Sibyl was out of breath, and from the expression of relief which swept over her Dell knew that she had been looking for her baby.

"Oh!" she crowed. "How different you look! I hardly knew you!"

"Do you like it?" he asked, which wasn't what he meant to say at all.

"Handsome!" she said, and almost skipped along by his side in mingled pride and admiration. "You gave us an awful scare though," she told him. "Aunt Susan went down the street and I came this way. Say! Do you know Aunt Susan thinks the sun never sets on you now? I'm getting quite jealous of her. You don't mind me feeling jealous, do you? Wasn't it wonderful about that tin box? And to think if it hadn't been for you we wouldn't have known a thing about it! I feel so happy! Don't you? You can't tell me, after this, that praying doesn't count. That's Mrs. Salisbury across the street. Isn't she a sweet old lady? That's the sort of an old lady that I want to be when my hair turns white; and then it won't make so much difference if you grow up to be a grumpy old man—ha, ha, ha!"

In short, the crickets had nothing on Mademoiselle Sibyl that morning as she chirped away by the side of Dell, as lively as a bluebird in an oxheart cherry tree, as happy as a kitten in the spring.

"All the same," she said, "you gave us an awful scare. Don't you know the doctor said you'd have to stay in bed for another week yet?"

"I can't," he said, staring ahead of him.

Wondering at his tone, she tried her best to make him look at her, but he wouldn't—staring straight ahead of him with that look which every girl learns to loathe

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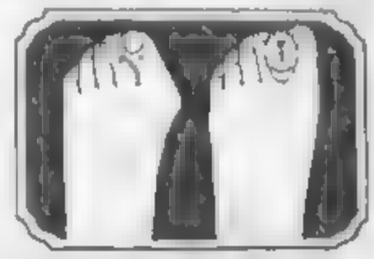

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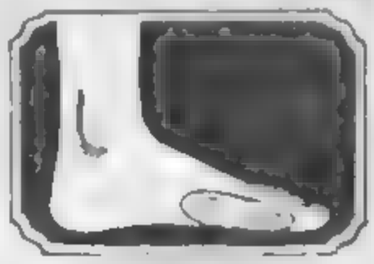

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sooner or later—and then one by one, the kitten stopped playing, the bluebird flew away and the crickets ceased their chirping as she walked along by Dell.

"Why can't you?" she asked.

"Because I'm going home tomorrow."

They walked in silence for a time—one of those miserable silences which every girl will some day learn to fear.

"What are you going home so soon for?" she asked at last.

"You remember what I said the other day about marrying a girl with money?"

"Oh, that! Anyhow, I haven't got it yet. And besides, it was you who found it. You can't blame it on me."

"I'm not blaming anything on you," he said in that dull flat voice which every girl will some day learn to hate, "but I'm going home tomorrow. I—I think it's best for both of us"

"Of course I can't coax you," she said.

Whereupon her little nose went up in the air in the manner already described, and so they walked along until they reached the next corner.

"I'll have to leave you here," she said. "Aunt Susan wants some things at the store."

He raised his hat and bowed; she inclined her head; he went one way, she the other. In the old days Tragedy let her hair down and made the welkin ring. Nowadays she is more refined.

*

"NEARLY home now, sir," said Hutchins the next afternoon. For the last fifty miles they had hardly spoken, Dell feeling too heavy-hearted to do anything but draw deep sighs from time to time. He had planned that his parting with Sibyl should be a casual affair, but Nature has a clever way of queering human plans, and at the last moment they had found their arms around each other, tragic lips pressed close together, tears in both their eyes.

"As soon as I can get things straightened out," he told her, "I'm coming back."

"I shall be waiting," she had whispered.

At first the memory of her promise had warmed Dell's heart, but as they drew nearer to Rocky Beach it had depressed him more and more.

"When things get straightened out!" he had thought. "A fat chance! Next Monday's the fifteenth, and on the fifteenth the bank simply sells me up. And then? Easy! I'm all in, down and out. It's digging ditches for me, I guess, in the next few months—or trying to get a job washing automobiles."

That was when Hutchins had spoken.

"Nearly home now, sir," said he.

"Yes," said Dell.

"I'm afraid Mary Ellen will be slightly disappointed, sir. I don't know whatever put it into 'er 'ead, but she seemed to think that when you came back there'd be somebody with you."

Dell said nothing to that, but, oh, how he winced inside!

"There's the house, sir."

They could see it in the distance, the house that Dell's father had planned designed in the form of an Italian villa, with a built-in veranda around all four sides of it, and droll little windows in unexpected places like a clown's eyebrows.

"A shame to see it go, sir."

Dell didn't even hear him. His eyes, roving over the fields, had caught sight of two young gentlemen with putties and pipes, one of them holding an adjustable bull's-eye, and the other one squinting at it through a portable telescope and making shoo-fly motions with his hands.

Before Hutchins knew what it was all about Dell had stopped the car and was hurrying toward the surveyors.

He was soon back again, and the moment he got into the car he started to turn it around

"Railroad's coming," he briefly announced.

"Thank God the place isn't sold yet!" said Hutchins fervently.

"No; but it will be on Monday—unless I get darned busy!"

"We're going back to South Marleigh, sir?" asked the butler hopefully.

"I am; yes," said Dell. "Not you. I shan't want you this time, Hutch. You'd only be in the way." And as Hutchins stepped out reluctantly, regretfully, with the air of a *litterateur* who feels that he is about to miss a lot of first-rate writing material, Dell added, "When you get to the house you can tell Mary Ellen she's right. When I come back home again I shan't be alone. I'm going to have somebody with me."

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August 26, 1922

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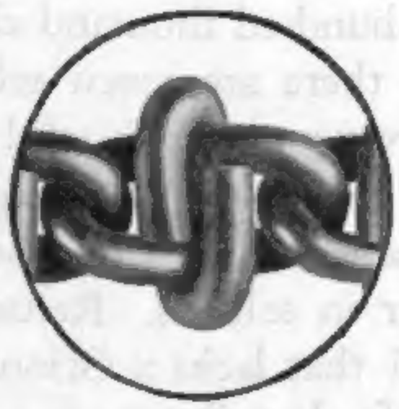

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which grips each main cross chain link, enables it to withstand the heaviest strains so that the cross chains can be hardened to a greater depth and thus withstand the grinding action of hard surfaced roads. Furthermore, the Reinforcing Link gives four points of road contact instead of two, thus increasing traction for prevention of skidding on wet hard surfaced roads, and lengthening the life of the chain at least 100%.

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